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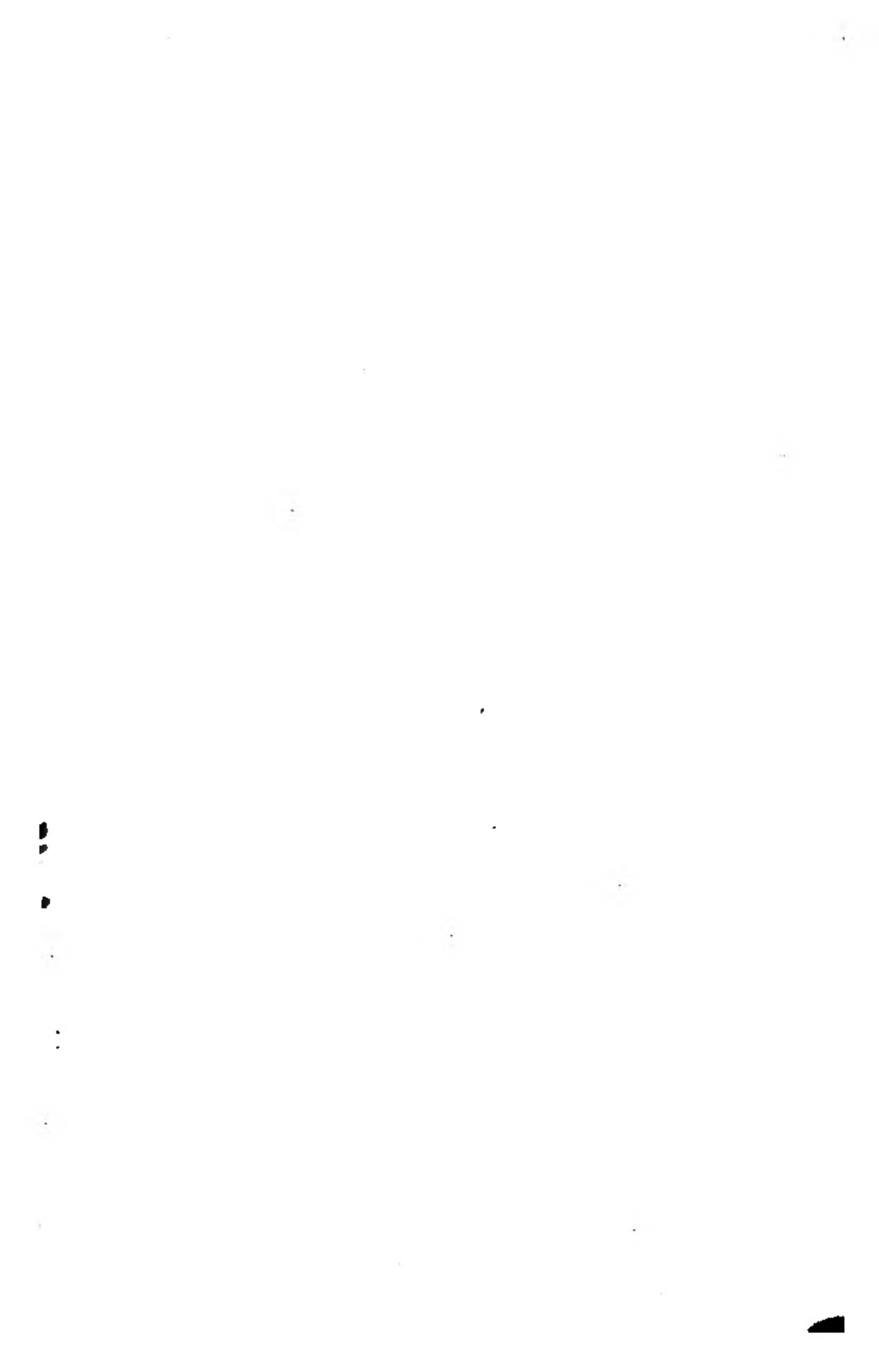














**THE**  
**MONTHLY REVIEW,**

**FROM**  
**MAY TO AUGUST INCLUSIVE.**

**1835.**

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**VOL. II.**  
**NEW AND IMPROVED SERIES.**

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**LONDON:**  
**G. HENDERSON, 2, OLD BAILEY,**  
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# THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—*Topography of Thebes, and General View of Egypt.* By I. J. WILKINSON, Esq. London: John Murray. 1835.

ONE never hears of Egypt without experiencing something of that solemnity and veneration which belong to sacred themes and pristine times. The history of Joseph, of the Pharaohs, of Moses, and of the Children of Israel, indelibly impressed upon our minds from our earliest years, in consequence of the matchless simplicity, freshness, and pathos, of the narrative furnished by the great law-giver of God's peculiar people, in a moment is thought of and comprehended with an absorbing interest, such as alone can accompany a subject, not remotely connected with our profoundest conceptions of the Almighty, and our religion. As the cradle of many of the arts and sciences that have come down to us, and distinguished the nations of modern Europe, Egypt has also mighty claims upon our attention. Its architectural antiquities, its pyramids, obelisks, temples, tombs, and sculptures even in their ruins, or when shorn of their pristine perfection by the waste of thousands of years, are to this day the marvel of the world. In the valley of the Nile, for instance, which our author has so carefully explored, there seems to have been a subterranean kingdom, on a scale of grandeur and magnitude that mocks all the works of man now to be seen on the face of the earth; while the pomp and labour displayed in memory and honour of the dead, seem so far to outstrip the testimonies of modern affection and devotion, as to intimate that both physically and morally we are, when compared with the men in Egypt's youthful days, a puny race.

We do not wonder that to such a man as Mr. Wilkinson, Egypt should be a land of unparalleled interest. This work proves him to be a person of the rarest qualifications for such a study as he has devoted himself to. A sound judgment, accurate learning, unwearied industry, extreme modesty—all directed by a pure and lofty enthusiasm, have happily been felt by himself as entitling him to undertake the arduous task of giving the world a general view, not merely of modern, but of ancient Egypt, where the records

handed down are architectural monuments and hieroglyphics. The author has indeed performed his duty so well, that hereafter the work will be a standard authority on all the points which he has investigated and discussed, whether these belong to the department of the antiquary, or the scholar, or the modern traveller. So great has been his devotion to the researches he undertook in Egypt, that he has, for the sake of their pursuit, resided twelve years in the country, has studied closely the manners of the present inhabitants, and their language, and even, for the furtherance of his inquiries, dwelt for a time in one of the tombs at Thebes. Besides his natural and acquired talents, he has therefore, unlike many hasty travellers, applied the utmost care, patience, and singleness of purpose to the performance of his duty, and, as might be expected, produced a work containing the richest materials for the study of various classes of men.

Of the subjects that occupy the pages of this volume, there are some that do not very well suit our present purpose. However judicious and profound may be the author's views regarding some questions that have perplexed and divided antiquarians, it is not to be expected that we can offer any criticism upon them. The mysterious matters that are embraced in the subject of the mythology of the ancient Egyptians, could afford little attraction to the general reader. Neither shall we attempt to explain the author's chronological tables of the kings of ancient Egypt, nor say a single word on the systems that have been adopted regarding the interpretation of hieroglyphics, on which indeed Mr. Wilkinson has exercised great caution. There is enough besides these points to engage our attention and the interest of any reader.

The work opens with a minute and clearly elucidated topography of Thebes, or Diospolis Magna, the ancient metropolis of Upper, as Memphis was of Lower Egypt; of both of which the early history is uncertain. We need not here speak particularly of the magnitude of Thebes: it concerns our purpose merely to state, that from the extent, variety, and vastness of its architectural monuments, not only above but below the surface of the ground, an amazing idea is conveyed of magnificence, art, and wealth. The monumental records too, bear testimony to the sway and riches of Egypt, in a manner that admits of no doubt. For although it be only by such records that the ancient inhabitants of that country have transmitted their history, it must be conceded, that no other style of recording facts is so permanent or faithful. The information thereby conveyed is necessarily short, and connected by slender and disjointed signs, but it is emphatic; and the greatness of Egypt, both in war and peace, is as plainly described as colours and sculptured characters can enable an artist to represent them on stone; and we only require a knowledge of the language and the geography of the periods thus written of, to enable us to fix with certainty the extent of ancient Egyptian power. In one most

important branch of national eminence, the sort of record alluded to surpasses, in point of fidelity and precision, every other historical vehicle; it illustrates and exhibits to the eye and the touch the exact condition of the arts at the period spoken of. And it is made plain by the author, that several of those arts and articles of knowledge which we have been taught to call modern inventions or discoveries, were familiar to the ancient Egyptians.

Some have argued that Egypt was too limited a state ever to be the rich and powerful nation alleged by others. But were we to go by geographical extent, what should be conjectured, in the absence of all history, of the sway of Italy, and even of Rome, at a date comparatively modern in respect of ancient Egypt? The extraordinary monuments of Thebes prove that its kings were great conquerors: though to what extent be unknown, it is clear they carried their victorious arms far into the western and central parts of Asia. In the temple-palace of Remeses II. there is confirmation of this doctrine, that cannot be mistaken:—

“On the north face of the eastern pyramidal tower, or propylon, is represented the capture of several towns from an Asiatic enemy, whose chiefs are led in bonds by the victorious Egyptians towards the camp of their army. Several of these towns are introduced into the picture, each bearing its name in hieroglyphic characters, which state them to have been taken in the fourth year of king Remeses II. This important fact satisfactorily confirms what I have stated in a former work, that the early part of the reigns of their most illustrious monarchs was employed in extending their conquests abroad, which they returned to commemorate on the temples and palaces their captives assisted in constructing. And claiming the enjoyment of that tranquillity their arms had secured and their valour merited, they employed the remainder of their reigns in embellishing their capital and in promoting the internal prosperity of the country. Cruelty has ever been, throughout the East, the criterion of courage; and the power of a monarch or the valour of a nation have always been estimated by the inexorability of their character. Nor were the Egyptians behind their Asiatic neighbours in the appreciation of these qualities, and the studied introduction of unusual barbarity proves that their sculptors intended to convey this idea to the spectator; confirming a remark of Gibbon, that ‘conquerors and poets of every age have felt the truth of a system which derives the sublime from the principle of terror.’ In the scene before us, an insolent soldier pulls the beard of his helpless captive, while others wantonly beat the suppliant, or satiate their fury with the sword. Beyond these is a corps of infantry in close array, flanked by a strong body of chariots; and a camp, indicated by a rampart of Egyptians shields, with a wicker gateway, guarded by four companies of sentries, who are on duty on the inner side, forms the most interesting object in this picture. Here the booty taken from the enemy is collected; oxen, chariots, plaustra, horses, asses, sacks of gold, represent the confusion incident after a battle; and the richness of the spoil is expressed by the weight of a bag of money, under which an ass is about to fall. One chief is receiving the salutation of a foot soldier; another seated amidst the spoil, strings his bow; and a sutler sus-

pends a water-skin on a pole he has fixed in the ground. Below this, a body of infantry marches homewards; and beyond them the king, attended by his fan-bearers, holds forth his hand to receive the homage of the priests and principal persons who approach his throne to congratulate his return. His charioteer is also in attendance, and the high-spirited horses of his car are with difficulty restrained by three grooms who hold them. Two captives below this are doomed to be beaten, probably to death, by four Egyptian soldiers; while they in vain, with outstretched hands implore the clemency of their heedless conqueror."—pp. 15—18.

When speaking of the designation Pharaoh or Phrah, the author states, that its meaning is "the sun," a title given to the Egyptian monarchs, from the pretended analogy of the king, as chief of earthly beings, with the sun, as chief of heavenly bodies.

The vocal statue of Memnon has given rise to many conjectures. It was said, by ancient authors, to utter a sound at the rising of the sun. After a close examination, Mr. Wilkinson says, that the priests no doubt were the contrivers of the wonder, and that a stone which is in the lap of the statue emits a metallic sound on being struck, as if it were a piece of brass. He even thinks that it might still be made use of to deceive a visitor who was predisposed to believe its powers. There is, indeed, a square space cut in the block behind, as if to admit a person, who might lie concealed from the most scrutinous observer in the plain below. And here we intimate, that Mr. Wilkinson states, when speaking of the tomb of Osymandyas, that the head which is now in the British Museum, called that of Memnon, is erroneously so named, and that it is like the colossus of Remeses the Great.

Those who are acquainted with the researches of Belzoni and several other travellers in Egypt, do not require to be told of the extent; intricacies, and splendour of the catacombs at Thebes. We shall only, in reference to this part of the volume, mention that the author informs us of the existence of the *arch* among the architectural wonders he witnessed there, which was known even at the remote period of 1540 B. C. As the valley of the Nile is daily becoming a subject of deeper interest to us, inasmuch as the period may not be distant, when our summer tourists may have a ready conveyance thither by means of regular steam communication, one important branch of the author's volume concerns such travellers, and will doubtless become a guide-book in all time coming. Thebes, of course, will ever be a principal scene, even for those who pay a cursory visit to Egypt; and he lays down directions as to the most satisfactory mode to be pursued by these transient visitors:—

"I do not hesitate to recommend Qoorneh as the commencement, and Karnak as the close of these excursions; and it is scarcely necessary to add, that for visiting the valley of the kings, and the other tombs, candles are indispensable, and a small supply of water.

"By setting off early in the morning, and following the course of the valley, a ride of about an hour, you may visit the six principal

tombs of the kings, and ascending to the south-west may cross the hills to Medeénet-Háboo; and if sufficient time remains, the two colossi of the plain, and the palace of the second Remeses may be seen, on your return to the river.

"The next morning, after looking over the small temple of old Qoorneh, you may visit the three principal tombs of the Assaseef, and the temple below the cliffs at the north-west extremity, from which a path will lead you to the hill of Shekh Abd el Qoorneh, where, at all events, you must not fail to see the tomb, Number 35, and as many of those mentioned in the preceding pages as your time and inclination will permit. Hence a short ride, one-third of a mile, will take you to the Ptolemaic temple of Dayr el Medeéneh, from which you may return (if you have not satisfied your curiosity the day before) by the colossi of Amunoph, the palace of Remeses II., and the scattered remains in their vicinity.

"This is the most superficial view a traveller ought to allow himself to take of the Qoorneh side of Thebes. Crossing the river in his boat the same evening, he will be enabled to start early the next morning to the ruins of Luqsor; and after examining all that the temple presents, which will occupy a very short time, may continue his ride to Karnak. This he had better look over entirely the first day, and reserve a closer investigation for a second visit, for two days are not certainly too much for the mere examination of this immense ruin."—pp. 164, 165.

That our readers may have something like an adequate idea of the magnitude of the ruins of Thebes, we extract a portion of what is said of the temple of Karnak.

"The principal entrance of the grand temple lies on the north-west side, or that facing the river. From a raised platform commences the avenue of Criosphinxes, leading to the front propyla, before which stood two granite statues of a Pharaoh. One of these towers retains a great part of its original height, but has lost its summit and cornice. In the upper part, their solid walls have been perforated through their whole breadth, for the purpose of fastening the timbers that secured the flag-staffs usually placed in front of these propyla; but no sculptures have ever been added to either face, nor was the surface yet levelled to receive them. Passing through the pylon of these towers, you arrive at a large open court, two hundred and seventy-five feet by three hundred and twenty-nine, with a covered corridor on either side, and a double line of columns down the centre. Other propyla terminate this area with a small vestibule before the pylon, and form the front of the grand hall, one hundred and seventy feet by three hundred and twenty-nine, supported by a central avenue of twelve massive columns, sixty-six feet high (without the pedestal and abacus), and twelve in diameter; besides one hundred and twenty-two of smaller, or rather less gigantic dimensions, forty-one feet nine inches in height, and twenty-seven feet six inches in circumference, distributed in seven lines on either side of the former. Other propyla close the inner extremity of this hall, beyond which are two obelisks, one still standing on its original site, the other having been thrown down and broken by human violence. A small propylon succeeds to this court, of which it forms the inner side; the next contains two obelisks of larger dimensions, being ninety-two feet high



and eight square, surrounded by a peristyle, if I may be allowed the expression, of Osiride figures. Passing between two dilapidated propyla, you enter another smaller area, ornamented in a similar manner, and succeeded by a vestibule, in front of the granite gateway of the pyramidal towers, which form the façade of the court of the sanctuary. This last is also of red granite, divided into two apartments, and surrounded by numerous chambers of small dimensions, varying from twenty-nine feet by sixteen, to sixteen feet by eight. A few polygonal columns of the early date of Osirtesen I., the contemporary of Joseph, appear behind these in the midst of fallen architraves of the same era, and two pedestals of red granite, crossing the line of direction in the centre of the open space to the south-east, are the only objects worthy of notice, until you reach the columnar edifice of the third Thothmes. The exterior wall of this building is entirely destroyed, except on the north-east side; to it succeeds a circuit of thirty-two pillars, and within this square are twenty columns, disposed in two lines, parallel to the outer walls, and to the back and front row of pillars. Independent of the irregular position of the latter, with regard to the columns of the centre, an unusual caprice has changed the established order of the architectural details, and capitals and cornices are reversed, without adding to the beauty or increasing the strength of the building. A series of smaller halls and chambers terminates the extremity of the temple, one of which is remarkable as containing the names of the early predecessors of Thothmes III., their founder. In the western lateral adytum are the vestiges of a colossal hawk seated on a raised pedestal; the sculptures within and without containing the name of Alexander, by whose order this was repaired and sculptured.

"The total dimensions of this part of the temple, behind the inner propyla of the grand hall, are six hundred feet, by about half that in breadth, making the total length, from the front propyla to the extremity of the wall of circuit, inclusive, one thousand one hundred and eighty feet. The additions made at different periods, by which the distant portions of this extensive mass of buildings were united, will be more readily understood from an examination of the survey itself, than from any description, however detailed, I could offer to the reader; and from this it would appear that Diodorus is fully justified in the following statement: that 'the circuit of the most ancient of the four temples at Thebes measured thirteen stadia,' or about one mile and two-thirds English; the thickness of the walls, 'of twenty-five feet,' owing to the great variety in their dimensions, is too vague to be noticed; but the altitude of the building, to which he allows only forty-five cubits, falls far short of the real height of the grand hall, which, from the pavement to the summit of the roof, inclusive, is not less than eighty feet."—pp. 173—177.

The lintelstones covering the doorway between some of the propyla are of the enormous length of forty feet ten inches, and together with many other immense blocks of stone, that have been raised by art to great elevations in many of the ancient buildings of Egypt, may well excite the wonder of travellers, since in modern times we are ignorant of the mechanical powers that must have been known to the architects of such fabrics. Indeed, Mr. Wilkinson, when speaking of the destruction which the devastating passions of man have exercised upon the architectural structures of the ancient Egyptians,

is at a loss to conceive of any power that could be employed in demolition, adequate to the effects now to be witnessed; other than that of gunpowder. It is, however, a matter of high satisfaction, that neither time nor human violence have been able totally to level and obliterate the magnificent works of ancient nations. The remains of the grandeur of Karnak are of themselves a mighty volume of information and theme of instructive wonder.

We now come to a chapter of perhaps a still more interesting character—that which treats of the sculptures that indicate what were the manners and customs of the ancient Egyptians. And here the learning, care and talent of the author, we think, are singularly conspicuous. One cannot but wonder at the amount of definite knowledge, to which he has arrived, as to the domestic life of those very remote generations. Nor does the chapter we now enter upon contain the whole of what he has gathered of the customs and manners of the ancient Egyptians. It appears that he has materials for a separate work on the former and present state of Egypt, which has occupied much of his time, and which we hope may not be long kept from the public. He deduces the information before us, regarding the manners and customs of the ancient Egyptians, from a comparison of the sculptors of the tombs of Thebes and other parts of the country, with the accounts given by ancient authors.

The private houses of the ancient Egyptians, Mr. Wilkinson proceeds to inform us, were framed according to the will and caprice of the owners, unnecessary prodigality and worldly display being alone forbidden by the priesthood; the temples, palaces, tombs, and the abodes of their pontiffs, being the only proper field for such splendour as superstitious arts could devise, or despotism enforce. Their gardens—the vegetables and fruits of the earth cultivated by them for various purposes, are shortly adverted to. Beans were the abhorrence of the priesthood, originating in a supposed sanitary idea; but it does not appear that all classes were equally afraid of their impurity. Egyptian society, indeed, in ancient times, was divided into four castes, according to our author, embracing several subdivisions. The four castes were the priests, the peasants, the townsmen, and the common people. Of the first caste it is stated:—

“The priests were, after the kings, the principal persons in the country: They had the management of the affairs of state, and were the counsellors of the sovereign; who, if he was not of the military class, could only be elected from their order, of which in all cases, as king, it was absolutely necessary he should become a member. He bound himself by the rule established by their conclave, as well in the worship of the deities, to whom it was his office to sacrifice in the temples, as in his general mode of living; and his compliance with their regulations was repaid by the external and public respect they manifested for his person.

“The priests, as it is reasonable to suppose, enjoyed the greatest privileges:—and by a strict attention to their public and private duties, and a

show of self-denial, they claimed and obtained the credit of purity both of body and mind; which, added to a reverence for their learning and a dread of their authority, gained an entire ascendancy over the minds of a superstitious people. Their dress was simple, but imposing; they indulged sparingly in wine, they abstained from certain meats, shaved the whole body every third day, and bathed twice a day and twice during the night, and maintaining their pious character by those imposing arts in which the priesthood of idolatry is always versed, their persons were respected and their laws obeyed without a murmur. They were exempt from all duties, they consumed no part of their own income in any of their necessary expenses, and a large portion of land was set apart for their maintenance—a right so scrupulously observed that when Pharaoh, by the advice of Joseph, had bought all the land of the Egyptians during a famine, that of the priests was alone excepted; and they had moreover an established allowance from the public stores.”—pp. 232, 233.

The soldiery enjoyed considerable privileges, the profession being in great repute. Their arms consisted of the bow, sword, shield, battle-axe, knife, club, sling, and a curved stick, still used by the Ethiopians. Their engines for sieges were a battering ram, a scaling ladder, and testudo. From the account of these and many other articles and circumstances introduced by Mr. Wilkinson into his *View of ancient Egypt*, it would appear that much of what we pride ourselves on knowing, was known and practised many centuries ago. The description of the family entertainments of the people we are speaking of, is not merely curious, but proves that there is little that can be called new under the sun at one era, that has not existed at some other.

“At all their entertainments music and the dance were indispensable, and sometimes buffoons were hired to add to the festivity of the party, and to divert them with drollery and gesticulation.

“The grandees were either borne in a palanquin or drove up in their chariot, drawn as usual by two horses, preceded by running footmen, and followed by others, who carried a stool to enable them to alight, an ink-stand, and whatever they might want either on the road, or while at the house of their friend.

“On entering the festive chamber, a servant took their sandals, which he held on his arm, while others brought water, and anointed the guests, in token of welcome.

“The men were seated on low stools or chairs, apart from the women, who were attended by female slaves or servants; and after the ceremony of anointing, a lotus-blossom (and frequently a necklace of the same) was presented to each of them; and they were sometimes crowned with a chaplet of flowers.

“The triclinium was unknown; and the enervating custom of reclining on *divans* was not introduced among this people. Their furniture rather resembled that of our European drawing-room; and stools, chairs, fauteuils, ottomans, and simple couches (the three last precisely similar to many that we now use) were the only seats met with in the mansions of the most opulent of the Egyptians.

“Wine and other refreshments were then brought, and they indulged



so freely in the former, that the ladies now and then gave those proofs of its potent effects which they could no longer conceal.

"In the mean time, dinner was prepared, and joints of beef, geese, fish, and game, with a profusion of vegetables and fruit, were laid, at mid-day, upon several small tables; two or more of the guests being seated at each. Knives and forks were of course unknown, and the mode of carving and eating with the fingers was similar to that adopted at present in Egypt and throughout the East: water or wine being brought in earthen *bardaks*, or in gold, silver, or porcelain cups. For though Herodotus affirms that these last were all of brass, the authority of the Scriptures and the Theban sculptures prove that the higher orders had them of porcelain and of precious metals.

"They sometimes amused themselves within doors with a game similar to chess, or rather draughts; and the tedium of their leisure hours was often dispelled by the wit of a buffoon, or the company of the dwarfs and deformed persons who constituted part of their suite.

"Bull-fights were among the sports of the lower orders; but it does not appear that they either had the barbarity to bait them with dogs, or the imbecility to aspire to a vain display of courage, in matching themselves in single combat against wild beasts. But the peasants did not fail to pursue the hyena, as often as it was in their power, and it was either caught by a trap or chased with the bow. They also amused themselves with several games still well known to European children; among which may be noticed the ball, odd and even, *mora*\*, and feats of agility and strength." pp. 240—243.

It is singular that the camel is not met with in the sculptures or hieroglyphics in Egypt. The chief animal food of the people was beef, gazelle, ibex, and goose; but cows were sacred, and forbidden to be slaughtered. The poultry-yard was not stocked alone by the natural process of rearing chickens, but also by artificial means, of which the author gives a minute account, the custom being still observed in various parts of Egypt. There is one custom, which it might be surmised has been borrowed by some of our London gentry, who perhaps have not, in their devotion to a dangerous calling, forgotten to cultivate the peaceful study of ancient usages. We are told by the author, upon the authority of Diodorus, that thieves gave in their names to the chief of the robbers, and into his hands they were required to deposit the articles they stole. The plaintiff therefore repaired to his dwelling and named the things he had lost, with the time and day when they were stolen, and having paid a quarter of their value, recovered all the property that belonged to him. In what Mr. Wilkinson says of the commerce of ancient Egypt, it is asserted, that it not only extended along the coasts of the Red Sea to Abyssinia and Arabia, but that Neco employed some Phœnician mariners, who actually doubled the Cape of Good Hope, twenty-one centuries before its discovery by Diaz and Vasco de Gama. Again, when he is speaking of this ancient

\* A Common Italian game. Any number of fingers are held out simultaneously by the two players, and one guesses the sum of both.

people's advancement in certain manufactures, he states that they were not only acquainted with glass, but that they excelled in the art of staining it of diverse hues, their ingenuity even having pointed out to them the mode of carrying devices of various colours directly through the fused substance. The process of making glass, which has sometimes been considered a modern discovery, is represented, we are here told, at Beni Hassan and Thebes.

A great portion of Mr. Wilkinson's volume is occupied with itineraries, one being from Alexandria to Thebes, and another from Thebes to Nubia. On arriving at Alexandria, a stranger in vain looks for the remains of that splendid city which was second only to Rome itself. He finds little to mark its site, but mounds or scattered fragments, or a few isolated columns. "A granite obelisk of Thothmes III., which, removed from Heliopolis to the capital of the Ptolennies, was placed before one of the temples, still towers above the ruins it survived, and has since obtained the absurd title of Cleopatra's Needle." There is also the pillar of Diocletian; "(erroneously called of Pompey)." The catacombs of Alexandria are now the chief witnesses of its former greatness, which our author says are remarkable for the elegant proportions and symmetry of their architecture, being of the best Greek style, and not to be met with in any other part of Egypt. In the journey to Qaherah, corrupted by the Italians into Cairo, it is said, there is little worthy of remark. The pyramids have been so frequently described, that we pass over the minute details in the work before us, concerning these stupendous erections.

One striking and affecting truth is conveyed by the account of Mr. Wilkinson's itineraries: the whole valley of the Nile seems to be crowded, almost like a churchyard, with the ruins and remnants of villages, towns, and cities. In some places, however, the grottoes and catacombs afford to this day a field for intense study and interest. For instance:—

"At Beni Hassan, the supposed site of the *Speos Artremidos*, are several elegant catacombs, in which are painted a variety of scenes, more interesting from the light they throw on the manners and customs of the Egyptians, than from the style and proportions of the figures. But it is not the paintings alone that are worthy of remark, and the architectural symmetry and the chaste style of these grottoes divide with them the admiration of the traveller. The northern excavations differ considerably from those to the south, but they excel them as well in elegance of plan as in the graceful form of the pillars, which seem to have given the idea of the Doric column. They are polygons of sixteen sides, each slightly fluted, except the inner face, which was left flat for the purpose of introducing a line of hieroglyphics. The shaft is 16 ft. 8½ in. in height, and of five diameters, with a very trifling diminution of thickness in the upper part, and is crowned by an abacus, whose diameter scarcely exceeds that of the summit of the column. The ceiling between each architrave is cut into the form of a vault, which has once been ornamented with various devices, the four pillars being so arranged as to divide the cham-

ber into a central nave and two lateral aisles. The columns in the southern catacombs are also of the earliest Egyptian style, and consist of four stalks of water-plants bound together, surmounted by a capital in form of a lotus bud, which is divided, as the shaft itself, into four projecting lobes. The transverse section of these grottoes is very elegant, and presents a depressed pediment, extending over the colonnade, and resting at either end on a narrow pilaster.

"All the excavated tombs of Beni Hassan are ornamented with coloured figures or other ornamental devices, and the columns of the northern grottoes are stained of a red colour to resemble granite, in order to give them an appearance of greater solidity; but they were contented to paint without sculpturing, the principal part of the figures and hieroglyphics on the walls, filling up with mortar whatever was defective in the rock itself. In each of them are pits, in which the deceased were deposited, and their situation is frequently painted out by a tablet of hieroglyphics, placed immediately above them on the side wall."—pp. 372—374.

Mr. Wilkinson confines himself to a few general remarks on the different scenes introduced in these interesting tombs. Among other singular customs with which we become acquainted, from the drawings there beheld, is that of admitting dwarfs and deformed persons into the suite of the grandees. Let us see, however, what the author says, in his sketch of some of the representations in question.

"In the first are represented various trades, watering the flax, and its employment for the manufacture of linen cloth, agricultural and hunting scenes, wrestling, attacking a fort under cover of the testudo, dancing, and the presentation of offerings to the deceased, whose life and occupations are also here alluded to. In one place scribes register their accounts, in another the bastinado is inflicted unsparingly on delinquent servants. Here his chasseurs transfix, with stone-tipped arrows, the wild animals of the desert, and the mountains are represented by the waved line that forms the base of the picture. Some are engaged in dragging a net of fish to the shore, and others in catching geese and wild fowl of the Nile in large clap-nets; in another part women play on the harp, and some are employed in kneading paste and in making bread.

"In the next tomb the subjects are equally varied, but the style of the figures is very superior and more highly finished; and it must be admitted that the feeding of the oryx, on the north wall, and the fish on that opposite the entrance, are admirable specimens of drawing.

"A singular procession of strangers occurs on the north wall; and from the hieroglyphics above them it appears that they are captives; but of what nation? Not Jews; if, as I suppose, the arrival of Joseph happened about the time of the first Osirtesen, in whose reign these tombs were excavated; nor could they have been Greeks. For my part I am rather inclined to consider them from some Asiatic country.

"Two of the southern grottoes are particularly worthy of mention. The first of these contains the usual hunting scene, but here the name of each animal is written above it in hieroglyphics; and below are the birds of the country, distinguished in the same manner by their Egyptian name. In one part women are performing feats of agility; and various modes of playing at ball, throwing up and catching three of them in suc-

cession, and other diversifications of the game, are represented among their favourite amusements. In another part a doctor is bleeding a patient, and the different occupations of the Egyptians are pointed out by the introduction of their usual trades: among which the most remarkable are glass-blowers, goldsmiths, statuaries, painters, workers in flax, and potters; and the circumstance of the cattle being tended by decrepit herdsmen, serves to show in what low estimation this class of people was held by the Egyptians.

“ On the eastern wall are wrestlers in various attitudes: and to distinguish more readily the action of each combatant, the artist has availed himself of a dark and light colour, one being represented red, the other black; and indeed in the figures throughout these tombs, the direction of the arms, when crossing the body, is in like manner denoted by a lighter outline.

“ On the southern wall some peasants are sentenced to the bastinado, and a woman is also subjected to the same mode of correction. In these the figures are smaller, and the subjects more varied, than in the northern grottoes, but their style and proportions are very inferior.”—pp. 372—377.

After quitting Thebes on the journey to Nubia, there is no lack of exciting objects. At El Kab, the ancient Eilethyas, there is a most lively picture of ancient architecture, indicating a high degree of advancement in the mother of arts, at an early period in the history of the world. The Egyptians were then indeed an agricultural people, and their independence was necessarily matured in consequence of the advancement in the culture of their country, to a degree which neither the pursuits of the hunter nor the shepherd could ever lead to. In a grotto particularly mentioned, at El Kab, there is the following representation:—

“ In the first line of the agricultural scene, on the western wall, the peasants are employed in ploughing and sowing; and from the car which is seen in the field, we are to infer that the owner of the land (who is also the individual of the tomb) has come to overlook them at their work. In the second line they reap wheat, barley, and doóra: the distinction being pointed out by their respective heights. In the third is the carrying, and *tritura*, or treading out the ear, which was generally performed throughout Egypt by means of oxen; and the winnowing, measuring, and housing the grain. But the doóra or sorghum was not submitted to the same process as the wheat and barley, nor was it reaped by the sickle; but after having been plucked up by the roots, was bound up in sheaves, and carried to the area, where, by means of a wooden beam, whose upper extremity was furnished with three or four prongs, the grain was stripped from the stalks which they forcibly drew through them.

“ Below are the cattle, asses, pigs, and goats belonging to the deceased, which are brought to be numbered and registered by his scribes. In another part they weigh the gold, his property; and fowling and fishing scenes, the occupation of salting fish and geese, the wine press, boats, a party of guests, the procession of the bier, and some sacred subjects occupy the remainder of the wall.

“ On the opposite side the individual of the tomb, seated with his wife on a handsome fauteuil, to which a favourite monkey is tied, entertains a

party of his friends; the men and women, as usual, seated apart. Music is introduced, as was customary at all the Egyptian entertainments; but the only instruments here are the double pipe, *maces*, and harp."—pp. 434, 435.

In the vicinity of the cataracts there are abundant subjects for the endless study of the chronologer and antiquary. In the territory of the Nubians or Lower Ethiopia, some of the most interesting remains in the whole valley of the Nile are also to be met with. How much, throughout the whole region of that river, may have been, ere this, for ever hidden from human eye by inundations and drifting sands, cannot be conjectured; but what remains open or accessible (and that in the course of time may be in like manner obliterated), impresses the reader with a high opinion of the value of the author's researches, in which there is uniformly to be remarked the evidence of accurate and minute detail. From the several extracts we have presented to our readers, no mean idea will be formed of his industry and skill, either as an antiquary or scholar.

There are other portions of the volume, however, that claim our notice; and though what we refer to be thrown into an Appendix, the materials are not the less valuable, at this particular period of English enterprize. There is a chapter giving a list of things required for travelling in Egypt, and general instructions to those who visit that country, either from Europe or India, which could only be drawn up by one taught by experience. The next portion of the Appendix contains an English and Arabic vocabulary for the use of travellers, and the last is devoted to a short consideration of the proposed steam communication with India through Egypt. The knowledge which the author possesses of the parts through which the most difficult stages of the route occur, together with his remarkable caution in forming a hasty judgment, entitle his opinions to great consideration. After stating that the dangers to be encountered in the Red Sea by sailing vessels, may be obviated by means of steam-boats, he proceeds thus :—

“ The passage from Bombay to Kossáyr and Sooez has already been tried by steam, and found to succeed, and the time employed in coming from India to Egypt is fixed to the short period of twenty-one days. But a question has arisen as to the most expeditious, and in general terms the most eligible method of effecting the steam communication through Egypt; some having proposed Berenice for the place of debarkation from Bombay, others Kossáyr, and others again Sooez, at the northern extremity of the Gulf. The first I consider highly objectionable, on account of its great distance from the Nile, and from the difficulty of procuring water on the road: the circumstance of there being no modern town at Berenice, and its having no port (though the roadstead might perhaps supply its place): the difficulty of obtaining water and provisions there: the great privations and fatigue to those who cross to the Nile: the great time they must lose, and in short numerous other objections, which, as I imagine no one acquainted with the road would seriously propose it, I consider it unnecessary to mention.



“It now remains to decide between Sooez and Kossáyr: and after stating their respective claims, I shall leave the reader to judge which of the two is to be preferred.

“The distance from Sooez to the Nile, at Booláq, the port of Qáherah (Cairo), is a little more than eighty miles, and passengers might embark, or goods might be put into boats, at Booláq, and be immediately forwarded to Alexandria or Rashéed (Rosetta) by native boats. The road is good from Sooez, and there is no great objection on the score of water; but the passage up the narrow Gulf of Sooez, I mean that part of the Arabian Gulf, or Red Sea, north of Ras Mohammed, is not at all times safe or feasible, even for a steam-boat; and the delays occasioned there by the violence of the north-west wind render it highly desirable that some method should be adopted for avoiding this portion of the Gulf. The position of Kossáyr not only remedies this inconvenience, but is in other respects equally eligible with that of Sooez; and the additional dangers of the reefs in the northern parts of the Red Sea, and the expense and trouble of having another deposit of coal at Sooez, are also avoided.

“The distance from Kossáyr to the Nile at Qeneh, by the road, is about 119 miles, or to Coptos only 108; from Coptos to Booláq 478; and thence to Rashéed 154, or to Alexandria by the Nile and the canal 185 miles. The Kossáyr road to Qeneh is level and good, and, indeed, the soil is more firm, and consequently better for heavy-laden camels, than that between Sooez and the metropolis, and water is also more abundant on that road.

“The voyage from Kossáyr to Sooez by the Red Sea employs by steam about two days, and rowing boats from Coptos to Booláq by the Nile take eight days; so that the additional time occupied by this route (besides the small surplus on the road from Kossáyr to Coptos) would be an objection, generally speaking, as to time. But this might easily be obviated by the use of a steam-boat on the Nile, which would go direct from Coptos by the river to Rashéed, and the goods might be shipped on board the Mediterranean steamer without any further delay, or change of boats. The rapidity with which a steam-boat would descend the Nile from Coptos to Booláq would reduce the time of eight days, before mentioned, to less than half, and thus the journey from Coptos to that place would occupy only a day or two more than from Kossáyr to Sooez by sea.”—pp. 587—589.

If it be said that this method would entail the additional expense of a steam-boat on the river, he advances several considerations which show that the objection may be in a great measure neutralized; and again proceeds to state:—

“In either case, whether Sooez or Kossáyr be adopted as the port to which the steamer should come from India, there is every reason to condemn the project of a railway communication from the Red Sea to the Nile, as well as the re-opening of the Sooez canal. But as these must appear manifestly chimerical to every one who considers the subject, and is acquainted with the localities, it is not necessary to detain the reader by any arguments against them; but I must observe, that so great an expense could never be repaid, and that camels would supply the place of either at a very trifling charge. Time is the only object which would be

gained; but as a dromedary will perform the journey from Soëz to Qâherah in twelve or thirteen hours, and camels in thirty-two; or from Kossâyr to Coptos in fifteen hours, and camels in about 43, the difference between this mode of communication and the former can never be considered an equivalent to the immense disproportion in the expense. And to give an idea of what this would be, it will suffice to state that a camel is hired from the Arabs at the trifling sum of fifty or sixty piastres a month, without any extra charge, except a small present to the driver of about one-sixth of the above. The camels are engaged at this price by the Government, and carry only 310 rottles, or lbs. Troy; but an additional sum, making a total of about 100 piastres, would satisfy the Arabs, and enable their camels to carry an increased load."—pp. 590, 591.

The Arabs, he has no doubt, would continually injure a railway, without there being a possibility of preventing them. He concludes with certain suggestions, that no doubt, in the event of the route referred to being adopted, will be remembered, and with his opinion on the proposed line of the Euphrates, in which he by no means stands single.

"But whichever route is taken, it will be necessary to arrange all matters in the most explicit manner, respecting duties, port dues, purchase of corn and provisions, the right of hiring camels, the steamer on the river, magazines of coal, and in short, every thing relating to the subject, as numerous intrigues will, in all probability, be set on foot by the Europeans settled in Egypt, many of whom are established in that country in consequence of being unworthy to live in their own: and it will be necessary to provide as well against the effect of their machinations as against the whims or policy of a more influential person.

"With regard to the communication with India by the Euphrates, I shall make a few remarks, and without wishing to find fault with what has been suggested on this head, I must confess that it appears to me unlikely to answer. And indeed it is sufficient to remember the character of the people throughout a great portion of that line, to be persuaded that they will constantly throw the most serious obstacles in the way, and ultimately render it both troublesome and dangerous. The Arabs are not to be quieted by force, nor can so many be gained over by money; and indeed, if this last measure be resorted to, their demands will never cease, and the example of one tribe will be followed by all. But if they evince any hostile feeling, which in all probability will happen, the injury they can do, and the impossibility of its prevention, will then be as much felt as the impolicy of the undertaking.

"An oracle forewarned Neco, when re-opening the canal between the Nile and the Red Sea, that he was working for the Barbarian; and it may be fairly asked, if we establish a communication by the Euphrates, and do succeed in reconciling the people of the vicinity to such an innovation, whether we are not committing the same error as the Egyptian Pharaoh, and indirectly labouring for our disadvantage?"—pp. 594, 595.

We have not referred to Mr. Wilkinson's statements respecting the productions of modern Egypt, the government of the provinces, or the salaries and exactions of the governors under Mohammed

**Ali.** The work itself must be perused for a distinct view of these matters. He laments that the Pasha, whose private character as well as transcendent abilities he lauds, should by monopolies, and by straining every nerve in order to prepare for and prosecute the war against the sultan, have overlooked the welfare of the people. He hopes, however, that the desire which the Pasha has been said to express of ameliorating the state of the country, intimates that a day is not far distant when deliverance from oppression may overtake the people.

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**ART. II.—***Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. Vol. I.—Ireland.* By THOMAS MOORE, Esq. London: Longman and Co. 1835.

IN spite of the author's great fame and imposing command of style, we have found this first volume of his History of Ireland so tiresome and unsatisfactory, that unless the succeeding portions of the work are of a very different stamp, we venture to say that a greater failure never was exhibited on the part of an eminent and favourite author. The fault to be found with what is before us belongs not to the talent of the writer, but to his plan. He has undertaken one of the most hopeless tasks that ever engaged any man, when, out of the legendary and traditional accounts of great antiquity, he has attempted to weave a popular and convincing history. There can be no doubt, however, that in the subsequent volumes, a very different sort of interest and value will belong to Mr. Moore's work. He has in this portion brought us down to the eighth and ninth centuries of our era, after which period we may expect the solid and authentic ground to be enlarged which he has to work upon; but what are we to say of such a work, when of the three volumes, to which we are told it is to extend, one of them is devoted to such extravagant antiquity as that which begins a thousand years before the birth of our Saviour, and with all the composure and finish of authentic history, descends regularly through not more than another thousand years? Surely the history of Pagan Ireland might, without any great loss, have been disposed of in a short chapter, as well as several centuries of the Christian era, in a popular history of that country which is to extend only to three volumes.

We can only account for Mr. Moore's laughable adhesion to a national vanity, by supposing that his refined and enlightened mind has been in this instance guided by the vaulting poet's dream, rather than the grave historian's regard for facts; and that he expected none but his own countrymen were to be his readers. There is no lack among them of pretensions to still more extraordinary antiquity in all that is great, good, and valiant; nor, while they claim the highest honours, can they allow any neighbouring nation



the most ordinary merit unless for that which has been borrowed or pilfered from themselves. In the short notice and few extracts which we are about to present, it will be seen that Mr. Moore has given in to this absurd vanity, in a manner one could not have expected from the candour and liberality that generally now-a-days characterise men of learning and citizens of the world. We do not say that he is mistaken in any of his conjectures ; we have neither the taste nor the materials by which we might arrive at a conclusion for ourselves on such purely antiquarian researches and theological controversies as fill his volume. But we say that he is as likely to be wrong as right in very many of his theories, and that there is neither profit nor pleasure to the common reader in such a mass of dry and antiquated conjectures. We wish that he had kept more constantly before him the following truths :—

“ So intermixed together are reality and fiction in the first records of most nations, and each, in passing through the medium of tradition, assumes so deceivingly the features of the other, that the attempt to distinguish between them is a task of no ordinary responsibility ; more especially where national vanity has become interested in the result ; or where, as in the case of Ireland, a far deeper feeling of wounded pride seeks relief from the sense of present humiliation and suffering, in such indistinct dreams of former glory.

“ As the earliest chroniclers, too, of most countries have been poets, the duty of stripping off those decorations and disguises in which matter of fact comes frequently arrayed from such hands, is, in general, the first the historian is called upon to perform ; and often, in attempting to construct truth out of materials so shadowy, History has become but the interpreter of the dreams of Poesy.”—pp. 71, 72.

Mr. Moore argues that there is no doubt of the Celtic origin of the Irish ; he resists the doctrine that the inhabitants were derived from Britain ; he says there was also a very early intercourse between Spain and Ireland, which arose out of her connection with the Phœnician colonies ; that Homer, embellishing the vague tales which he had caught up from the Phœnician voyagers, placed in the British isles the abodes of the pious, and the Elysian fields of the blest ; and that “ in the *Argonautics*, a poem written, it is supposed, more than 500 years before the Christian era, there is a sort of vague dream of the Atlantic, in which Ireland alone, under the Celtic name of *Iernis*, is glanced at, without any reference whatever to Britain.” He also states that at some period there was an infusion of Belgic Gauls, but whether directly from Gaul, or an effect of those who invaded Britain, he admits is uncertain.

There is a great deal about the early superstitions of Ireland, and its druidism. Mr. Moore repels the hypothesis that maintains there was no knowledge of letters in the kingdom before the arrival of St. Patrick, and insists that there were learning and scientific knowledge among the Irish druids, and that this is established in a far more satisfactory manner than in any accounts that relate di-

rectly to the druids of Britain. But at the stern call of historical truth, he questions the Milesian legend as to the colonization of his native isle. After the commencement of the Christian era, he finds a somewhat clearer and more extended light for the historian, from the Roman accounts of Britain, which incidentally touch the affairs of Ireland. But he is indignant at the Scottish writers for the attempt made by them to rob old Ireland of her due, and in a particular degree vents his wrath against a brother bard, the translator of Ossian's Poems, or their fabricator. We must let our north-country brethren have a taste of what the writer of the most sparkling songs in the language has done for their chastisement.

"The close connection of this work of Macpherson with the History of Ireland, as well as of North Britain, at this period, and the false views which it is meant to convey of the early relations between the two countries, demand for it a degree of notice in these pages, to which, as a mere work of fiction, however brilliant, it could not have any claim. Such notice, too, appears the more called for from the circumstance of this fabrication forming but one of a long series of attempts, on the part of Scottish writers, to confound and even reverse the historical affinities between the two countries, for the purpose of claiming, as the property of Scotland, not only those high heroic names and romantic traditions which belong to the twilight period of Irish history we are now considering, but also the most distinguished of those numerous saints and scholars, who are known, at a later and more authentic period, to have illustrated our annals. This notable scheme, to which the community of the name of Scotia between the two countries afforded peculiar facilities, commenced so early as the thirteenth century, when, on the claim advanced by Edward I. to a feudal superiority over Scotland, it became an object with the people of that country to assert the independency of the Scottish crown, and when for the first time pretensions were set up by them to a scheme of antiquities of their own, partly borrowed from that of the parent country, but chiefly intended to supersede and eclipse it.

"The pretensions but faintly sketched out at that crisis, assumed, in the hands of succeeding chroniclers, a more decided shape; till at length, with the aid of the forged authorities brought forward by Hector Boece, an addition of from forty to five and forty Scottish kings were at once interpolated in the authentic Irish list of the Dalriadic rulers; by which means the commencement of the Scottish kingdom in Britain was removed from its true historical date—about the beginning, as we shall see, of the sixth century—to as far back as three hundred and thirty years before the Incarnation.

"It is worthy of remark, too, that far more in political objects and designs than in any romantic or vain-glorious ambition, is to be found the source of most of these efforts on the part of the Scotch to construct for themselves this sort of spurious antiquity. We have seen that the first notions of such a scheme arose out of the claims set up by Edward I. to a right of superiority over Scotland; and as the English monarch had backed his pretensions by reference to a long line of kings, through which he professed to have descended from Brutus, Lochrine, Albanact, &c., the Scotch, in their counter-memorials, deemed it politic to have recourse to

a similar parade of antiquity, and brought forward, for the first time, their additional supply of ancient kings, to meet the exigencies of the occasion. In like manner, when, at a later period, their eloquent Buchanan lent all the attractions of his style to adorn and pass into currency the absurd legends of Hector Boece respecting the forty kings, it was not that he conceived any glory or credit could redound to his country from such forgeries, but because the examples he found in these pretended records of the deposition and punishment of kings by their subjects, fell in with the principles at that time afloat respecting the king-deposing power, and afforded precedents for that right of revolt against tyranny which he had himself so strenuously and spiritedly advocated.

“ From this period the boasted antiquities of the British Scots were suffered to slumber undisturbed till, on the appearance of the work of the Bishop of St Asaph, entitled an *Historical Account of Ancient Church Government in Great Britain and Ireland*, when that learned prelate, having occasion to notice the fabricated succession of Scottish kings from an imaginary Fergus I., exposed the falsehood and utter absurdity of the whole fable. This simply historical statement called forth a champion of the forty phantom kings, in the person of Sir George Mackenzie, the King's Advocate for Scotland, who, resenting warmly, as ‘a degree of leze-majesté,’ this curtailment of the royal line, went so far as to identify the honour and safety of the British monarchy with the credit of the fabulous kings of Boece. It is, indeed, not a little curious to observe that while political views and objects continued to be the motive of most of this zeal for the antiquities of their country, the ground taken by the Scottish champions was now completely changed; and whereas Boece, and far more knowingly Buchanan, had supported the forgery of the forty kings for the sake of the weapons which it had furnished them against the sacredness of hereditary monarchy, Sir George Mackenzie, on the contrary, overlooking, or rather perhaps, not acknowledging this alleged tendency of the Scottish fictions, upheld them as so essentially connected with the very foundations of the British monarchy, that to endeavour to bring them into any disrepute was, in his eyes, a species of high treason.

“ The masterly hand of Bishop Stillingfleet gave the last blow to that shadowy fabric of which Sir George Mackenzie had proved himself but a feeble defender; and the pretensions of the Scots to a high line of antiquity, independent of that of their ancestors, the Irish, fell, never again to rise in the same ostensible shape. But there remained another mode of undermining the Scotie history of Ireland, or rather of confounding it with that of the Scotia derived from her, so as to transfer to the offspring much of the parent's fame; and of this Macpherson, with much ingenuity, and a degree of hardihood almost without parallel, availed himself. Counting upon the obscurity of Irish history at the commencement of the Christian era, he saw that a supposed migration of Caledonians into that country in the first century, would not only open to him a wide and safe field for the fanciful creations he meditated, but would also be the means of appropriating to his own country the romantic fame of those early heroes and bards, those traditional subjects of story and song, which are, after all, more fondly clung to by every ancient people, than even their most authentic and most honourable history.”—pp. 136—140.

One would suppose from Mr. Moore's account, that the Scots

neither had songs nor traditions of their own, and could do nothing better than expertly turn to their use the original fragments that were found among the Irish, the productions of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. We hasten over this species of controversy, that we may come to the most important chapter in the volume, as well as one of the most satisfactory; although, when an opportunity can be found, national predilections and vanity are distinguishable enough. The chapter regards the introduction of Christianity into the island, and the apostleship of St. Patrick. And here the author finely marks a singular moral spectacle in the history of civilization and the affairs of human life. The introduction of Christianity has in most countries been the slow work of time, and seldom effected without bloodshed, on account of the resistance either of the people or the government; but in Ireland, by the influence of one missionary, as the author states, and with little previous preparation by other hands, "Christianity burst forth, at the first ray of apostolic light, and with the sudden ripeness of a northern summer, at once covered the whole land." Making some allowance for the metaphorical keeping of this comparison, it was an extraordinary phenomenon that Ireland exhibited on the mission of St. Patrick. A community untamed and warlike, wholly secluded also from the rest of the world, and sunk in a gross and ancient superstition, would seem to present intractable materials for the formation of a Christian people.

"By no methods less gentle and skilful than those which her great Apostle employed, could a triumph so honourable, as well to himself as to his nation of willing converts, have been accomplished. Landing alone, or with but a few humble followers, on their shores, the circumstances attending his first appearance (of which a detailed account shall presently be given) were of a nature strongly to affect the minds of a people of lively and religious imaginations; and the flame, once caught, found fuel in the very superstitions and abuses which it came to consume. Had any attempt been made to assail, or rudely alter, the ancient ceremonies and symbols of their faith, all that prejudice in favour of old institutions, which is so inherent in the nation, would at once have rallied around their primitive creed; and the result would, of course, have been wholly different. But the same policy by which Christianity did not disdain to win her way in more polished countries, was adopted by the first missionaries in Ireland; and the outward forms of past error became the vehicle through which new and vital truths were conveyed. The days devoted, from old times, to Pagan festivals, were now transferred to the service of the Christian cause. The feast of Samhin, which had been held annually at the time of the vernal equinox, was found opportunely to coincide with the celebration of Easter; and the fires lighted up, by the Pagan Irish, to welcome the summer solstice, were continued afterwards, and even down to the present day, in honour of the eve of St. John.

"At every step, indeed, the transition to a new faith was smoothed by such coincidences or adoptions. The convert saw in the baptismal font, where he was immersed, the sacred well at which his fathers had wor-

shipped. The Druidical stone on the "high places" bore, rudely graved upon it, the name of the Redeemer; and it was in general by the side of those ancient pillar-towers—whose origin was even then, perhaps, a mystery—that, in order to share in the solemn feelings which they inspired, the Christian temples arose. With the same view, the Sacred Grove was anew consecrated to religion, and the word Dair, or oak, so often combined with the names of churches in Ireland, sufficiently marks the favourite haunts of the idolatry which they superseded. In some instances, the accustomed objects of former worship were associated, even more intimately, with the new faith; and the order of Druidesses, as well as the idolatry which they practised, seemed to be revived, or rather continued, by the nuns of St. Bridget, in their inextinguishable fire and miraculous oak at Kildare."—pp. 204, 205.

We are sceptical, however, respecting the wisdom of this union of the truth with the realities of paganism; for ceremonies do form the substance as well as exterior of gross superstition, as many of the injunctions of the apostles clearly intimate; for their anxiety to sever true religion from idolatry, by avoiding even the semblance of contact, may be gathered from such commands as, that the converts should abstain from things strangled—a restriction that in no other state of Christian community can we imagine to be binding. We believe, therefore, that the author has either mistaken the great tendency of St. Patrick's policy, or that the success of his mission was not substantially so great as is here presumed. The romantic and awful symbols of druidism were not likely to amalgamate with the simplicity and purity of Christian doctrine and worship, and if the union were maintained, it could not but ingraft upon the truth something as bad as the most debasing superstitions that have more lately afflicted Ireland.

In a sketch of the life of St. Patrick, Mr. Moore will not allow that such an apostle was a native of Dumbarton in North Britain, the place that has pretty generally been so honoured by annalists, but asserts that he was born in the territory now called Boulogne, and in the year 387; and that when sixteen years of age, he was carried captive to Ireland at the time that "the monarch Nial of Nine Hostages, after laying waste the coasts of Great Britain, extended his ravages to the maritime districts of Gaul."

"On being carried by his captors to Ireland, the young Patrick was purchased, as a slave, by a man named Milcho, who lived in that part of Dalaradia which is now comprised within the county of Antrim. The occupation assigned to him was the tending of sheep; and his lonely rambles over the mountain and in the forest are described by himself as having been devoted to constant prayer and thought, and to the nursing of those deep devotional feelings which, even at that time, he felt strongly stirring within him. The mountain alluded to by him, as the scene of these meditations, is supposed to have been Sliebhmis, as it is now called, in Antrim. At length, after six years of servitude, the desire of escaping from bondage arose in his heart; a voice in his dreams, he says, told him that he 'was soon to go to his own country,' and that a ship was ready



to convey him. Accordingly, in the seventh year of his slavery, he betook himself to flight, and, making his way to the south-western coast of Ireland, was there received, with some reluctance, on board a merchant vessel, which, after a voyage of three days, landed him on the coast of Gaul.

“After indulging, for a time, in the society of his parents and friends, being naturally desirous of retrieving the loss of those years during which he had been left without instruction, he repaired to the celebrated monastery or college of St. Martin, near Tours, where he remained four years, and was, it is believed, initiated there in the ecclesiastical state. That his mind dwelt much on recollections of Ireland, may be concluded from a dream which he represents himself to have had about this time, in which a messenger appeared to him, coming as if from Ireland, and bearing innumerable letters, on one of which were written these words, ‘The Voice of the Irish.’ At the same moment, he fancied that he could hear the voices of persons from the wood of Folcat, near the Western Sea, crying out as if with one voice, ‘We entreat thee, holy youth, to come and walk still among us.’—‘I was greatly affected in my heart,’ adds the Saint, in describing this dream, ‘and could read no further; I then awoke.’ In these natural workings of a warm and pious imagination, described by himself thus simply—so unlike the prodigies and miracles with which most of the legends of his life abound—we see what a hold the remembrance of Ireland had taken of his youthful fancy, and how fondly he already contemplated some holy work in her service.”—pp. 212, 213.

Patrick was no longer *the young*, when he returned to Ireland; his landing being, according to what Mr. Moore can learn, in the year 432, and on the shore of Dublin. A short way up the country, he and his few followers were met by a herdsman, in the service of the lord of the district, who supposing them to be pirates, gave the alarm. Upon this the Irish chieftain, whose name was Dichó, threatened the strangers with destruction, but was opportunely awed by the calm sanctity of the saint’s aspect. Christian eloquence deepened the impression, and the pagan lord and all his family became converts. His barn became “Patrick’s Barn,” and continued to be his most favourite retreat to the last. His former master, however, withstood his holy purpose, and refused even to receive him. But on the approach of Easter, he prepared to risk the bold step of celebrating that festival in the neighbourhood of Tara, where the princes and states of the whole kingdom were about to meet at one of their great festivals.

“Taking leave of his new friend Dichó, he set sail with his companions, and steering southwards arrived at the harbour, now called Colp, at the mouth of the Boyne. There leaving his boat, he proceeded with his party to the Plain of Breg, in which the ancient city of Tara was situated. In the course of his journey, a youth of family whom he baptised, and to whom, on account of the kindly qualities of his nature, he gave the name of Benignus, conceived such an affection for him as to insist on being the companion of his way. This enthusiastic youth became afterwards one of his most favourite disciples, and, on his death, succeeded him as bishop of Armagh.

“ On their arrival at Slane, the Saint and his companions pitched their tents for the night, and as it was the eve of the festival of Easter, lighted at night-fall the paschal fire. It happened that, on the same evening, the monarch Leogaire and the assembled princes were, according to custom, celebrating the pagan festival of La Bealtinne; and as it was a law that no fires should be lighted on that night, till the great pile in the palace of Tara was kindled, the paschal fire of St. Patrick, on being seen from the heights of Tara, before that of the monarch, excited the wonder of all assembled. To the angry inquiries of Leogaire, demanding who could have dared to violate thus the law, his Magi or Druids are said to have made answer—‘ This fire, which has now been kindled before our eyes, unless extinguished this very night, will never be extinguished throughout all time. Moreover, it will tower above all the fires of our ancient rites, and he who lights it will ere long scatter your kingdom.’ Surprised and indignant, the monarch instantly despatched messengers to summon the offender to his presence; the princes seated themselves in a circle upon the grass to receive him; and, on his arrival, one alone among them, Herc, the son of Dego, impressed with reverence by the stranger’s appearance, stood up to salute him.

“ That they heard, with complacency, however, his account of the objects of his mission, appears from his preaching at the palace of Tara, on the following day, in the presence of the king and the States-General, and maintaining an argument against the most learned of the Druids, in which the victory was on his side. It is recorded, that the only person who, upon this occasion, rose to welcome him was the arch-poet Dubtach, who became his convert on that very day, and devoted, thenceforth, his poetical talents to religious subjects alone. The monarch himself too, while listening to the words of the apostle, is said to have exclaimed to his surrounding nobles, ‘ It is better that I should believe than die;’—and, appalled by the awful denunciations of the preacher, to have at once professed himself Christian.”—pp. 216, 217.

Mr. Moore goes on to state that St. Patrick found the people every where docile listeners, while his success with the upper classes was comparatively slow—a fact that has generally held true of the progress of the gospel every where. These and many other wonderful things are told of this saint, founded on his confessions, and when the records of his success presents but little variety. He sometimes, however, encountered rejection and dangers, the magi or druids being naturally his greatest foes. How much of monkish invention is to be attributed to the fond minuteness of his biographers, Mr. Moore cannot inform us, nor does he attempt to suggest much caution to our belief in all the marvels here told. The following is an account of how St. Patrick escaped from mortal peril, and of his apostolic decision.

“ On one of these occasions he was indebted for his life to the generosity of his charioteer, Odran; who, hearing of the intention of a desperate chieftain, named Failge, to attack the Saint when on his way through the King’s County, contrived, under the pretence of being fatigued, to induce his master to take the driver’s seat, and so, being mistaken for St. Patrick, received the lance of the assassin in his stead. The death of

this charioteer is made more memorable by the remarkable circumstance, that he is the only martyr on record who, in the course of this peaceful crusade in Ireland, fell a victim by the hands of an Irishman. On another occasion, while visiting Lecale, the scene of his earliest labours, a design was formed against his life by the captain of a band of robbers, which he not only baffled by his intrepidity and presence of mind, but succeeded in converting the repentant bandit into a believer. Full of compunction, this man, whose name was Maccaldus, demanded of St. Patrick what form of penance he ought to undergo for his crimes; and the nature of the task which the Saint imposed upon him is highly characteristic of the enterprising cast of his own mind. The penitent was to depart from Ireland immediately; to trust himself, alone, to the waves, in a leathern boat, and taking with him nothing but a coarse garment, land on the first shore to which the wind might bear him, and there devote himself to the service of God. This command was obeyed; and it is added that, wafted by the wind to the Isle of Man, Maccaldus found there two holy bishops, by whom he was most kindly received, and who directed him in his penitential works with so much spiritual advantage, that he succeeded them in the bishopric of the island, and became renowned for his sanctity."—pp. 221, 222.

St. Patrick having filled the greater part of the island with Christians and churches, resolved on consolidating the extensive hierarchy by the establishment of a metropolitan see. Accordingly that of Armagh was instituted, between which and his favourite retreat at Sabhul or the Barn, he passed the remainder of his days.

"In his retreat at Sabhul, the venerable Saint was seized with his last illness. Perceiving that death was near at hand, and wishing that Armagh, as the seat of his own peculiar see, should be the resting-place of his remains, he set out to reach that spot; but feeling, on his way, some inward warnings, which the fancy of tradition has converted into the voice of an Angel, commanding him to return to Sabhul, as the place appointed for his last hour, he went back to that retreat, and there, about a week after, died, on the 17th of March, A. D. 465, having then reached, according to the most consistent hypothesis on the subject, his seventy-eighth year. No sooner had the news spread throughout Ireland that the great apostle was no more, than the clergy flocked from all quarters to Sabhul, to assist in solemnising his obsequies; and as every bishop, or priest, according as he arrived, felt naturally anxious to join in honouring the dead by the celebration of the holy mysteries, the rites were continued without interruption through day and night. To psalmody and the chanting of hymns the hours of the night were all devoted; and so great was the pomp, and the profusion of torches kept constantly burning, that, as those who describe the scene express it, darkness was dispelled, and the whole time appeared to be one constant day."—p. 226.

We have already intimated that almost the whole of this volume is devoted to antiquarian or theological discussions, the light of authentic records seldom guiding the historian. We shall close our few notices of its particular contents, by quoting part of what is said of one celebrated and noisy theologian, whom Mr. Moore claims for Ireland, among the many other worthies that are made to glorify



the annals of the Emerald Isle. The last paragraph of the extract furnishes a very suitable conclusion to such a *national* work, and one that no doubt the author wrote *con amore*.

“ But the most remarkable man that Ireland, or, perhaps, any other country, sent forth, in those ages, was the learned and subtle John Scotus; whose distinctive title of Erigena, or, as it was sometimes written, Erigena, points so clearly to the land of his birth, that, among the numbers who have treated of his life and writings, but a very few have ventured to contest this point. At what period he removed from Ireland to France cannot be very accurately ascertained; but it is conjectured to have been about the year 845, when he had already reached the age of manhood, and was doubtless furnished with all the learning of his native schools; and such was the success, as well of his social as of his intellectual powers, that Charles the Bald, king of France, not only extended to him his patronage, but made him the companion of his most secluded and familiar hours.

“ For the early travels of this scholar to Greece and into the East, there appears to be no other foundation than a wish to account for his extraordinary knowledge of the Greek and other languages, as well as for that acquaintance with the mystic theology of the Alexandrian school, which he derived, in reality, from his study of the writings ascribed to Dionysius the Areopagite. A copy of these treatises had been sent as a present to Louis I., by Michael Balbus, the Greek emperor; and as additional reverence was attached, in France, to their contents, from the notion that Dionysius, the supposed author, was the same as St. Denys, the first bishop of Paris, Charles the Bald, with a view of rendering the work accessible to such readers as himself, who were unacquainted with Greek, appointed Erigena to the task of translating it into Latin.

“ The change effected in the theology of Europe by this book, as well as by the principles deduced from it afterwards in the translator's own writings, continued to be felt through a very long period. Previously to this time, the scholastic mode of considering religious questions had prevailed generally among the theologians of Europe; but the introduction of the mystic doctrines of Alexandria by John Scotus infused a new element into the theology of the West; and the keen struggle which then commenced between those opposing principles has formed a considerable part of the history of religious controversy down to the present day. It is not a little singular, too, that while, as an eminent church historian alleges, ‘ the Hibernians were the first teachers of scholastic theology in Europe,’ so an Hibernian, himself unrivalled among the dialecticians of this day, should have been also the first to introduce into the arena the antagonist principle of mysticism.

“ The space devoted here to the account of this extraordinary person will hardly, I think, be deemed more than it deserves; since, in addition to the honour derived to his country from the immense European reputation which he acquired, he appears to have been, in the whole assemblage of his qualities, intellectual and social, a perfect representative of the genuine Irish character, in all its various and versatile combinations. Combining humour and imagination with powers of shrewd and deep reasoning—the sparkle upon the surface as well as

the mine beneath—he yet lavished both these gifts imprudently, exhibiting on all subjects almost every power but that of discretion. His life, in its social relations, seems to have been marked by the same characteristic anomalies; for while the simplicity of his mind and manner, and the festive play of his wit, endeared him to private friends, the daring heterodoxy of his written opinions alarmed and alienated the public, and rendered him at least as much feared as admired.”—pp. 301—307.

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ART. III.—*A Voyage round the World, including Travels in Africa, Asia, Australasia, America, &c. Vol. III.* By JAMES HOLMAN, R. N. F. R. S. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1835.

WE heartily welcome Mr. Holman again, in this, the third volume of his *Voyages and Travels*; and although we have nothing new to add to our estimate of his character, as a writer in the department which he has cultivated, or of the hold which his singular circumstances as a traveller inevitably obtain upon our kindest sympathies, yet on his re-appearance, we may well give expression to their warmth, even though it be a repetition of our former sentiments and words. We have accordingly again to declare the satisfaction and admiration experienced by us on tasting the fine, healthy, liberal, and generous spirit that fills every one of these pages. One naturally, but insensibly, acquires the consciousness of being bettered—of having his rougher and harder attributes of mind ameliorated by the manner in which the author's powers employ and exert themselves. The infection of Mr. Holman's gentle, polished, and chaste spirit steals upon the reader, till he not only finds that a deep regard has been begotten for the writer, but that a reconciliation with his own self has gained ground, in proportion as the narrative has been pursued. All this arises in a great degree from the author's uniform equanimity and cheerfulness. His contentment—we may say, his graceful piety—is ever so conspicuous, that a nature which would be proof against a rude, strong, and formal attack made in the service of goodness, would here be subdued by a winning and welcome power. Let it not be presumed, by any one who is a stranger to Mr. Holman's volumes, from what we have now said, that he is of a mawkish, artificial, or trifling school of sentimentality. He is as far from such fraternities as any British tar need be. The fineness of his character as a writer is not feeble but tender, not minute but elevated; and conveys the full conviction of belonging to his moral nature, not to a cold affectation. We have never had the pleasure of meeting with Mr. Holman, but we feel assured that his features are of that placid order, and his voice of that unaffected pleasantness that are descriptive of a well regulated, as well as gentle and refined mind. We may be wrong in such a conjecture, for we know well, that a rough exterior and harsh manner often clothe the gentlest, loveliest spirit; but

still, so fully and freshly have we partaken of the genius that pervades these Travels, that the impressions alluded to are inseparable from the image formed in our mind's eye of the writer; and these strong associations prove the character of their cause to be of a kindred nature.

It cannot be doubted that a considerable share of our favour for Mr. Holman's writings arises from a knowledge of his peculiar situation, and of the great deprivation under which his labours are conducted. Besides, his peculiar circumstances have obtained for his works such a full consideration, as to have ample justice done to their merits, which is seldom the case as respects the writings of those who have no extraneous command upon the candour of the public. But admitting all this, it is impossible to peruse the volume before us, for instance, without seeing that the greatest industry, extensive information, and the most praiseworthy regard to truth, have regulated every step taken, and every sentence written by the author. These characteristics are here so striking, that they would distinguish any work by any author; and since industry, fidelity, and knowledge, brought to bear on any question, are confessedly the highest requisites in authorship, it cannot be that in Mr. Holman's case they should be less esteemed.

We have observed in his previous volumes, and we think the matter is still more apparent in the one before us, that the information often belongs to very trivial and ordinary occurrences, such as may be conceived suited to a regularly and minutely kept diary, rather than the more weighty matters which one might expect from the somewhat exalted title of Voyages and Travels. But such a result was inevitable on the part of a writer in Mr. Holman's condition; and should it be said that, according to its title, his work would not have suffered, though it had been subjected to some curtailments, we answer, that those minute details alluded to are not the least interesting parts, inasmuch as a worthy subject is thereby uniformly the more fully developed to the reader—we mean Mr. Holman himself. And after all, we are not sure whether those trifling and minute notices do not frequently help to complete the picture meant to be drawn by the writer, and expected by the reader. One thing, we are satisfied, will be confessed by any person who peruses these Voyages and Travels—that a very full and distinct mass of information as well as pleasure is experienced as the result. If, then, Mr. Holman's works are to be tried by the influences they produce, no mean idea will be formed of their value.

Still, we are not unwilling to admit, that no inconsiderable degree of favour is obtained from every reader, by a remembrance of the singular and affecting condition of the author; and yet it holds true, that unless when Mr. Holman speaks directly of his blindness, no one would ever from the narrative gather the fact. The reader having been once made acquainted with the circumstance, however, it cannot be let slip from the memory, or deprived of its

power in craving indulgence. And why should it? Why should a blind man, who has enlightened and charmed us with his Voyages and Travels, not have his full due? Why should the world be denied the benefit and pleasure of doing him justice? His accomplishments, considering his peculiar situation, are of the most extraordinary kind; and it does one good to think of the justice accorded him by the world. We say the world—for we need not go farther than the present volume for evidence, that his fame has gone before him, from Europe to America, and from Africa to Asia, gathering expansion by a rapid ratio, as he proceeded in his course around the globe. If he lands on an island or continent, uncertain where he can find an abode, or whom he may meet, no time elapses ere some one who in former years, or at other places, has known this citizen of the world, blind though he be, beholds and welcomes him; and if only strangers be there, his foretold arrival has prepared unknown friends and unexpected hospitality, or the elevating sympathies that sway the whole human family, are ready and anxious to embrace him. We admire the world and love mankind the better for all this. But had Mr. Holman never travelled and never written, we could not have known of this theme of gratulation. We have only observed him notice one instance of petty pilfering having been practised at his cost: this was in India; but we felt the pitiful crime to be compensated for, by learning that on his arrival in China, he was not a little surprised to hear that there was an imputed inattention to him in the city of Calcutta; of which, however, he was unconscious; Lord and Lady Bentinck among others, without any previous acquaintance, extending to him a flattering distinction.

The volume now before us is the third, and last but one of Mr. Holman's series of Voyages and Travels round the World. It contains the Cormoro Islands, Zanzibar, the Seychelles, Mauritius, Ceylon, Pondicherry, Madras, &c., and Calcutta. We shall confine ourselves chiefly to some notices of the islands of the Cormoro group, and Ceylon.

The first chapter opens with the author's sailing by his Britannic Majesty's Ship the *Jaseur*, from Madagascar, in August 1829, to the island of Johanna, one of the Cormoro group. The king of the island was absent, putting down an insurrection in Mohilla, another of these islands; but the residue of the royal family, and the inhabitants generally, showed our countrymen much civility.

"The Princes and people generally exhibited a strong desire to trade with us; and to induce our confidence, they were very anxious that we should peruse certain papers, or certificates of their friendly disposition. These had been given to them by several of our countrymen, and they were urgent that we should add to the number of their testimonials: a request by no means difficult to fulfil, since, upon all occasions, they testified the kindest intentions towards us. They used frequently to say, 'Englishman, and Johannaman, all the same as one brother; a feeling which

appeared to be genuine on their side : and, however much pressed by their necessities, which their twenty-one months' war with the people of Mohilla had rendered very exigent, their solicitations for barter, or their desire for presents, were very easily repulsed ; for, though they were not so delicate that they would not ask for what they wanted, when refused they did not persevere in their importunities. They were very desirous, in most cases, of conciliating all who approached them : their mode of making a 'friend,' as they term it, is curious enough.—Holding a clove necklace, which is intersected with small pieces of amber, in their hand, they inquire if you will be their friend :—should you consent, the necklace is thrown over your head as a present, which you are expected to acknowledge by a donation of greater value : should your part of the compact remain unfulfilled, your new friend takes pains to jog your memory as occasion serves. Should you still remain obtuse, the necklace is reclaimed by its original proprietor, and your friend withdraws all indications of amity. At the time of our visit, their dows (small merchant vessels of the Arab construction), were lying on the beach at Mohilla, in a dismantled state. These vessels had enabled them to trade very effectively with Madagascar, the east coast of Africa, &c. &c. ; but since the war they have been laid up, and remained still at Mohilla in an utterly useless state ; a circumstance that must necessarily greatly affect the prosperity of Johanna. When these vessels arrived before the besieged town, the Governor of Mohilla, who was in arms against his sovereign, had the audacity to send a message to the King, requesting that he would send the rudders of his vessels into the town, that they might be taken care of ; implying, it may be supposed, that they would not be required to transport his Majesty's troops back to Johanna, as they would all be slaughtered on the spot. I asked Aboodell, who owned two of these dows, what the people intended to do, when their naval force had rotted on the beach at Mohilla ?—and received the philosophical reply, that they would build more at Johanna." —pp. 10—12.

Our author, and some of the officers of the *Jaseur*, received from the Queen an invitation to breakfast, but she did not make her appearance, the people of Johanna being no less rigid than the Arabs respecting their women. Our countrymen, after leaving Johanna, repaired to Mohilla, and succeeded in quelling, by their friendly offices, the insurrection that prevailed there, for which the king was sincerely grateful. Since that period his Johannian subjects, however, though he had been extremely popular amongst them, were through the instigation of an intriguing native of Madagascar, induced to rebel against his authority. He, hereupon, repaired to the Cape of Good Hope, to crave the assistance of his friends, the British. Sir Lowry Cole, touched by his misfortunes, not only gave him an asylum, but granted him a pension, at the rate of £1200 per annum, for the subsistence of himself and his followers, until the pleasure of the authorities at home should be made known. The hitherto amiable king was so affected by the vicissitudes of his fortune, that while at the Cape, he sunk into a state of miserable debasement and sensuality. After ten months' stay, instructions were sent out by our government, that he should be



conveyed back to Johanna, which alarmed him exceedingly, for he feared if the English left him without protection, that his subjects would cut off his head. Our author, who has produced a highly interesting and affecting account of this unhappy prince's career, down to his leaving the Cape, under the direction of our government, fears that the sequel of his life will prove as tragical as it has hitherto been unfortunate.

The notices which we every now and then have by Mr. Holman, of his own situation and conduct, are, as in his previous volumes, among the most striking parts of his information. For instance, he tells us, that one evening, when some of the young gentlemen, having taken their station in the chains of the ship by which he sailed, for the purpose of amusing themselves by heaving the lead, he expressed a wish to join them, which they treated as a jest. He, however, immediately jumped into the chains, and threw the lead as correctly as any one of them; and when tired of this exercise, he took it into his head to go aloft, which he is in the habit of doing confidently, at least once in every voyage.

The most entertaining part of the present volume, we have found to belong to Ceylon. The anecdotes connected with the feathered and the four-footed inhabitants of the island are extremely amusing. We never heard of such impudent crows as are there to be met with.

"I breakfasted at the fort with Lieut. Dalgetty, part of which meal we were nearly deprived of, by a crow that flew in at the window; but it was fortunately saved by the timely entrance of a servant. These birds are so audacious, that all persons who desire to be secure from their marauding incursions, must be very careful neither to leave doors nor windows open unwatched. When the natives are carrying home baskets of provisions on their heads, they are frequently attacked by a flock of these voracious birds, who pounce upon the contents; nor will they desist from the work of spoliation until the basket is set down, and they are literally driven away by the force of arms. These bold thieves plunder children still more mercilessly, actually snatching the food from their hands, and it is amusing to witness the art they use to dispossess a dog of a bone. No sooner has the animal laid himself down to enjoy his meal at leisure, than a predatory covey descend, and hover over him: one more daring than the rest then alights beside him, with most unwelcome familiarity. The dog, startled and annoyed, suspends his labours, and growls out his displeasure, but in vain, the crow advances with the self-possession of an invited guest; until, at last, the exasperated owner of the prize lets fall his bone, shews his teeth, and makes an indignant snap at the pertinacious intruder, who dexterously eludes the bite which he has so cunningly provoked, while, at the instant the dog's attention is diverted, another crow, who has been vigilantly watching the opportunity, seizes the coveted treasure, and bears it off in triumph."—pp. 241, 242.

But the elephants, which are very numerous in Ceylon, furnish the most abundant subject of narrative to our author; and no doubt the stories here told of these huge creatures will attract the fancy

of many young readers. It appears that there is a very prevalent but erroneous opinion entertained in Europe, which supposes that all or nearly all of these animals have tusks. But it is computed that not more than one in a hundred of those that are full grown are so provided, and these are generally males; many, however, have small tusks—at the rate, perhaps, of about one in ten. The cause assigned for the rarity of large tusked elephants is, that the animal is very subject to a disease fatal to this appendage. The mode by which elephants are captured and tamed, when in a wild state, is thus described.

“The manner of driving elephants into a kraal, has been minutely described by Cordiner, but the method of securing them afterwards, in the Kandyan districts, is very different from his account. The Kandyan hunters provide themselves with a peculiar kind of rope made of the hides of cattle, and very strong; it is a manufacture made expressly for this purpose by the Rhodias, an outcast tribe, who are obliged to pay annually a given quantity of this rope, as a tax to the Government. Each piece when prepared for use, has at the end a running noose. Furnished with these and accompanied by a number of tame tusk elephants, who are to serve as protectors, the hunters repair to the kraal, where they watch their opportunity when the wild animal is in motion to slip a noose on the creature's leg; this done, the rope is fastened to a tree, and taking dexterous advantage of the captive's struggles, they attach additional ropes to different parts of the animal, until at last he is completely secured. During this achievement the wild herd is kept at bay by the tame elephants, who form an efficient guard around their masters. After the conquest is completed, the prisoner is placed between two of his tame brethren and conveyed to the stable, where he is put into a stall, formed of eight stakes; and where he is so firmly secured that he can neither lie down, nor turn round. The form of this stall has been lately much improved, so that they can be kept safely with fewer ropes than formerly; which saves the animal much of the pain, that was before inflicted by galling and chafing the parts round which the ropes were passed. Some of these huge creatures seem to be easily reconciled to captivity, while others continue wild and untractable a considerable time. The period generally supposed requisite for the process of taming is three months, but this varies occasionally, and of course much depends upon the skill and attention of the keepers, who are of a different caste from those who provide the animals with their provender. The food of the elephant during the process of taming consists of leaves only, of which a large one consumes a considerable quantity daily; the abundance of the supply, and their daily immersion in water, are esteemed the two chief objects to insure the health of the animal. A person fully acquainted with the nature and treatment of elephantine diseases, is attached to each establishment.

“In the stable that I visited there was a tame tusk elephant, which having been much harassed in the hunting of a wild herd, had shewn symptoms of so much fury that it was deemed necessary to secure him with more than ordinary care; however, watching his opportunity, he suddenly turned his head, and transfixed one of the keepers with his tusk, forcing him against another elephant. The wound was very dreadful,

but the poor fellow lingered two days before he expired."—pp. 278—280.

There are other wild quadrupeds in Ceylon, if not so gigantic as the elephants, or so formidable to the traveller, which are still very troublesome.

"I examined a young bear at Major Anderson's quarters this afternoon, it was quite tame and very playful, and destined to be sent to England in a vessel then on the point of sailing. The bears in Ceylon are small, their fur is a very fine glossy black, they are generally seen in pairs, and though they seldom kill any person, they commonly attack all whom they meet. On the eastern part of the island in the low districts they abound. They are very fond of the fruit of the ironwood-tree, and congregate in great numbers wherever it grows. This species is the Sun Bear, or *Heliarctos* of India, which is remarkable for the length of its tongue.

"The natives hold these animals in great fear, and when attacked by them they throw themselves down to preserve their eyes; the bears then vent their rage upon their prostrate victims, and finally leave them minus an ear or a nose, half dead with fright, and often insensible, in which state they remain until accidentally found and brought home by their friends, and many die from the effects of their wounds. It is, however, very difficult for a European to discover the nature and extent of the injuries sustained by the natives from wild animals, but it is quite clear to every one, that great numbers of persons bear evident marks of the ferocity of these mischievous animals.

"Some years ago, Colonel Hardy, the Quarter Master General, landed early one morning on the eastern part of the island, where he had to walk some distance through the jungle to a station that he was about to visit. He carried with him a valise and a bottle of brandy, when he was so suddenly attacked by a couple of bears that he had only time to strike one of them over the head with the bottle, which fortunately breaking, some of the contents got into the animal's eyes, who instantly retreated, roaring with pain; his terrified companion instantly followed, to the great satisfaction and amusement of the Colonel."—pp. 295, 296.

But the elephants claim our particular attention, and to them we shall now chiefly confine ourselves. Many anecdotes and adventures are recounted by the author concerning the hunts, in which such magnificent creatures are the game, and it appears that they are by no means harmless in their wild state, even when unmolested.

"Young hunters should observe great caution in approaching these animals, even when they are apparently mortally wounded, for in many instances they speedily recover the effects of a shot, and sometimes very serious consequences have ensued from too much precipitation. On one occasion an elephant was pursued by Captain Laws, and on his first shot it fell apparently quite dead; the victor bore away the creature's tail as the accustomed trophy, but on the following morning the elephant had disappeared.

"Near the village where we rested there was the skeleton of an elephant, that had been killed, about four months previous to our visit, by a native while guarding his paddy-fields, from one of their stages built in a tree. The inhabitants are obliged to keep a constant nightly guard to protect



their crops from the destructive visits of elephants, deer, wild hogs, porcupines, &c. These watch stages are placed at equal distances round the cultivated grounds, the produce of which being common property is guarded in turn by all the residents of the village. They are thatched and covered with clay six inches thick, and as they always contain a good fire, they are by no means uncomfortable.

“The rice grounds are surrounded by an embankment of two or three feet high, sufficient to retain or let off the water as required.

“A very dreadful occurrence took place a short time before my visit to Ceylon, to a poor native who had been left on watch, and who, either by the neglect of his fire, or some injudicious attempt to chase an elephant from a rick of paddy, was torn limb from limb, and his watch stage utterly destroyed. A rogue elephant, who had been annoying the villagers for some time previous to that period, was supposed to be the author of this mischief, and when Mr. Downing, the collector of Trincomalee, and my cousin happened accidentally to pass that way, soon after this melancholy circumstance occurred, they found the natives exulting over the capture of this identical elephant, which had been taken in a pit. They could only produce one musket, a pistol ball, and a little powder; with this, however, Mr. Downing repaired to the edge of the pit, and firing at the head of the animal, which happened to be a little elevated at the moment, the ball passed through the roof of the trunk, and entered the elephant's brain, when he instantly fell, and never moved afterwards. The natives were greatly astonished at this, as they did not conceive it possible that such inefficient means could have taken effect; however, those who are acquainted with the anatomy of an elephant's head will easily perceive that when the shot can be directed to the centre of the forehead, about two inches above the line of the eyes, or immediately behind the ears, it is not difficult to wound them mortally, even with one bullet.

“A rogue elephant is either a large male who has been driven from the herd, after losing a contest for the mastery of the whole, or a female, wandering from it in quest of her calf. They generally hover round the villages for the sake of the provisions which they obtain from the gardens and small tanks in the vicinity. They thus acquire an acquaintance with mankind, which only renders them more cunning and daring. They generally visit the villages at night, and infest the roads and paths, early in the morning, and in the evening. On meeting a native carrying paddy, bananas, or any article of food, they give chase until he drops it, when they are satisfied to stop and feast upon their booty, and so great is their sagacity that they constantly lie in wait for such chances, and growing daily bolder from increased success, they become a plague and terror to the neighbourhood in which they prowl, especially to those who work late in the paddy-fields, to avoid the glowing heat of the day. A large rogue elephant kept his station near Nillavelly, during a period of thirteen years, and so dexterous and cunning had he become, that he effectually foiled all attempts that were made to accomplish his destruction.

“Every one who has been at Ceylon, since the miraculous escape of Captain Gardiner, must have heard of that circumstance; but as it is interesting, I shall introduce it for those of my readers to whom it may be new.

“ Captain Gardiner, of the Royal Navy, accompanied by Mr. D. and Lieutenant H. of the Engineers, went on a hunting expedition in the neighbourhood of Antivo, about fifty miles from Trincomalee, on the road to Batticaloa, where they fell in with a female elephant and her calf on an insulated piece of jungle; for some time she endeavoured to make her escape, but finding that her pursuers were prepared to oppose her at all points, she became impatient, and at length furious, frequently making a rush to the edge of the jungle, and as often retreating, fearing to venture beyond its protecting influence. The native guide, perceiving her rage, was particularly anxious that they should leave her, but in running round to get a shot, Captain Gardiner came suddenly upon her, when she instantly encircled him with her trunk, and raising him from the ground, deliberately knelt down, and appeared actually endeavouring to put him into her mouth! At this moment Lieut. H. hearing Captain Gardiner call out for help, went towards him, and perceiving his situation, immediately fired at the animal, who suddenly dropped her intended victim, and ran off into the jungle; fortunately Captain Gardiner lost no time in making off in an opposite direction, for the elephant shortly after returned to the spot where she had left him, and from the known habits of the animal it was supposed, that she had only made off upon hearing the cry of her calf, and that finding it safe she had returned to complete her vengeance upon her pursuer.”—pp. 304—308.

It sounds a little odd to hear of a blind man joining in an elephant hunt; but Mr. Holman is not to be judged of by an ordinary standard, as respects the majority of the sightless. We must allow him to describe the hunting scene in which he took part, in his own way.

“ About three in the afternoon we left Toporé, with the intention of passing the night at the village of Killiwitte, after making a tour round the right bank of the great tank, close to the jungle; and, at four o'clock we sat down under some brushwood, to wait the appearance of game. In a short time, five or six elephants were seen issuing from the jungle, but, unfortunately, on the opposite side of the tank, so that we could not approach them. In a few minutes afterwards, however, two large elephants came out on our side, within a quarter of a mile of the place where we were stationed; but being disturbed by a herd of buffaloes, scampering about the plain, they immediately returned to cover. It was not long before a large elephant, the leader of a herd, emerged from the jungle, to see that all was clear; but the buffaloes again disturbed our sport, and he retreated greatly annoyed, roaring and crushing everything before him, for about one hundred yards; he then stopped and lashed his trunk so furiously, that he was clearly heard by us, although we were a considerable distance from him. Our sportsmen followed him into the jungle, but the bushes were so thick, that a fair shot could not be obtained; however, they fired at twenty yards, when he roared again, and made off with every demonstration of the most vengeful ire. Shortly after this we attacked another with no better success. Notwithstanding our frequent disappointments, we had soon further game in view—another large herd having appeared on the skirts of the jungle—upon which the Major and my cousin fired at two of the largest, who advanced to charge their assailants, supported by the whole

herd : all the guns were now discharged in succession, which placed the sportsmen in a most critical situation, as there was no doubt that two of the elephants were mortally wounded ; and the rest roared and rushed to and fro, threatening to attack their assailants every instant. This alarmed another herd of fifteen elephants, which had not been previously seen ; but there was just sufficient time to reload behind a bush, at which moment, the party were actually between the two herds, and were compelled to step out to receive two elephants, which they saluted with ball, at about twelve yards distance, in such style, that they immediately retreated, with just strength enough to reach the jungle, where they remained with the other herd, roaring, lashing their trunks, and occasionally shewing themselves, as if they menaced a second attack, or intended forcing their way to the tank. It now became too dark for us to remain with any degree of prudence ; we therefore proceeded towards the village of Killiwitte, about two miles distant, where we arrived soon after dark.

" It may be asked, where was I during this interesting scene ?—In reply, I beg to acquaint my readers, that I continued on horseback, as close to my friends as they would allow me, and generally contrived to be within speaking distance ; for, I believe, that I was as fully excited, and as much interested in the sport as any person present."—pp. 309—311.

Elephants are accustomed to repair to the jungles at day break, to feed upon creepers and yams. Another reason for their retreat into the shade, is the weakness of their eye-sight, which prevents them seeing well during the glare of the sun, when they depend chiefly on their senses of smelling and hearing, which are said to be very acute. Our author and his friends resumed their sport on another day. The party were attended by four men to carry the arms, which consisted of three double and four single barrel guns, all loaded with ball ; there was also one man for each horse.

" We rested, as usual, during the hottest part of the day ; and, at four in the afternoon, set out to visit the same ground as yesterday, it being the best station in the neighbourhood. About half-way, we fell in with three large elephants, standing under a tree, at the edge of the jungle ; they were throwing sand over their bodies, and flapping themselves with bundles of grass, to keep off the flies. They sometimes use large branches of trees for this purpose, which they contrive to manage by their trunks with great agility.

" We had this afternoon changed our guide for a man who was considered a charmer in his calling, owing to his intimate knowledge of the habits of the elephant, which enabled him to take advantage of every propitious circumstance, and direct their course almost as well as herdsmen do their cattle. We soon perceived the advantage both of his knowledge and coolness ; the old man brought the sportsmen up within fifteen yards of the animals, when my cousin fired, and wounded the largest in the head ; but his aim was too much elevated to take fatal effect, and the game all turned and made off to cover, followed by my companions. During the chase the Major fired, and, by the traces of blood, had evidently hit his mark, but nothing less than a fox-hunter's trophy is thought any thing of ; and the creatures are so cunning when

chased, that they seldom turn their heads, so that it is almost impossible to wound them mortally under these circumstances.

"They now disappeared with a blast of the trumpet from the last wounded; however, we were not long without the view of more game, for in a quarter of an hour a large herd was seen, clear of the jungle, and making towards the tank; but they soon stopped among the brushwood, evidently aware of approaching danger, and as their sense of smell is most acute, they probably scented us, especially as we were on the windward side. They allowed their enemies to advance within about fourteen yards, when they remained to reconnoitre in small groups of three and four, with their heads concealed under the shrubs and small trees, but soon after made off to a more commodious shelter. When our sportsmen reached an opening in the brushwood, they perceived another herd at a short distance, making towards them, with the largest among them for their leader, which when within twenty-five yards, curled its trunk under the chest and with an inclination of the head, advanced to the charge in the most infuriated manner. Major Anderson meanwhile, intent on his pursuit of the others, did not perceive the animal until it was within fifteen yards of him, when he turned and fired so well directed a shot, that the gigantic monster fell with an impetus that brought it close to the feet of its conqueror. To prevent the remainder of the herd following up the charge, the natives commenced bellowing their incantations, hoping by the help of supernatural aid to drive them all away, and it must be confessed that it would have been astonishing if so hideous a noise had not terrified the most ferocious beast. Being left masters of the field we anxiously advanced to examine our spoil, which proved to be a female of an extraordinary size. I climbed upon the carcase where I stood and danced in triumph. She measured eight feet nine inches from the fore-hoof to the top of the shoulders, eighteen feet in circumference, nine feet six inches from the crown of the head to the termination of the backbone; eight feet from the top of the crown to the point of the trunk, the thickest part of which measured upwards of three feet six inches in circumference. The fore-hoof was fifteen inches square, and the hinder one fifteen by twelve. The victor carried off the tail, and we returned full of glee to the village."—pp.—313—316.

We might extract a great deal more of interesting information from these pages, regarding the animal kingdom in Ceylon. It appears, however, that in almost all respects, it closely resembles that of India. Among a variety of statistical notices of Ceylon, Mr. Holman states that it is about 27,000 square miles in extent, the principal part consisting of forests, morasses, and wood-covered mountains. Over this surface are scattered only about 850,000 abject and superstitious inhabitants, a population equal to the fraction of one fifth of that of the neighbouring continent of India. We shall give one extract more from this volume, where the author's reflections respecting his own feelings in certain situations are strikingly and carefully drawn up. He is now in India.

"There was a grand ball in the evening, given by the officers of the Honourable Company's 7th regiment of cavalry, which I had no desire to attend, as I began to feel the want of sleep, not having had any

during the two preceding nights; and secondly, because a ball is to me the least interesting of all entertainments; next to which is a large promenading evening party, where persons are constantly moving and flitting about, talking, laughing, approaching, and retreating, in every gap of the conversation. This eternal flutter keeps me so much on the *qui vive* that it becomes an annoyance instead of a pleasure, but provided the company remains stationary, no matter how large the apartment, I can always keep up my attention round the room without any painful exertion. Even if they approach me occasionally for a short time, and return again to the same seats, it does not create any confusion in my ideas; for, after I have once distinguished their voices, and given to each person a position, the whole room becomes as clearly mapped out to my mental view, as it is to the visual organs of other persons; but the moment the company begin to change places and move about at random, it entangles the web of my thoughts so completely, that I can with difficulty unravel it; although I may recollect the voices of many, the confusion is so worrying that I am sometimes unable to recal to mind the names of my most particular friends. In further illustration of this peculiarity I may remark, that when I attend public dinners I never feel confused, in fact I imagine my mind to be more tranquil on such occasions than the generality of other persons, which I account for, by my clearly comprehending the general arrangement, while I escape the confusion visible in the progress of details, especially that produced by the constant motion of the attendants."—pp. 392—394.

It is curious that Mr. Holman should attend public entertainments, from which he derives so little satisfaction; but travellers must accommodate themselves to circumstances, if they wish to acquaint themselves with the state of society, and to acquire useful friends. It is most apparent from these pages, that Mr. Holman seeks not only abundance of such opportunities, but that he makes a good use of them. It seems to us as if no man knew so many people in so many quarters of the globe; and where he is not personally known, deep anxiety is felt to accord him every means of information. For instance, shortly after his arrival in India, he met, at a dinner-table, a Danish gentleman from Tranquebar, who said "that having heard of my being at Ceylon, his countrymen expected that I would have visited Tranquebar; to which I expressed my regret at being obliged to leave so interesting a place out of my scale of travel. I suppose from his and similar incidental remarks, that many people believed me to be an universal traveller, for I found wherever I went I was expected, and if I met any persons from places that I had passed without visiting, they, like my Danish friend, asked me 'why I did not go there?' instead of 'how I came here?'" We shall find him, at the beginning of the next volume, which we will heartily welcome, in the Celestial Empire—a rich field for his inquisitive and reflecting turn. Till then we bid him a kind farewell.



**ART. IV.—*The Rationale of Political Representation.* By the Author of "Essays on the Formation of Opinions," &c. &c. London: R. Hunter. 1835.**

THE author of this volume is already well known as being one of the most clear-headed, precise, and convincing reasoners of the present day; one of the most accomplished essayists in logic, style, and learning. Nor can this effort fail to enhance his fame. As its title correctly intimates, the work is devoted to a consideration of the general principles that ought to regulate political representation, maintaining and showing that a system of policy is now developed of such completeness and efficiency as to present itself in the shape of a suitable object of science. He holds that the business of the political philosopher is now comparatively simple, and that it amounts to the ascertainment of the effects produced on human happiness, by the various arrangements and regulations actual or possible of political society. To this task he accordingly sets himself, and we must say, goes through with it, notwithstanding its complicated and multifarious parts, with exemplary perspicuity, succinctness, and power; and the duty which we have at present imposed upon ourselves, is to do little more than present a hasty summary of his views and arguments. He may be wrong in some of his conclusions, he may misconceive the nature and mistake the magnitude of certain political effects, and he may suggest an inadequate or inapplicable remedy; but we think the general principles on which he proceeds are right: for as he himself states, the day has now gone by when the domain of moral and political science is to be kept under the empire of caprice, prejudice, or imagination. We proceed to give our readers some account of this science, as arranged and elucidated by the author; and while we have felt ourselves led and enlightened by him, it is but just to state, that he was without any previous full or systematic treatise, embracing the subject he has chosen, in all its breadth and bearings, although many of the questions and points introduced have been repeatedly discussed, and by none perhaps more ably than by Bentham, whom the author often quotes, and greatly admires, although he by no means is led by that profound and original philosopher.

Our author introduces himself in this discussion of the principles which ought to regulate political representation, by arguing that the science of government, in as far as this representation is concerned, may be deduced from the principles of human nature; and that, just as certain general rules may be laid down in regard to the treatment of the human body and constitution, so other general rules may be laid down, in respect of the influence of circumstances on human conduct, gathered from a great number of individual examples more or less analogous, and applicable to resembling instances. Thus, we conclude that a ruler, with uncontrolled power, will act the tyrant, both from the fact that Caligula and Bonaparte

did so, and from a thousand instances which shew that men in every situation use uncontrolled power in the same, or a similar way.

In treating of the several topics, or branches belonging to such a system of political representation, as may now be deduced from the experience and discoveries of free institutions in this country, the author repeatedly enforces the doctrine that the truths belonging to the subject are now sufficiently numerous, well developed, and well compacted, to become the predominating principles in the introduction of improvement. In the arrangement of those branches and truths, he therefore not only lays down that which we have arrived at from experience, but that which may and ought legitimately to follow therefrom. In this procedure, the heads and points treated of are: 1. The object of government. 2. The proof that political representation is the best means of effecting that object. 3. The province and composition of the representative assembly. 4. The province and constitution of the electoral body. 5. The manner in which the electoral body chooses the representative.

According to this distribution of the topics embraced by political representation, the author proceeds to say, that the general object for which government ought to exist is the good of the community over which it presides; but as this description is too general to convey definite information, he states that the proper province of government is "to promote the happiness of the community associated under it, by such measures as cannot be undertaken by individuals, or subordinate associations, for themselves, or cannot be undertaken with equal advantage." With eminent success he shews that the functions of government are properly of a supplementary character, to aid the exertions of individuals, where they would otherwise fail, or that they are of a negative rather than positive nature, consisting more in preventing evil, than in creating good.

"When the two circumstances in the nature of government which have now been pointed out are considered together, when we recollect that in the main the power of the state in its effects on human happiness is supplemental and preventive of evil rather than primary and creative of good, we shall at once see, that nothing can be more unfounded than the large share which has been attributed to governments in the prosperity of nations. It is an error of the same nature as that which should regard the natural and healthy play of the organs of the body as owing to the physician. National prosperity is really, in all cases, the result of the principles of human nature operating in each individual in his private career, and the mistake of ascribing it to any other source has evidently arisen from the power of governments to *mar* what they cannot *make*. In the province of doing evil they are indeed almost omnipotent. There is no limit but the insurgent spirit of outraged humanity to their power of preventing happiness and inflicting misery; and this power has been amply exercised, both by despotic selfishness, and mischievous, because ignorant, benevolence. By almost all the governments which have yet existed, this tremendous capacity for inflicting evil has been largely exhibited. It is no exaggeration to say, that the prevention of attainable



enjoyments, and the creation of positive wretchedness, have been their common, systematic course; and when in any country a departure from this course has taken place, when there has been a cessation of activity in creating evil, a withdrawal of the interference of authority with the sources of individual happiness, an abstinence from mischievous meddling—the good effects which have resulted, the industry, the enterprise, the wealth, the civilization, the spirit of inquiry, the intelligence, the morality, which have almost immediately sprung up, have been placed to the credit of the supreme power of the state; when in fact the whole merit of government consisted, not in the active production of these good fruits, but in the wisdom of giving the principles of human nature fairer play and further room for development. ‘Mr. Grenville,’ says Burke, ‘thought better of the wisdom and power of human legislation than in truth it deserves. He conceived, and many conceived along with him, that the flourishing trade of this country was greatly owing to law and institution, and not quite so much to liberty; for but too many are apt to believe regulation to be commerce, and taxes to be revenue.’ ”—pp. 59, 60.

For example, when we speak of government *protecting* property or person, we find that the details of the exercise of power in a state are for the most part concerned with the repression of wrong—with preventing individuals from infringing on the welfare of each other—and not with directly augmenting the sources of enjoyment. It cannot be said, neither does the author attempt to do so, that government may not enforce positive good in certain cases, such as establishing and fostering a system of universal education; but we think nothing can be more satisfactory than his reasoning, when he urges, that however dimly and partially the real fundamental principles of good government have hitherto been discovered, they are gradually now coming into light, and that the supplementary character of those principles, as laid down by him, is what will ere long be universally recognized.

Under the second branch of his subject, as arranged by him, viz. the grounds of preference for a representative government, the author admits—if it could be shewn that irresponsible power, lodged in the hands of a single individual, is productive of greater good to the community than any other description of authority, or that power in the hands of a few persons, who were not to be accountable, had the best results—every wise and good man would advocate accordingly the one or the other system. But from the principle in human nature that men will generally prefer their own interests to that of others, when the two are placed in competition, a representative government becomes the preferable system.

“ From this principle, that men will prefer their own interest to that of others, when the two are placed in competition, it follows, that the interest of the community at large will be uniformly consulted, only when they have the regulation of their own affairs. But it is implied in the very notion of government, that a few are invested with authority over the rest. Even in the most democratic states that ever existed, when the people assembled in person to consult respecting their common wel-

fare, they could go no farther than resolve what was to be done, and were obliged, by the nature of the case, to depute a comparatively small number to execute their determinations. In a large empire, a direct participation even in counsel is impossible to the great body of the community. To meet in deliberation would be scarcely practicable, even with the most skilful arrangements, on account of the immense numbers to be assembled; it would likewise absorb that time and attention which the multitude must, in every country, bestow on providing the means of subsistence: and were these difficulties surmounted, such assemblies would be utterly incapable, from their magnitude, of legislating wisely for their own good. Every one who has had any thing to do with large collections of people, must be aware, that for cool and patient deliberation, such as ought to be given to public enactments, they are the most incompetent instruments that can be devised.

“ It becomes, therefore, a matter of necessity, not only to place the executive branch of public business in the hands of a few functionaries, but also to devolve the deliberative or legislative department of government on a comparatively small number of individuals. Nor is this less advantageous than necessary, since the few will be always wiser and more efficient in deliberation than the many.

“ Now, as from the nature of the case the legislative power must be lodged in the hands of a few; and as the few possessing it will be tempted in a thousand ways to sacrifice the public good to their own private interest, it becomes essentially requisite to place them in such a position, that their own interest, and the public good, shall be identified. The simple expedient which effects this is to make the office of legislator dependent on the will of the people. If his power were irresponsible, if it were subject to no direct control, if the improper exercise of it were not followed by evil consequences to the possessor, it would be inevitably abused; the public good would be neglected, and his own habitually preferred: but by the simple expedient of rendering the continuance of his power dependent on his constituents, his interest is forced into coincidence with theirs. Any sinister advantage which he might derive from the power entrusted to him would cease with the loss of the office, and he would have no inducement to pursue an advantage of that kind, if, by so doing, he unavoidably subjected himself to dismissal.”—pp. 69—71.

The author goes on to explain, in his clear and forcible style, that there are other checks which unite with the most powerful one above mentioned, in controlling men in authority in governments constituted of persons popularly elected. There is a regard to public approbation, a dread of infamy, a fear of resistance and violence, which even in a despotic state have their influence; but incomparably more under free institutions, and where all parliamentary proceedings are made public.

The province and composition of the representative assembly are the topics next discussed. In this long chapter the author advances a variety of principles, with which we have little inclination to quarrel, and not a few inferences, some of which seem questionable, at least in so far as their practical application in this country is concerned. But still, whether such details be the wisest or the

soundest deductions from his leading positions or not, we must again express our satisfaction with those positions and general groundworks. According to our design, however, we proceed with the hasty summary of his doctrines. It must be manifest to every one of our readers, at the same time, that nothing like the full force of the reasonings advanced can be discerned without a careful and thorough study of his work, although the most superficial must at once perceive from our extracts, that it is one of no ordinary power, closeness, and finish.

In reference to the province of the representative body, our author confines himself to its legislative branch, excluding from his view the duties of the executive department. And here, according to a principle which he has previously elucidated, viz., that an individual can understand and take care of his own welfare, a great deal better than any one else, so a town or a district best knows and best regulates its own affairs; therefore the whole legislative power cannot with the utmost advantage be engrossed by the supreme assembly, but a part of it should be devolved on subordinate bodies.

“ It is evidently one of the worst possible arrangements, that the time of the supreme legislative assembly, which would find ample occupation in the preparation and perfecting of general enactments, should be taken up with matters of only local interest, and sometimes of merely individual concern; that it should be occupied with bills for changing names, alienating estates, supplying towns with water, and lighting them by gas. While this continues to be the case, it is both morally and physically impossible there can be that degree of excellence in legislation, which the present state of knowledge admits. It is a system which acts injuriously in both directions; a system on which neither enactments of a local nor those of a national kind can possibly be of the same beneficial character as if the preparation of them were devolved on separate assemblies.

“ The United States of America present us with an instance, in which the principle of the distribution of legislative business is carried partially into effect. They have scarcely, however, carried it far enough, and are perhaps justly exposed to the criticism passed upon them by the illustrious Turgot, whom it is a pleasure to quote in support of the views maintained in the present treatise.

“ ‘ I do not find ’ he says, ‘ that they have been careful enough to reduce as much as possible the number of objects which are to occupy the governments of each state; to separate matters of legislation from those of a general and of a particular and local administration; nor to establish local standing assemblies, which, by discharging almost all the subordinate functions of government, might spare the general assembly all attention to those matters, and might prevent all opportunity, and perhaps all desire in its members, of abusing an authority which cannot be applied to any objects but those which are general, and which therefore are not exposed to the little passions which actuate mankind.’

“ Similar views of the wisdom of devolving local business on local authorities, and freeing the supreme legislature from whatever could be done as well or better by subordinate powers, have been maintained by a great number of eminent political writers:—Milton, Hume, Burke, Bentham,

Jefferson, who certainly all brought their minds to the consideration of the subject under very different circumstances, agree in their impressions of the policy of some such arrangement.

"If, after the arguments which have now been urged, and the authorities adduced, any doubt should remain on the mind of the reader, as to the policy of restricting the province of the supreme legislature to matters of general concern, that doubt would be at once removed by a very cursory glance at the proceedings of a government in which this policy has been utterly neglected. For the fullest conviction, we have only to look at home. Never were the evils arising from the supreme legislature undertaking business which on no rational principle of arrangement can belong to it, more strikingly exemplified than in the transactions of the British Parliament. It would be inconsistent with the object and plan of this treatise to enter into a detailed proof of a grievance so notorious and acknowledged; and, fortunately, an able exposition of the whole subject, already before the public\*, leaves no inducement to attempt it."—pp. 95—103.

After the province of the legislative body, the process of legislation must be looked to. All must agree that there is the utmost necessity that the laws affecting a community ought to be enacted after the deepest consideration. Our author on this point balances the advantages and disadvantages consequent on the oral discussions that take place in public assemblies in free countries, and after marking the evils of long speeches for the sake of display—of oratorical dexterity being apt to engross the study of the legislators, rather than the wisdom of their enactments—of conquest rather than truth being the object of ambition—he concludes that the practice, as it obtains in this country, is the best, where the utmost latitude of debate and publicity are allowed.

"We might indeed suppose such a thing as a legislative assembly, brought together merely to announce the pleasure of their constituents, and to register it on the statute-book. We might suppose the members to come up from their respective districts, in the way that Milton seems to suggest, completely prepared to assent or dissent on every question, without any inquiry in concert with each other, or any interchange of information and argument, all the preliminary business of investigation having been done elsewhere.

"But there is a manifest advantage in a contrary course. Before a law is enacted, it is necessary, as every one will admit, that an examination of the grounds on which it is proposed should be made somewhere. It is further necessary, according to the fundamental principle of the representative system, that such an examination, as it cannot be made by the people themselves, should be made by persons commissioned to do it on their behalf. If the examination is not to take place in the supreme legislature, it must be made in the towns or provinces. Each town or province would have to prosecute the inquiry for itself. It is plain, however, that as the inquiry, if it concerned a matter properly falling within the department of the supreme legislature, would not relate exclusively to any one town or district, but to the country at large, there would be no pecu-

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\* "Vide 'An Argument for more of the Division of Labour in Civil Life in this Country,' by William Wickens."

liar advantage in prosecuting the investigation in such places. If the matter affected one place alone, it could not be examined anywhere so thoroughly as in that place; but as in order to fall within the legitimate province of the supreme assembly, it must be a matter of general concern, a local investigation offers no special benefit; while it is evident, that, on such a plan, there would be a number of simultaneous investigations going on, and a superfluous multiplication of trouble.

“ On the other hand, if the business of examination is conducted in the supreme assembly, a single investigation serves the purpose, and it is carried on under peculiar advantages. A supreme assembly is generally convened at the seat of the executive government, and has thus ready access to information of various kinds, to extensive libraries, to valuable records, to the documents and accounts of public offices. It can summon witnesses to its bar, dispatch messengers to gather intelligence, order returns of statistical details, and put in action the whole machinery of the state, to collect the evidence which its deliberations require.”—pp. 118—120.

On the relation between representatives and constituents our author, with his accustomed talent, presents arguments that many of the electors in this country will do well to consider. From the doctrine that the business of legislation includes not merely enactment but examination, and that this examination can no where be so well conducted as in a central assembly, he infers that a deputy to such an assembly has something more to do than receive and execute the instructions of his constituents, and that he should be left to his own judgment and discretion, unfettered by any instructions from his constituents.

“ To control, by instructions, the representative deputed to take part in the deliberations of the supreme assembly, would, in fact, be tantamount to adopting the plan, already shown in the last section to be ineligible, of performing the preliminary part of legislation in a number of local assemblies instead of the national assembly, with the additional inconsistency of setting the national legislature on the investigation and discussion of questions already determined by other bodies. It would be deputing men to discuss measures of public policy, under the condition that their deliberations should have no influence on the determination of the measures discussed. If you, the constituents, will not trust the business of examination to the supreme assembly, do it avowedly yourselves, and let that assembly meet merely to enact or register what you have decided upon; but if you devolve the task of examination upon a deliberative body, do not commit the absurdity of determining for it the result to which it must come.

“ The inconsistency of giving instructions to their representatives may not strike any single constituency, who merely look at their own case. To them it will appear, that they are guiding only one vote in an assembly, where there is the utmost latitude of decision; that they are fixing only one point amidst universal mobility: but the incongruity will manifest itself when they reflect, that what is right, in this matter, for one body of individuals, must be right for all; that it is a question regarding a general principle, and that the consequence of adopting the general



principle would be, that as each individual member would come pinned down by instructions, the whole legislative assembly would meet together to examine and deliberate about measures, the rejection or adoption of which was already fixed beyond the possibility of being affected by their deliberations."—pp. 124—126.

The specific security which the representative's constituents possess, for the faithful discharge of his duties, is the power of dismissing him. Mr. Burke, in his celebrated speech at Bristol, on the conclusion of the poll, said in reference to this very point :—"Parliament is not a *congress* of ambassadors from different and hostile interests, which interests each must maintain as an agent and advocate, against other agents and advocates; but parliament is a *deliberative* assembly of *one* nation, with *one* interest, that of the whole; where not local purposes, not local prejudices, ought to guide, but the general good, resulting from the general reason of the whole. You choose a member, indeed; but when you have chosen him, he is not a member of Bristol, but he is a member of *Parliament*." It is only when the term of the trust has expired that it devolves on the electors to pronounce sentence on their representative; and the publicity of the proceedings of the legislative body is absolutely necessary to the formation of a just estimate of each representative. As to the duration of the trust reposed in deputies, it may readily be supposed that our author, as a necessary link in his system of principles, pleads for a brief and precarious tenure; and although he thinks that it is impossible to determine with exactness the precise length of time, yet three years is a space which in England has precedent and historical associations of no mean interest in its favour.

There are other topics closely connected with the representative body, which the author discusses at length. These regard the *number* of members and their qualifications. Considerable diversity of opinion obtains on these points; and although questioning some of the author's sentiments here, we shall do little more than state a few of them. It does seem a fair conclusion, if we agree with the author, that there ought to be subordinate and district legislative assemblies; that the supreme one should consist of much fewer members than the House of Commons does at present, both as regards the quantity of the work done, and the manner in which it is done. The manner in which the feelings of men are wrought upon when met in large bodies, by trifling causes or unworthy motives, is quoted; the more numerous the assembly, the more will the froth of thought and speech predominate. An objection of a strong kind, as we think, is thus stated.

"Nor is it a slight evil in a numerous legislative body, that the responsibility of the members, and the obligation under which they feel to exert themselves, necessarily diminish as their numbers increase. The completest responsibility and the strongest feeling of the necessity for exertion obviously exist, when a single individual is entrusted with an

office unaccompanied and unaided. Every addition of a coadjutor produces two effects; it weakens the feeling of accountability and the obligation to activity in each of the official colleagues, inducing a proneness to rely on the other for the vigilance and exertion which he himself is disposed to decline; and, secondly, by the sort of uncertainty created as to his personal share in any joint act, and the reduction of his individual importance, it detracts from the feeling of power to bring him to account, existing in the minds of the parties to whom he is responsible, as well as from the disposition to do it. There is evidently an increased difficulty in connecting the acts with the man, and a relaxation in the inducement to make the effort. These effects are visible enough in a large assembly like the House of Commons. There the diminution of the sense of responsibility and importance, the impression of forming only one in a multitude, and perhaps the hope of passing unquestioned in the crowd, combine to take away from many all activity. They are literally lost in the mass, both to their fellow members and to their constituents, or only discerned in the silent lists of a division. They see the business of the house proceeding at full pace without them, and find themselves destitute of all occupation but voting. It is not in the nature of the human mind, under these circumstances, to bestow such attention on legislative questions as will master their difficulties, and the vote cannot consequently be given on well considered grounds."—pp. 164, 165.

As to what is said regarding the qualifications of members in these pages, there seems to us to be not a little room for observation. It is not difficult to point out what a legislator should be in moral and intellectual character; neither need one labour long in finding out that the qualifications at present demanded in the British House of Commons, are notoriously evaded. But a real efficient and practical improvement is not so quickly compassed. The author objects to all professional men, anyway otherwise occupied, while they have a seat in the legislative assembly, than in the duties therewith immediately connected. Of course, by this rule lawyers in a particular degree are involved. Now, would the enactments of our lawgivers be better or worse, by the exclusion of lawyers? We think there is room for hesitation here, before we join in the author's doctrine. It may be true that their legislative duties are not the chief study on the part of these gentlemen; but there are certain habits and duties which in their nature are so compatible, that the performance of the one class is nurse to the other. Does this union not hold in the case of the interpreters and enactors of laws? There is also in the nature of intellectual pursuits a generating principle, by which he who does much is able to do a great deal more besides, than he who does little or but one thing. But we must hasten forward with our author. There is ingenuity in the following suggestions.

"A law, disqualifying men from sitting in the legislative assembly, on account of possessing more than a certain amount of property, might be defended on better grounds than that which excludes individuals on account of their indigence. The possessors of extraordinary wealth have, in the first place, little sympathy with the great body of the people.



Accustomed to command their gratifications, to have every thing presented to them almost as the wish for it rises in their minds, and to view their fellow-creatures as inferior beings, existing to contribute to their enjoyment, it is impossible to enter into the pains and pleasures of individuals hourly struggling in the world, some for a bare subsistence, and some for the preservation of their position in society.

“ But not only have eminently rich men little sympathy with others, but they are deficient in another point—in habits of intellectual exertion and application to real business. Mental efforts are not made without inducements, and the easy manner in which the rich man’s desires are gratified, leaves him bare of motives to overcome the *vis inertiae* of a luxurious condition.”—pp. 178, 179.

There is not a little in the author’s doctrine, however, when he maintains that neither poverty nor wealth should be an obstacle to a candidate’s eligibility, and that if on the moral and intellectual qualities, the electors are left to the exercise of their sagacity and discretion, they may be trusted with the admeasurement of his worldly means as fitted for the post contemplated. According to this particular view, no very poor man would be chosen, unless distinguished by remarkable qualities; and that no very rich man would offer himself under a proper system of representation, unless he were prepared to yield his time and attention to the duties of his office. But we think, should the time come when a seat in the House of Commons is no longer a point of the highest ambition to the most talented and wealthy of the land, its fame will have greatly departed. Whatever experiments may be tried on its constitution, we sincerely hope that its character for conferring the highest worldly honours upon its members, may ever remain. Indeed some of those honours, so long as human nature is what it has hitherto proven itself to be, are closely associated, or rather identified with wealth. In the section devoted to a consideration of the qualifications of members, the author approves of the expedient of annexing a salary to the office of representative, which indeed seems a necessary consequence from his previous arguments and views. Now, without entering into the consideration of such a project, we merely ask our readers, how such an arrangement would suit the ideas and associations of Englishmen?—Would it exalt or lower the dignity and character of the House of Commons?

From the chapter occupied with a consideration of the province and constitution of the electoral body, we can find room for only the briefest extracts, anxious as we are to afford some room for a notice of two striking and instructive essays, of a supplementary nature, and calculated to clear up many of the difficulties that entangle, through the confusion of words and ideas, the previous discussions. As bearing upon the subject of universal suffrage, we quote the following paragraphs :—

“ In order that the influence of the electoral body on the legislature may be at the highest point of beneficialness, two qualifications ought to

be combined in the electors in the highest possible degree which circumstances will admit; namely, intelligence, and freedom from partial interests. The more enlightened the electors are, the more capable will they be of properly performing their duty of selection and supervision: the freer they are from partial interests, the more certainly will their intelligence be applied as it ought to be for the general welfare.

"In a country in which the inhabitants were thoroughly enlightened (if we may be permitted for the sake of illustration to make use of so vague a phrase), there could be no reason why the elective franchise should not be universal. It unfortunately happens, however, that in all countries, or almost all countries, the great bulk of the population are in a state, which can scarcely be calumniated by terming it intellectual darkness.

"When this is the case, the formation of the electoral body is a problem of no small difficulty. To make the franchise universal would subject the legislature to the control of ignorance, and lower the character of its enactments, to the injury of the common good; on the other hand, to limit the franchise to a part of the community, would enhance the danger to be apprehended from the prevalence of partial interests. The demand for intelligence in the electoral body, and the demand for numerical magnitude, are antagonist principles: one can be answered only at the expense of the other.

"The only thing which can be done in this dilemma is to effect a compromise between them; and the nature of this compromise must be determined, in every community where the question comes to be practically considered, by the character and condition of the people.

"Although, however, no general conclusion can be drawn as to the extent and composition of the electoral body, yet certain principles may be laid down to assist those who may have at any time to take the matter into practical consideration."—pp. 227—229.

A certain amount of property, he thinks, must be taken as one ground of qualification to vote, which whether taken from the amount of his possessions, or of taxes levied from him, comes substantially to the same thing. He then considers what age and sex are qualified to enjoy the elective franchise. He more than suggests the propriety of weighing the rights of the female sex, in reference to the subject.

"On this subject, doubtless, abundance of sneers will be indulged in, and a thousand sarcasms uttered; but when the happiness of human beings is concerned, and as in this case that of half of the human race, the subject is rather too important and sacred to be sacrificed to the fear of ridicule. If the exclusion of women is to be maintained, let it at all events be placed on some plain and rational ground.

"In the English Reform Act, a very small concession, without disturbing the legal relations in which the sexes stand to each other, would have saved the appearance of injustice to females. No evil, in fact, could have arisen from placing men and women on such an equality, in regard to the franchise, as the present system of law would admit. Wives and sisters and daughters, living under the same roof with their husbands and brothers and fathers, and not having independent possessions, would have been excluded, not on the ground of sex, but on account

of not being householders; sharing, in this respect, the condition of sons residing with their fathers, and of other mere lodgers. It would have been only widows or single women keeping house, or possessing the requisite amount of property, that could have been entitled to vote; and it is difficult to conceive the shadow of a reason why they should be debarred from the privilege, except the tumultuous proceedings which are the unruly progeny of unskilful arrangements."—pp. 240—242.

On the manner in which the electoral body chooses the representative—the process of taking votes—the conduct of a candidate—canvassing, expositions of opinions and pledges—and popular excitement during an election, are points separately investigated in these pages, nor is it possible for any man to read them without his feeling that he sees his way clearer than he ever did before on each and all of these important points, whatever may be his individual opinions. On the merits of open and secret voting, there is a chain of admirable reasoning, which we can only cull from.

"It will be found that open voting is required—First, in those cases which involve responsibility on the part of the voter to a constituent or controlling body. Secondly, In those cases of public concern in which the direction of the vote is of sufficient importance to attract public attention.

"Secret voting, on the other hand, is required in those cases which are destitute of both these features; in which there is neither responsibility to a constituent body, nor importance enough in the single votes to draw public notice to the direction which they may take.

"In almost every public question brought to a vote, there are persons strongly interested in the decision from private motives, from some personal advantage or disadvantage foreign to the merits of the question itself. When the process is open, such individuals watch every vote with the keenest interest, and employ every art to give it the direction of their wishes. In these circumstances, should the suffrage be fettered by responsibility to a body of constituents, or of importance enough to attract public attention, any machinery which may be put in play to give it a sinister direction is counteracted more or less effectually by such responsibility, or by the influence of public opinion, or by both; but if the vote is neither fettered by responsibility, nor important enough to draw public notice, the sinister interest prevails, and is enabled to prevail solely by the circumstance of the vote being known."—pp. 291, 292.

We had marked several striking or valuable views brought forward in the last chapter of this treatise, which weighs the occasions when changes in political institutions may be introduced; first, handling the general principles to be observed in, regard to such changes; and secondly, treating of the practical application of those principles: we here merely state, that the author, in considering the condition required for the introduction of a measure, whether of abolition or change, or positive innovation, comprises them under a two-fold division: 1st. That the measure shall be for the public good: 2nd. That the majority of the people shall have a clear and steady conviction that it is so.

Of the two supplementary essays, in reference to which we have spoken, the first is on the subject of Political Equality: and here the author's doctrine is so lucid, convincing, and we shall say, original, that our readers cannot but be pleased with its prominent ideas. After taking the incontrovertible ground, that every measure of government ought to be for some public advantage, and that there can be no valid reason for conferring power on any individual or class, except some specific benefit is to be derived from it by the public, he adds:—

“It is only putting the proposition in another form to say, that no political inequality ought to have place except for the general welfare, inasmuch as political inequality implies a privilege enjoyed by merely a part of the community. In political society, every individual counts one, and only one, whether rich or poor: in other words, the happiness of one man is not to be consulted *for itself*, more than the happiness of another; or, to vary the phrase, it is not to be considered as a more important object. If the person of the chief of a nation is guarded with greater care and surrounded with greater pomp than that of any other individual, it is not because his happiness is in itself rightly an object of more sedulous attention, but because either his position subjects him to more than ordinary risk and annoyance, or the welfare of the community is more implicated in the protection of his personal safety, and the splendour of his appearance. All the power and pageantry lavished upon him, if rightly bestowed, are bestowed not for any peculiar merit or on account of any personal claim in him as an individual, but simply because such power and pageantry are, by the supposition, expedient for the common good.

“The same truth applies to all political offices and to all political privileges, from the highest to the lowest, from the monarch on the throne to the humblest elector of a borough. Whatever inequality exists in political privileges or powers between them and the rest of the people, ought to be for the welfare of the community. There can be no valid reason for its existence but the public advantage.”—pp. 392—394.

He then proceeds to determine what truth there is in the American and the French Constituent Assembly doctrine, that “all men are born equal.” If, says he, this be meant as a statement of a fact, it is notoriously untrue. If the expression means, that “all men *ought* to come into the world:”—he argues that it would be much better to say so at once; and even then, although the assertion may be true, it does not carry its own light with it. He thinks, however, that the real truth which presents itself to the minds of those who make use of the usual popular phrase, is this, that “no political inequality ought to exist, except for the public good:” a simple, clear, and resistless truth.

“Other mistakes have also been committed on the subject of equality. It has been contended, not only that all men should be *politically equal*, but that it is the duty of government to establish and maintain *equality of condition* among the people.

“This latter doctrine is one of those multifarious errors which have sprung from regarding government as a sort of omnipotent power, commanding all the sources of human happiness, and instituted for the pur-

pose of moulding entirely the destiny of the community. If, indeed, it were a power of this kind, distributing to the people all the good which they enjoyed, it would seem only consonant with its general end, to make an equal distribution of property; it would be proper, and wise, and equitable, that no one should be more richly endowed than another; that no disparities of condition should exist, except those few which the public service itself might imperatively require. But when we regard the sources of human happiness in the proper light, and the power of the state in its just character, the one is irremovably seated in the individual, and requiring the incessant vigilance of personal interest; the other, as having for its proper province to make and enforce such regulations, chiefly of a preventive character, as individuals or subordinate associations are incompetent to carry into effect for their own benefit; we see at once that government has nothing to do, or ought to have nothing to do, with regulating those inequalities of condition among the people, which must necessarily arise in every society, from diversities of bodily powers and mental abilities, from difference of efforts, peculiarities of situation, or uncontrollable and inexplicable incidents.

"If it be true, as we have shown in another Essay, that the greater part of every individual's actions can be beneficially directed by none but himself, then it is clear that it would be a pernicious attempt in government to regulate those disparities of condition, which arise in a great degree out of such actions. In the management of their resources, different individuals will adopt different expedients, different courses, which will lead to different results. One man will regard present enjoyment, with scarcely a glance at what lies before him; another will look to the future, and carefully husband the means of happiness: *this* individual has scarcely a capacity for gaining a bare livelihood; *that*, on the other hand, is skilful in the management of whatever he undertakes. If government attempted to preserve equality of condition amongst such individuals as these, it would be tampering with matters of which it was utterly ignorant; it would be taking the management of their private concerns out of their own hands, where they were best understood; it would be doing that which we have shown to be altogether beyond the ability and proper province of the state: or, worse than this, it would be confounding, perplexing, and, in many cases, extirpating the ordinary and salutary motives of action. The result would be an equality, not of wealth, but of wretchedness."—pp. 398—400.

We think every reader must see the path of truth and reason opening before him from such a light as the foregoing extract furnishes. He goes on to say, that as government should not propose to itself to effect an equality of condition amongst the people, that by parallel reasoning it ought not to endeavour to make a greater inequality than what the natural operation of the principles of the human mind, and the circumstances of the community would create. He mentions certain cases in which this maxim has been contravened, such as by entails.

The last essay is on Rights, a term than which no other has occasioned more controversy or confusion. Bentham insisted that



it ought to be confined to what are usually designated by the expression *legal rights*.

"In contending that there are no such things as natural rights, Mr. Bentham was in fact merely taking a term used loosely in several meanings, and appropriating it to one technical meaning. By doing this however he did not prove that to employ it in any other sense would be futile or absurd. No expression ever comes into general use without a real basis of meaning, however indistinct and indeterminate that meaning may be in the minds of those who employ the phrase. It is always useful to ascertain, in such cases, what the varying signification really is,—what is the undefined and shifting collection of ideas which the word is employed to designate. It is not difficult to see how the term natural rights may have established itself, and what is the real amount of its meaning. Men in civil society are accustomed to regulate their conduct by the laws under which they live, and hence they acquire certain peculiar feelings, as well towards those actions which are forbidden, as towards those which they are left at liberty to do, and are in fact protected in doing. The liberty of doing these latter is zealously maintained, and the least infringement of it is resented and complained of: and thus such actions are invested with associations easily roused. Rights defined or guarded by law, become consecrated by feeling. When men with these impressions contemplate other actions not permitted by the law, and see no reason why such actions should be prohibited, and when especially they find the prohibition injures their welfare and thwarts their wishes, they appear to transfer to these actions the feelings and associations which they have connected with legal rights. That sense of injury and injustice which they have, when they are forcibly withheld from what is sanctioned by law, is felt when they are prevented by the law itself from doing what would add to their happiness, without an injury to others. Such an action they regard as one which ought to be permitted, which men ought to have the right of doing in the nature of things; and although it has no legal sanction or permission, they consider it as sanctioned by nature, as one of the natural rights of mankind; and any prohibition of it as an infringement of these rights. If they regard in this light any prohibition of an innocent or useful action, with still deeper feelings of the same kind, as a still more violent infraction of natural rights, will they regard any unnecessary privation or burden inflicted upon them under the sanction of the supreme authority.

The province of government being chiefly to prevent evil in cases where individuals are incompetent to do it, when it steps out of this province, and prevents good or inflicts evil, it seems to act like a man who forcibly interrupts enjoyments sanctioned by the law."—pp. 405—407.

Such a complex idea arose from a sufficient ground, though it may be seldom kept in view. For, says our author, there may be conduct that is beneficial to others, from the very constitution of things, and this cannot be prevented without occasioning evil, and which may be termed a natural right. There are also certain actions which men can do without injury to others, and from which they cannot be restrained without the production of evil;

actions with which, from their very nature, the interference of government must produce mischief. These also may be designated natural rights.

“ But although I contend that there is something besides a figure, that there is a substantial meaning in the phrase natural rights, and that this substantial meaning must have been present, with more or less distinctness, to the minds of men when they so largely employed the term, yet I fully concur in the propriety of confining the term rights, in political science, to the designation of those which are of a legal character. Employed in the other sense, it is not only superfluous, but the source of infinite perplexity and confusion.

“ If it is agreed that a natural right implies a mode of action which can injure nobody, or which may benefit somebody, to contend for natural rights is the same thing as to contend for the application of the standard of utility in all political enactments and measures: for in order to know whether any modes of conduct are to be considered as natural rights, you must determine whether they are or are not inimical to the general good. Having determined that they are not, you may contend that they ought to be permitted or sanctioned by the law, in virtue (as the phrase is) of their being natural rights; while an advocate of simple utility would say, that they ought to be permitted because they are innocent or useful; the sole difference between you and him being, the employment on your part of a superfluous term.”—pp. 408, 409.

The terms innocence or useful action would at once announce the plain fact, and avoid the vagueness and confusion that results from an indistinctly defined word. Our author adduces illustrations of the ambiguous and perplexed use of the term, from Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, and shows forcibly how that sagacious and reflecting man was troubled by it. The conclusion of this essay contains these sound and valuable sentences:—

“ Of all the instances which have ever presented themselves, of the practical evils flowing from loose notions and undefined phraseology, the French Revolution is certainly the most striking. It is perhaps not going too far to assert, that if at the commencement of that crisis, there had been amongst our neighbours the same clear apprehension of the subjects of the rights of man and political equality, which exists in the minds of men of thought in the present day, and as a consequence, had the politicians of that day uniformly employed those phrases in one definite sense, or rather had they substituted more appropriate language, a great part of the political intoxication which prevailed, and the crimes which it engendered, would have been spared.

“ The world is yet very far from being aware of the immense importance of precise phraseology.”—pp. 417, 418.

We have only now to add, that this work, although it clearly displays the province and the duties of national government, does not thereby tend to lessen its value or dignity. It is the farthest possible from having this revolutionary tendency. Can truth be dangerous? Can the utmost light be unwelcome among a civilized



people? The author's disclosure of the nature of good government, shows the more clearly how indispensable are its advantages. In our ignorance, we are apt to look upon the doings of legislators as concerns extraneous to us, or to take a factious course with reference to them. A better and more wholesome remedy for such errors on the part of the people, and of others too prevalent on the part of their representatives, cannot be recommended than the light and spirit contained in this volume. It will, we have no doubt, work its way amongst the reflecting population of this country, and effect a great good in opening up and teaching the science of political representation. We have only farther to mention, that in its execution, the work is a model of dispassionate, elegant, and convincing philosophy, dressed in all the purity and beauty which the English language possesses for such disquisitions.

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ART. V.—*Thaumaturgia or Elucidations of the Marvellous.* By an Oxonian. London: Churton, 1835.

THIS is a compilation in which great labour and not a little learning are apparent. We have a minute and arranged history of the particular forms in which human credulity has disclosed itself, from the earliest times to which authentic records carry us, down to the latest; which of course includes an account of many persons whose fame was owing to singular events in their lives, to genius, to enthusiasm, or to imposture. A taste for the marvellous is natural to man, especially in an untutored state of society; and as the ignorant and simple are abundant at this day among us, who are the dupes of the most barefaced, though not the most elegant shape, in which deceit can be put forth, such a work as the one before us is calculated to effect great good. The author begins with the popular beliefs that have prevailed regarding the Devil; and goes into a dissertation on a vast number of other forms in which human credulity has distinguished itself; amongst which he treats of magic, of oracles, of druidism, of astrology, of dreams, of charms of certain alleged medicinal powers, of presages, of witchcraft, and of empiricism. In the course of the work there are many curious facts and reasonings brought forward, drawn from the most ancient as well as modern times, that afford admirable scope for instructive or amusing extracts; nor have we any particular fault to find with the author in the conduct of the volume, unless it be, that in some parts there is a satirical style, not at all calculated to drive credulity from among mankind, where it is confessedly so naturally and strongly fixed. The title of the first chapter, for instance, contains these heads—"The Devil, a most unaccountable personage—Who is he? His predilection for old women." And in the elucidation, or rather in the few notices of what has been believed on those points, (for there is little or no elucidation of who the devil is), there is an

attempt to laugh people out of their notions concerning the existence and identity of such a being, that we consider very unequal to the end proposed. Whoever believes in revelation according to its apparent meaning (and it has often been said, by competent authorities too, that the unsophisticated ordinary reader of the sacred record is generally the most accurate and consistent student of its contents), will not be by any sort of ridicule driven from an implicit reliance in not a few direct and special descriptions of the history and the character of the being alluded to. Indeed, were a man's orthodoxy in Christianity to be brought to the test by any one single question, few things could be put to him, where an answer would be so sweeping and conclusive, as that in which his belief in the identity and personality of the devil were spoken to. There is also, when treating of some of the miracles and marvellous occurrences recorded in Scripture, a useless and unsatisfactory effort to reduce them to natural and feasible principles. Not that the author seems to impugn the authority of revelation in matters of fact, or to deny its doctrines, but that he to us, unnecessarily seeks to reduce what many consider to be a subject of faith, to a subject of intelligibility. We shall, however, afford our readers more entertainment by presenting them with certain portions of the volume, than by anxiously sought for criticisms.

The author's extensive researches enable him to speak with precision of very ancient traditions concerning evil spirits. Those of the Jews he finds were not only founded on Scripture, but borrowed from the opinions of the Pagans, or were fables of their own invention, or allegorical. Their demons were considered either as the distant progeny of Adam or Eve, resulting from an improper intercourse with supernatural beings, or of Cain; but some of the early Christians maintained that they were the souls of departed human beings. Many other modifications, however, came to take place in the opinions of mankind regarding demons; nor can we assign any limit to the inventions and extravagant imaginations of man.

"It seems to be a principle established by experience, that mankind in general have at no time been able, by the operation of their own natural powers, to ascend in their inquiries to the great comprehensive foundation of true religion—the knowledge of a first cause. This idea is too grand, too distinct, or too refined for the generality of the human race. They are surrounded by sensible objects, and strongly attached to them; they are in a great measure unaccustomed to the most simple and obvious degrees of abstraction, and they can scarcely conceive anything to have a real existence that may not become an object of their senses. Possessed of such sentiments and views, they are fully prepared in embracing all the follies and absurdities of superstition. They worship everything they either love or fear, in order to procure the continuance of favours enjoyed, or to avert that resentment they may have reason to dread. As their knowledge of nature is altogether imperfect, and as many events every moment present themselves, upon which they can form no theore-

tical conclusion, they fly for satisfaction to the most simple, but most ineffectual of all solutions—the agency of invisible beings, with which in their opinion, all nature is filled. Hence the rise of Polytheism and local deities, which have overspread the face of the earth, under the different titles of guardian gods or tutelary saints. Hence magnificent temples and splendid statutes have been erected to aid the imagination of votaries, and to realize objects of worship, which, though supposed to be always hovering around, seldom condescend to become visible.

“After obtaining some information concerning present objects, the next cause of solicitude and inquiry to the mind of man, is to penetrate a little into the secrets of futurity. The same tutelary gods who bestowed their care, and exerted their powers to procure present pleasure and happiness for mankind, were supposed not adverse to grant them, in this respect also, a little indulgence. Hence the famous oracular responses of antiquity; hence the long train of conjurers, fortune tellers, astrologers, necromancers, magicians, wizards, and witches, that have been found in all places and at all times; nor have superior knowledge and civilization been sufficient to extirpate such characters, by demonstrating the futility and absurdity of their views.”—pp. 15, 16.

We have within these few months, in reviewing Dalryell's “Darker Superstitions of Scotland,” and Godwin's, “Lives of the Necromancers,” introduced so much that immediately bears upon the greater portion of the subjects treated of in this volume, that we must be excused, when we now confine ourselves to one or two of its last chapters, on account of the field occupied by them having been left almost untouched by the foregoing authors, and because it offers a no less wonderful display of credulity, than such as in the darker periods of the world's history were rife—while the department is more immediately instructive and interesting than any we can fix upon:—we refer to modern empiricism. We may advantageously take notice first of all of some other instances of ignorant credulity, that have to this day their influence upon multitudes. Perhaps there are few persons who do not, secretly at least, attribute some power to certain days, in preference to others; and as the author states, some have even gone the length of calling Scripture to their assistance for the division of days into *lucky* and *unlucky*. Nay, the mind of the philosopher who loudly and openly proclaims the absurdity of yielding to such fancies, may frequently be swayed by them unconfessedly or unwittingly. True it is, that nothing can really be unlucky but vice, and nothing lucky but virtue; still, how few are there who at times will not, for example, choose one particular path or road rather than another, from no other explainable motive than the remembrance of some things subsequent to their traversing these ways formerly? Many other equally irrational motives for preferences will readily suggest themselves to most men, from their own experience and conduct, if the research is closely and faithfully made.

Climacteric years, implying critical years or periods in a man's age, are not now so much attended to as formerly. Such eras,

when something, according to the astrological doctrine, was to happen of a notable character to the person, and when he would stand in great danger of death, were by some held to be in every seventh year, while others allowed the title only to those produced by multiplication of the climacterical space by an odd number, as 3, 5, 7, 9, &c. The grand climacterics were 63 and 84. But to speak of days instead of years, our author says that Roman history sufficiently proves that the distinction of lucky and unlucky owes its origin to Paganism. However this may be, it seems not an unnatural or at least unlikely division, either amongst Pagans or the timid and fanciful in any age. Chance coincidences that cannot be explained, will even affect superior minds; perhaps, in this way, Friday came to be distinguished among sailors and others; or, may it not in some manner and shape have been noted in connection with its claims, as observed by the Romish Church? But let us hear what the author says of certain observed days in some foreign parts, at the present time.

“The fishermen who dwell on the coasts of the Baltic never use their nets between All-saints and St. Martin’s; they would then be certain of not taking any fish through the whole year: they never fish on St. Blaise’s day. On Ash Wednesday the women neither sew nor knit, for fear of bringing misfortune upon their cattle. They contrive so as not to use fire on St. Laurence’s day; by taking this precaution they think themselves secure against fire for the rest of the year.

“This prejudice of lucky and unlucky days has existed at all times and in all nations; but if knowledge and civilization have not removed it, they have at least diminished its influence. In Livonia, however, the people are more than ever addicted to the most superstitious ideas on the subject. In a Riga journal (*Rigaische Stadtblatter*, No. 3657, anno 1822, edited by M. Sontag) there are several passages relative to a letter from heaven, and which is no other than a catalogue of lucky and unlucky days. This letter is in general circulation; everybody carries it about him, and though strictly forbidden by the police, the copies have multiplied so profusely as to increase the evil, all attempts to destroy which have hitherto failed. Among the country people this idea is equivalent to the doctrine of fatality; and if they commit faults or even crimes, on the days which are marked as unlucky, they do not consider themselves as guilty, because they were predestined.

“The flight of certain birds, or the meeting of certain animals on their first going out in the morning, are with them good or bad omens. They do not hunt on St. Mark’s, or St. Catherine’s day, on penalty of being unsuccessful all the rest of the year. It is a good sign to sneeze on Christmas day. Most of them are so prepossessed against Friday, that they never settle any important business, or conclude a bargain on that day; in some places they do not even dress their children. They do not like visits on Thursdays, for it is a sign they shall have troublesome guests the whole week.

“In some districts of Esthonia, up the Baltic, when the shepherd brings his flocks back from the pasture, in the spring for the first time, he is sprinkled with water from head to foot under the persuasion that

this makes the cattle thrive. The malignity of beasts of prey is believed to be prevented by designating them not by their proper names, but by some of their attributes. For instance, they call the fox *hallkuhl* (grey coat) the bear, *layjatyk* (broad-foot), etc. etc. They also fancy that they can oblige the wolf to take another direction by strewing salt in his way. The howling of wolves, especially at day break, is considered a very bad omen, predicting famine or disease. In more ancient times, it was imagined that these animals thus asked their god to give them food, which he threw them out of the clouds. When a wolf seizes any of their cattle, they can oblige him to quit his prey, by dropping a piece of money, their pipe, hat, or any other article they have about them at the time. They do not permit the hare to be often mentioned, for fear of drawing it into their corn-fields. To make hens lay eggs, they beat them with an old broom. In families where the wife is the eldest child of her parents, it has been observed that they always sell the first calves, being convinced, that, if kept, they would not thrive. To speak of insects or mischievous animals at meal-times, is a sure way to make them more voracious.

“ If a fire breaks out, they think to stop its fury by throwing a black hen into the flames. This idea of an expiatory sacrifice, offered to a malevolent and tutelary power, is a remnant of paganism. Various other traces of it are found among the Esthonians; for instance, at the beginning of their meals, they purposely let fall a piece of new bread, or some drops of liquor from a bottle, as an offering to the divinity.

“ It is very offensive to the peasants, for any one to look into their wells; they think it will cause the wells to dry up.

“ When manna is carried into the fields, that which falls from the cart is not gathered up, lest mischievous insects and blights come upon the corn.

“ When an old house is quitted for a new one, they are attentive in noting the first animal that dies. If it be an animal with hairy feet, the sign is good; but if with naked feet, some fowl for instance, there will be mourning in the house; it is a sign of misery and bad success in all their undertakings. These, with a scrupulous adherence to lucky and unlucky days, are the prevailing popular superstitions in the three duchies; a great number of which, especially among the Esthonians, are connected with their ancient mythology.”—pp. 310—313.

Erroneous apprehensions, as well as strange coincidences, have not unfrequently, it is to be presumed, suggested superstitious traditions. The author furnishes us with an extract, which states, that some years ago, a pretty wide district was alarmed by an account of the beans being all laid the wrong way in the pod that year; and that something terrible was hence foreboded. The eye of the bean was in the pod towards the apex, instead of being towards the footstalk, which was held to be its natural position; but it came out, that the pods of the preceding year were exactly similar. Yet some were scarcely convinced, that since the beginning of creation, it had ever likewise held so with the beans. Chance coincidences, or natural connections, which ignorance cannot explicate, will affect both Pagans and Christians. Who would not be made to question himself, who heard that Alexander the Great



was born on the sixth of April, that he conquered Darius, and that he died on the same day of the month? There are critical days observed by physicians in continued fevers, and the experience of many confirms the decision. We know there are critical periods of the moon to not a few of mankind. We may the less wonder then, that speculative, imaginative, or designing men, should have proclaimed that certain days and seasons had their appropriate influences. Astronomy gave rise to judicial astrology; and the motions and other phenomena of the planets were attempted to be read, and made to indicate the condition and fate of man, in an infinitude of cases.

“ Saturn reigning, is said to cause cold diseases, as the gout, leprosy, palsy, quartan agues, dropsies, catarrhs, colds, rheumatisms, etc.

“ Jupiter causes cramps, numbness, inflammations of the liver, headaches, pains in the shoulders, flatulency, inflammatory fevers, and all diseases caused by putrefaction, apoplexy, and quinsies.

“ Mars acute fevers and tertan agues, continual and intermitting fevers, imposthumes, erysipelas, carbuncles, fistulas, dysentery, and similar hot and dry diseases.

“ Sol causes rheums in the eyes, coldness in the stomach and liver, syncope, catarrhs, pustular eruptions, hysterics, eruptions on the lower extremities.

“ Venus causes sores, lentera, hysteria, sickness at the stomach, from cold and moist causes, disorders of the liver and lungs.

“ Mercury causes hoarseness and distempers in the senses, impediments in the speech, falling sickness, coughs, jaundice, vomiting, catarrhs.

“ The moon causes palsy, cholic, dropsy, imposthumes, dysenteries, and all diseases arising from obstructed circulation.

“ Thus, every planet in the heavens carries with it a diseased aspect, without, as it would appear, possessing any repelling or sanative powers to correct or ward off the sickly influence it is supposed to entertain over the life and limbs of frail mortals; that, in the sense of this absurd doctrine, or rather jargon, when Jupiter has dominion, it will be necessary to bleed and take calomel to guard against (not to attack it when it has taken place) inflammation of the liver; and when Mars presides, to send immediately for Van Butchel to frighten away an imaginary fistula—absurd and ridiculous nonsense, too prevalent even at the present day; for what can bleeding and physicking at the spring and fall of the year be called but operations without reason, under suppositious stellar influence. ‘Observe also to gather all your physical herbs in the hour of the friendly planet, that temporises with what you were born under, and in so doing they will have more strength, power, and virtue to operate in the medicines; but neither physic nor bleed on the third of January, the last of April, the first of July, the first of August, and the last and second day of October; for those astrologers, with whom physicians join, conclude it perilous, by reason of the bad influence then reigning; and if it change not the distemper into another worse, it will augment it, and put the party in great danger of death, if he or she in this case be not lucky to escape.’ It would be a waste of words to offer a single comment on such egregious stuff—do not

bleed on the third of January,' nor on such and such a day, (as if there could be stated times for bleeding beyond those which are indicated by the presence of disease, and requiring such evacuation), is a practice we believe peculiar only to astrologers, and those who believe in such demonological cant. It is no less, however, a singular fact that men distinguished in every other respect for their learning, should most particularly have indulged in the superstition of judicial astrology. At the present time a belief in such subjects can only exist with those who may be said to have no belief at all; for mere traditional sentiments can hardly be said to amount to a belief."—pp. 321—323.

Judicial astrologers were abundant during the seventeenth century in this country; but as our author states, there is in our day other impostors, quite their equal in pretensions and absurdities. Quackery has outlived astrology. The Germans and the French are famous in this way, especially for their artfulness; but nothing can surpass the vulgar effrontery of our English quacks. Whilst therefore we must admit that those of either sex who are weak-minded enough to trust their lives to such pretenders, are not always to be pitied, if thereby they lose their money and their health, we must add, that there should be no exception to the examples set in the following account.

"In Stow's Chronicle we find that one of these said gentlemen was set on horseback, his face towards the tail, which he held in his hand, in the manner of a bridle, while with a collar significative of his offence, dangling about his neck, he made a public entrée into the city of London, conducted by Jack Ketch, who afterwards did himself the honour of scourging and branding the impostor, previous to banishment, which completed his sentence. In the reign of James I., a terrible sweep was made among the quacks and advertising gentry. The council dispatched a warrant to the magistrates of the city of London, to take up all reputed quacks, and bring them before the censors of the college, to examine how properly qualified they were to be trusted, either with the limbs or lives of his majesty's lieges. This is all that is required at the present day. Let the legislature control this department instead of the college of physicians, who, as a body, can boast of as large an allowance of licensed ignorance as any corporate set of men in existence. We say nothing of surgery, for this branch of knowledge leaves the world generally something to look at, hence so few pretenders to it; but physic buries all its blemishes with the unfortuate victim."—pp. 325, 326.

There is no sort of reasoning one can think of, however plain, and consonant with common sense, that will reach the infatuated people, even in our own country, who support the swarms of quack doctors, that are ever insulting the public by their pretensions. What can be more preposterous than to lay claim to the discovery of a universal remedy? or to one applicable to every stage of any one disease? It may well be asserted, that amulets, charms, and incantations, are innocent impostures, leaving the patient in the same state in which he was found; but that quacks and quack-medicines very frequently remove their deluded victims far beyond



the reach of physic or philosophy. We have satisfaction in quoting a most significant description of the unprincipled tribe alluded to, by a competent hand, though his experience of the evil he denounces could not be on a par with that of the witnesses of the present day.

" Butler is said to be the author of the following character of a quack; and who can read it without being astonished at the prophetic intelligence with which it abounds, and which, unfortunately, admits of a too close analogy with some very recent and untoward events, in the annals of modern empiricism. ' He is a medicine-monger, probationer of receipts, and Doctor Epidemic; he is perpetually putting his medicines upon their trial, and very often finds them **GUILTY OF MANSLAUGHTER**; but still they have some trick or other to come off, and avoid burning by the hand of the hangman. He prints his trials of skill, and challenges death at so many several weapons; that though he is sure to be foiled by every one, he cares not: for, *if he can but get money, he is sure to get off*; for it is but posting up diseases for poltroons in all the public places of the town, and daring them to meet him again, and his credit stands as fair with the rabble, as ever it did. He makes nothing \* \* \* \* \*; but will undertake to cure them and tie one hand behind him, with so much ease and freedom, that his patients may surfeit and get drunk as often as they please, and follow their business without any inconvenience to their health or occasions; and recover with so much secrecy, that they shall never know how it comes about. He professes 'no cure no pay,' as well he may, for if nature does the work, he is paid for it; if not, he neither wins nor loses; and like a cunning rook lays his bets so artfully, that, let the chance be what it will, he either wins or saves. He cheats the rich for their money, and the poor for charity, and, if either succeed, both are pleased, and he passes for a very just and conscientious man: for as those that pay nothing ought at least to speak well of their entertainments, their testimony makes way for those who are able to pay for both. He finds he has no reputation among those that know him, and fears he is never like to have, and, therefore, posts up his bills, to see if he can thrive better amongst those who know nothing of him. He keeps his post continually, and will undertake to maintain it against all the plagues of Egypt. He sets up his trade upon a pillar, or the corner of a street—These are his warehouses, where all he has is to be seen, and a great deal more; for he that looks further finds nothing at all.' "—pp. 327—329.

The author goes on to treat of modern empiricism, in a distinct chapter, to the contents of which we particularly call the attention of our readers. He proceeds in the following manner:—he says that we have very little reason to boast of our enlightened age, at the expense of those ages which are so frequently termed *dark*; that the host of empirics and self-dubbed hygeists, which infest London, and their pills, essences, &c., so abundantly swallowed, prove, that, at least in this direction, the march of intellect has made a *faux-pas*.

" The celestial beds, the enchanting magnetic powers introduced into

this country by Messmer, a German quack, and his numerous disciples, the prevailing indifference to all dietetic precepts, the singular imposition practised on many females, in persuading them to wear the inert acromatic belts, the strange infatuation of the opulent in paying five guineas for a pair of *metallic tractors*, not worth sixpence, the tables for blood-letting, and other absurdities still inserted in popular almanacs, (against all the rules of common sense)—all these yield in nothing to the absurdities and superstitious notions conveyed through the medium of astrology, dreams, and other ludicrous though by far more imposing and interesting channels. The temple of the gulls is now thronged with votaries as much as that of superstition formerly was; human reason is still a slave to the most tyrannical prejudices; and certainly, there is no ready way to excite general attention and admiration, than to deal in the mysterious and marvellous. The visionary system of Jacob Böhm has latterly been revived in some parts of Germany. The ghosts and apparitions which had disappeared from the times of Thomasius and Swedenborg, have again left their graves, to the great terror of fanaticism. New prophets announce their divine mission, and, what is worse, find implicit believers! The *inventors* of *secret* medicines are rewarded by patents, and obtain no small celebrity; while some of the more conscientious, but less fortunate adepts, endeavour to amuse the public with popular systems of medicine.”—pp. 336, 337.

The career of Messmer furnishes a striking chapter in the history of credulity and of the marvellous. In 1766, he first publicly announced the object and nature of his secret labours. He had established in Vienna, the first field of his medical knight-errantry, cabinets of natural curiosities, and was constantly in his laboratory. His house came to be the focus of high life, and entertainments were furnished for the young and gay. His discoveries, when they came to be made, all centered in the *magnet*, which, according to him, was the best and safest remedy hitherto proposed against all diseases.

“This declaration of Messmer excited very general attention; the more so as about the same time he established a hospital in his own house, into which he admitted a number of patients *gratis*. Such disinterestedness procured, as might be expected, no small addition to his fame. He was, besides, fortunate in gaining over many celebrated physicians to his opinions, who lavished the greatest encomiums on his new art, and were instrumental in communicating to the public a number of successful experiments. This seems to have surpassed the expectations of Messmer, and induced him to extend his original plan further than it is likely he first intended. We find him soon after assuming a more dogmatical and mysterious air, when, for the purpose of shining exclusively, he appeared in the character of a *magician*:—his pride and egotism would brook neither equal nor competitor.

“The common loadstone, or mineral magnet, which is so well known, did not appear to him sufficiently important and mysterious—he contrived an unusual one, to the effect of which he gave the name of ‘*animal magnetism*.’ After this, he proceeded to a still bolder assumption, everywhere giving it out, that the inconceivable powers of this

subtile fluid were centered in his own person. Now, the mona-drama began; and Messmer, at once the hero and chorus of the piece, performed his part in a masterly manner. He placed the most nervous, hysteric, and hypochondriac patients opposite to him; and by the sole act of stretching forth his finger, he made them feel the most violent shocks. The effects of this wonderful power excited universal astonishment: its activity and penetration being confirmed by unquestionable testimonies, from which it appeared, that blows similar to those given by a blunt iron, could be imparted by the operator, while he himself was separated by two doors, nay, even by thick walls. The very looks of this prince of jugglers had the power to excite painful cramps and twitches in his credulous and predisposed patients."—pp. 338, 339.

The particulars of this impostor's life, collected by our author, show that he was a genius far surpassing the shameless vulgar herd that infest London. He was evidently a student of human nature; as well as of nervous diseases, and applied himself with wonderful dexterity, and such confidence as must often have of itself wrought a cure, according to certain great principles and movements in our physical and intellectual constitution. The extraordinary tide of success that accompanied his first bold position, instigated him to more adventurous flights, in which he asserted that he could communicate his magnetic power to paper, wool, bread, stones, water, &c.; at another, that certain individuals possessed a greater degree of susceptibility for this power than others. Many of his contemporaries, no doubt, refuted his pretensions, and at length the Germans began to discredit his pompous claims, especially after the failure of some promised cures. He found, however, a most flattering reception amongst our fickle neighbours in Paris; and his first advertisement in this new field, was in the following terms: a model to those amongst us, whose dull brains can strike out nothing new in their fulsome and disgusting advertisements.

"Behold a discovery which promises unspeakable advantages to the human race, and immortal fame to its author! Behold the dawn of an universal revolution! A new race of men shall arise, shall overspread the earth, to embellish it by their virtues, and render it fertile by their industry. Neither vice nor ignorance shall stop their active career; they will know our calamities only from the records of history. The prolonged duration of their life will enable them to plan and accomplish the most laudable undertakings. The tranquil, the innocent gratifications of that primeval age will be restored, wherein man laboured without toil, lived without sorrow, and expired without a groan! Mothers will no longer be subject to pain and danger during their pregnancy and child-birth: their progeny will be more robust and brave; the now rugged and difficult path of education will be rendered smooth and easy; and hereditary complaints and diseases will be for ever banished from the future auspicious race. Fathers rejoicing to see their posterity of the fourth and fifth generations, will only drop like fruit fully ripe, at the extreme point of age! Animals and plants, no less susceptible of the magnetic power than man, will be exempt from the reproach of barrenness and the ravages of distemper. The flocks in the fields, and the plants in the

gardens, will be more vigorous and nourishing, and the trees will bear more beautiful and grateful fruits. The human race, once endowed with this elementary power, will probably rise to still more sublime and astonishing effects of nature: who indeed is able to pronounce, with certainty, how far this salutary influence may extend?"—pp. 341, 342.

The cause of magnetism now gained numerous converts. The French were even so far seduced, that the ministry offered the German adventurer 30,000 livres for the communication of his secret art. But he artfully enough stated, that it was of too great importance, and the abuses it might lead to, too dangerous for him at once to make public; that he would first take proper measures to initiate or prepare the minds of men for it, by exciting in them a susceptibility of this great power; and that then he would communicate his secret gradually without hope of reward. After this, he was prevailed upon to institute a private society, into which none were admitted, without binding themselves by a vow to perpetual secrecy. Each pupil was to pay him one hundred louis, and in the course of six months, these disciples amounted to not less than three hundred in number.

"It appears, however, that the disciples of Messmer did not adhere to their engagement: we find them separating gradually from their professor, and establishing schools for the propagation of his system, with a view, no doubt, to reimburse themselves for the expenses of their own initiation into the magnetising art. But few of them having understood the terms and mysterious doctrines of their foreign master, every new adept exerted himself to excel his fellow-labourers, in additional explanations and inventions: others, who did not possess, or could not spare the sum of one hundred louis, were industriously employed in attempts to discover the secret, by their own ingenuity; and thus arose a great variety of magnetical sects. At length, however, Messmer's authority became suspected; his pecuniary acquisitions were now notorious, and our *humane and disinterested philosopher* was assailed with critical and satirical animadversions from every quarter. The fertility of his process for medical purposes, as well as the bad consequences it might procure in a moral point of view, soon became topics of common conversation, and ultimately even excited the apprehensions of government. One dangerous effect of magnetical associations was, that young voluptuaries began to employ this art, to promote their libidinous and destructive designs.

"Matters having assumed this serious aspect, the French government, much to its credit, deputed four respectable and unprejudiced men, to whom were afterwards added four others of great learning and abilities, to inquire into, and appreciate the merits of the new discovery of animal magnetism. These philosophers, among whom we find the illustrious names of Franklin and Lavoisier, recognised, indeed, very surprising and unexpected phenomena in the physical state of magnetized individuals; but they gave it as their opinion, that the powers of imagination, and not animal magnetism, had produced these effects. Sensible of the superior influence which the imagination can exert on the human body, when it is effectually wrought upon, they perceived, after a number of experiments and facts frequently repeated, that *contact, or touch, imagination,*

imitation, and excited sensibility, were the real and sole causes of these phenomena, which had so much confounded the illiterate, the credulous, and the enthusiastic; that this boasted magnetic element had no real existence in nature, consequently that Messmer himself was either an arrant impostor, or a deluded fanatic."—pp. 343—345.

The magnetic mystery in the meanwhile had made considerable progress in Germany. Men of talents and literature were its advocates, among whom was the ingenious Lavater; and our author adds, that an eminent physician of the city of Bremen, in a recent publication, does not scruple to rank magnetism among medical remedies. As a system of cure, however, it seems enough in the way of refutation to day, that violent emotions, spasms, convulsions, &c., must increase rather than allay nervous affections, and that there is even infection in beholding their extravagancies. It appears to have been the stage that exposed to merited ridicule the temporary and small footing which animal magnetism had established in this country.

The author proceeds to enumerate other plans for the prolongation of life, little less absurd than that which we have been considering. For example—

"The Count St. Germain, a Frenchman, realized large sums, by vending an artificial tea, chiefly composed of yellow saunders, senna leaves, and fennel seed, which was puffed off under the specious appellation of *Tea for prolonging life*; which, at that time, was swallowed with such voracity all over the continent, that few could subsist without it. Its celebrity was of short duration, and none ever lived long enough to realize its effects.

"The Chevalier d'Ailhoud, another brazen-faced adventurer, presented the world with a powder, which met with so large and rapid a sale, that he soon accumulated money enough to purchase a whole county. This famous powder, however, instead of adding to the means of securing a long and healthy life, is well known to produce constant indisposition, and at length to cause a most miserable death; being composed of certain drugs of a poisonous nature, though slow in their operation.

"Count Cagliostro, styled the luminary of modern impostors and debauchees, prepared a very common stomach elixir, which was sold at a most exorbitant price under the name of '*balm of life*.' It was pretended, with the most unparalleled effrontery, that, by the use of this medicine, the count had lived above 200 years, and that he was rendered invulnerable against every species of poison. These bold assertions could not fail to excite very general attention. During his residence at Strasburg, while descanting, in a large and respectable company, on the virtues of his antidote, his pride met with a very mortifying check. A physician who was present, and who had taken part in the conversation, quitting the room privately, went to an apothecary's shop, and ordering two pills of equal size to be made, agreeably to his directions, suddenly appeared again before the count, and thus addressed him:—'Here, my worthy count, are two pills; the one contains a mortal poison, the other is perfectly innocent; choose one of these and swallow it, and I engage



to take that which you leave. This will be considered as a decisive proof of your medical skill, and enable the public to ascertain the efficacy of your extolled elixir." The count took the alarm, made a number of apologies, but could not be prevailed upon to touch the pills. The physician swallowed both immediately, and proved by his apothecary, that they might be taken with perfect safety, being only made of common bread. Notwithstanding the shame of this detection, Cagliostro still retained numerous advocates, by circulating unfounded reports, and concealing his real character by a variety of tricks."—pp. 347, 348.

Should not the publication of these and similar impostures afford a lesson to mankind, when addressed or obliged to behold the pretensions of medical quacks amongst ourselves? It is true they are neither so talented, so dexterous, so imaginative, nor so soaring in their attempts as the foreign empirics now spoken of. But we venture to affirm that their drugs are as fatal. We know indeed of only one respectable class that is benefited by the wickedness of these impostors and the folly of them imposed on; and this is that of the regular medical practitioners. So long as subtle silent poison, or inapplicable drugs are administered to such members of the community as are daily the victims of quackery, so long will the educated and enthusiastic physician have his hands full of business.

We heartily thank the author for his able and convincing exposure of empiricism; while we give it as our opinion that his volume as a whole will enforce the most useful lessons that can be addressed to mankind, who are so readily led astray from the direct paths pointed out by reason and religion, through false and designing men, or those of heated and untaid imaginations.

ART. VI.—*Ten Years in South Africa: including a particular Description of the wild Sports of that Country.* By Lieutenant J. W. D. MOODIE, 21st Fusiliers. London: Bentley. 1835.

WE have seldom met with a more instructive and engaging writer than Lieutenant Moodie has proved himself to be in these volumes. They everywhere show that he has been at much pains to convey a just and true account of what he writes about, while they leave no doubt of his general accuracy; nor are we the less inclined thus to judge, from the not unfrequent exposure of faults, where less observant and more hasty travellers have dealt only in panegyric. He states that his principal object has been to describe the habits and mode of life of a colonist in the southern extremity of Africa; and certainly his ten years' residence in that part of the globe must have afforded him unusual opportunities of studying the character of the Dutch settlers, and of the Hottentot and Kaffre tribes. Besides the singularly interesting and exciting descriptions of the wild scenery and sports of the country traversed by the author, that are interspersed, there is uniformly so much spirit, penetration, and judgment, united with a flowing and felicitous style, throughout the



whole work, that the reader cannot without reluctance pause in his perusal of it ; and we at least felt regret when we came to the conclusion, that the Lieutenant had not another volume for our unsated appetite.

The author has most successfully, at the very outset of his narrative, contrived to attach the reader's interest in his behalf, by giving a sketch of the history of his predecessors, and the family of which he is a member. After taking notice of the feelings and motives which various classes of people entertain, when they emigrate, and avowing that no situation in this country is more irksome than that of a half-pay officer, who is looked upon as a useless member of society by many—ignorant as he in general is of any of the regular occupations of peaceful life—he goes on to state that his family possessed at one time considerable landed property in the Orkney islands, from the time the country had been held by the Norwegians. On his return thither, on the reduction of the second battalion of his regiment, he was subject to all the half-pay officer's inconveniences and feelings, aggravated too by a sad change which had taken place in the circumstances of his family since the remembered happy days of his childhood and early youth. The declining fortunes of his house are touchingly alluded to, as prominent in this sad change, aggravated, it would appear, by an unpopularity of long endurance. His ancestors are represented to have been firmly attached to the House of Hanover, when all the other proprietors in the county had been secretly engaged on the side of the Pretender. His great grandfather, a distinguished officer in the navy, had been murdered when he was eighty years of age, by a Sir James Stuart, a violent partisan of Charles Edward. A pardon was obtained for this crime ; but on his afterwards joining the rebels in forty-five, our author's grandfather had his revenge, inasmuch as he, in the capacity of a captain in the king's army, succeeded in taking the murderous rebel, together with a brother, and sending them to the Tower. This, and other strong as well as successful measures on the part of his grandfather, are represented to have brought down upon the family a hereditary unpopularity and dislike, such as perhaps nowhere else is so obdurate and lasting as in the northern parts of Scotland, upon the one ground involved in the author's account. We can easily imagine how this state of prevalent feeling might draw a family into law-suits, and reduce it in many ways, and how the decline would be watched by the hostile neighbours, with a sort of malicious satisfaction that could not easily be endured, especially when pecuniary independency no longer could be commanded.

The author's elder brother accordingly emigrated to the Cape of Good Hope, while he yet had the means of doing so. Another brother, a lieutenant in the navy, whose ship had been paid off, determined to reside in Orkney with their aged father, who was blind, till the family property should be sold. This arrangement enabled the writer of these volumes also to emigrate to the Cape.

in the hopes, however, that those whom he had left behind would ere long follow him thither. With these and other affecting notices the work sets out; and having thus secured our sympathies and solicitude, the author holds on to the conclusion, without ever once allowing us to fail or falter in our deep attention to each and all of the lively and intelligent details that are presented by him. Our duty now is therefore, merely to select some of those details for our readers; nor need we, with a view of choosing entertaining parts, be at pains to select: the work everywhere furnishes excellent matter for extracts.

We have already hinted that our author stickles not to speak his mind, even although it should be the reverse of praise. When describing Cape Town and its inhabitants, he says, that they are not, especially the Dutch, conspicuous for the strictness of their morals. Among other things, he charges the parents with carelessness in the instruction of their children. Other points are condescended on by him.

“ One peculiarity in the manners of the Dutch at Cape Town, and which marks more strongly the low state of morals, is, that it is generally *after* marriage that both sexes are most noted for their laxity of conduct. At the period to which I allude—in 1819—a stranger, in perusing the Cape newspapers, could not help remarking the number of separations between man and wife which were announced in them. For instance:—A. B., after living for several years with his wife C. D., discovers that their tempers are by no means suited to each other, so that they are in dread of proceeding to extremities, and therefore petition the Matrimonial Court to grant them a separation. Or, in other words: A. B. having a strong suspicion that his wife C. D., has been guilty of certain improprieties, petitions the court to be legally separated; which petition the court, moved by such excellent reasons, complies with, as a matter of course.

“ The possession of slaves is, however, the principal source of demoralization in this colony. Until very recently, a slave man could be sold away from his wife, or the wife from the husband. The natural consequence of this act of cruelty has been a general laxity of conduct in the slave population, who constitute a very large proportion of the lower order in the capital of the colony; and it need not therefore be a matter of surprise, that the children of the colonists, brought up with vice constantly before their eyes, should not escape contamination.”—vol. i, pp. 29—31.

He states that the virtues as well as the vices of the Dutch at the Cape are of a less obtrusive and ostentatious nature than those of the English; but he recurs to the subject of slavery, and the excesses to which it has habituated the people. He informs us, that he has often seen a man walking about the streets of Cape Town, who, several years ago, deliberately roasted a slave to death in an oven, for presuming to smile at his master; and yet this execrable wretch was only subjected to some trifling punishment, and afterwards received into society as if nothing of the kind had oc-

curred. Indeed, according to Mr. Moodie's account, no crime excludes a man from society in that country, provided he conforms to its usual observances. He admits, that as the darker features of an individual are most easily detected, it is difficult to give a just description of people, without seeming to be partial and severe; but he sets out with a resolution to present his own impressions honestly on every topic on which he writes, and to offer facts, by which others may judge for themselves. He must be aware, however, that in the mode of stating a fact, and in selection, the reader has no opportunity to exercise his honesty, yet in these confessedly lies the power of a case; and therefore, we must measure an author's fidelity and justice by several rules and evidences. According to these united rules and evidences, however, we have strong reasons for relying upon the information of our author, even although it be often the reverse of flattering. His strictures on the character and habits of the Dutch settlers may be taken as a specimen of what we consider to be a severely true manner.

"The Dutch colonists are a tall race, with broad shoulders and large limbs; but they are of a lax fibre, and have a great tendency to become corpulent early in life. So general is this disposition to corpulency, that they fancy no one can be healthy without it; and, of course, it is considered an essential ingredient in beauty. A Dutchman, in describing a handsome female, usually adds, that she is 'dik en vet'—thick and fat—as the *sine qua non* of feminine loveliness. Notwithstanding the tall stature and bulk of the Dutch, I have often had occasion to remark their great inferiority in point of muscular strength to the English."—vol. i, pp. 42, 43.

"In the evening I attended the funeral of a Dutch gentleman, who was father-in-law to an English merchant, a friend of my brother. He had died the day before of gout in the stomach. The company were received at the street-door by two portly personages, upwards of six feet high, whose full-fed countenances expressed anything but sorrow, and indicated that they were thinking much more of the substantial supper which would follow, than of the melancholy occasion of their meeting. They were probably the undertakers also; who, like doctors and lawyers, are not always without some consolation in the misfortunes of their dearest friends. After refreshments had been handed about to the company, we proceeded by torch-light to the churchyard.

"During the procession, two young Dutchmen, who walked before me, were talking pretty loudly, discussing the character of the defunct in no very measured terms: at last one of them made some observation, which excited a laugh among the mourners near them. So much for the refinement of the Cape-Dutch! who rarely feel much themselves, and consider it quite superfluous politeness to pay any regard to the feelings of others."—vol. i, pp. 48, 49.

The author's brother, who had previously emigrated, arrived at the Cape, and thence they travelled to the interior, to his farm. In the course of their journey, they refreshed themselves at the house of an English settler, who had been a captain of a merchant vessel

trading to the Cape, but who, having been taken with the appearance of the country, became a farmer—his mate and some of his crew joining him in this new mode of life. The author was not a little amused with the nautical description of his blunders and misadventures in this new calling. Whenever he was at a loss for the proper name of any of his “shore-going tackle,” his trusty mate, or one of the crew, was always ready with a grin and a word to help him out. They all messed together, and every thing was conducted on terms of perfect equality. The general report of the hospitality of the Dutch farmers is here confirmed. Among other matters regarding one of them, we have these particulars:—

“While we were telling him the Cape Town news, and acquainting him with various curious particulars regarding England, which excited his admiration to the verge of incredulity, the other members of his family entered the room. After shaking hands with us and wishing us ‘Goe’en avond,’ they seated themselves in silence, and continued staring at us without altering a muscle, unless when my brother, who was spokesman, related something which they had not heard from other English visitors, when our host, who like his countrymen, was an excellent listener, would exclaim ‘Alamagtig! mynheer, dat is dog wonderlyk!’\* Hereupon, the young men would slowly turn their heads towards each other with a look between surprise and incredulity, but without allowing the shadow of a smile to appear on their countenances.

“A large bucket of warm water was now brought in by a slave-woman, who proceeded to wash the feet of the company, male and female, in the same vessel. While this operation was going on, our host handed down a bottle and wine-glass from a square recess in the wall, and was going to pour out a ‘souple,’ or dram of brandy, for my brother, when, as if recollecting the more refined habits of his guests, he held up the glass between his eye and the candle, and discovered, what he had more than half suspected—that it was not overclean. Quietly dipping it into the abovementioned bucket of dirty water, which had just reached him, he then proceeded, with the greatest nonchalance, to polish it with the corner of his neckcloth.

“As may be supposed, this specimen of cleanliness had by no means the effect of inducing us to partake of the proffered beverage, which, somewhat to the surprise of our host, we civilly declined. After discussing a most substantial supper, consisting of stewed mutton, cut into small pieces, into which each unceremoniously stuck his fork, and boiled barley and milk, which concluded the entertainment, we retired early to rest.”—vol. i, pp. 67, 68.

Amongst the hints offered to travellers, it is stated, that as the manners of the Dutch are remarkably similar throughout the colony, and as they seldom deviate from their established usages, it is necessary in journeying among them to arrive at the farmhouse where a man intends to dine, before twelve o’clock, and after unsaddling his horse (which he is always asked to do), wait patiently until the table is covered, and then to take his place at the

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\* “ ‘Almighty! sir, that is wonderful!’ ”

nearest cover, without looking for an invitation, and help himself to what he likes best, by harpooning it with a fork. He is not to think of helping the ladies, for this will only excite astonishment, and impede his making a hearty meal, a consequence not to be lightly considered, for the Dutch are business-like people in eating, and by no means wasteful of time.

Of the Moravian missionaries in that country, we have a good deal of minute and discriminative information. It appears that they enjoy all their property in common at each station; that they all meet together at their meals, and that each of the men are brought up to some trade at which he works through the day, such trades being preferred as are likely to be most useful in an infant state of society. In the evening they all meet in the church, when that one whose turn it may be to preach, expounds some portion of Scripture. Meantime the school is not neglected. Besides superintending the garden, the women teach the female Hottentots needle-work. Each of the men has several apprentices, whom he initiates with great patience into his trade. The surplus proceeds arising from these varied sources of profit, above what is required for their own wants, are remitted to the common fund of the Society in Europe, to be applied to the formation of other missions. Nothing can seem to surpass all this, as respects philanthropy and harmony. But our author is not a hasty and indiscriminate observer; for, after stating with approbation, that the Moravians have not established among the Hottentots on their institution, an entire community of property, he offers some weighty objections to other parts of their system.

"The Moravian missionaries are generally sensible and practical men, warmed with a sincere desire of instructing and improving the general condition of the people under their care, and less under the influence of that wild enthusiasm and ambition which so strongly characterize the other missionaries throughout the colony. But their praiseworthy efforts to restrain vicious propensities and improvidence, have led them into an error, which a more enlarged knowledge of mankind, and of the progressive steps by which society rises in the scale of existence, would have enabled them to avoid.

"The error to which I allude is, their system of obliging the Hottentots who belong to their institutions, to deposit all their earnings in their custody, supplying them in lieu thereof with such articles of wearing apparel or food as they may stand in need of; thus keeping them in a state of perpetual restraint, like children.

"Though these poor creatures are in consequence most effectually prevented from spending their money in drink, to which vice they are particularly addicted, or from squandering it away, this compulsory measure has no effect whatever in permanently bettering their morals. On the contrary, it has the most obvious tendency to perpetuate their reckless and improvident habits, and to render them more open to temptation, so soon as the artificial check is removed. This is one of the principal causes of the languid and stationary condition of the Moravian missionary.



establishments; and it may safely be predicted, that as the political oppression which formerly impeded the improvement of the Hottentots has now been removed, they will soon be entirely deserted, unless this servile system be relinquished. Without some degree of liberty in these matters, there can be but little industry."—vol. i, pp. 80, 81.

Mr. Moodie bestows strong praise upon the Moravian brethren, for being remarkable on account of their single-hearted and unaffected conduct. He says they are entirely free from cant, or any spirit of rivalry with regard to other sects; but still he maintains that they are deceived by the order and regularity of conduct which their timid and cautious policy for a time produces among their followers. He elsewhere declares, that exaggerated accounts have been sent home of the improvements effected by the missionaries of different persuasions in that part of the world. He has often been surprised, he says, to find that some of the Hottentots who bore the worst characters among the farmers, were considered quite saints at the missionary station; and he also states, that those of the Hottentots who have resided for any length of time at such stations, have generally been the most idle and worthless of their nation. He suggests various alterations, which he thinks would be manifest improvements in the missionary establishments, for he labours to convince us that their services hitherto have been very inconsiderable. Indeed, according to his style of reasoning, we might infer that neither the Hottentots, the Kaffres, nor any other uncivilized tribes, can at all become converts to Christianity, unless through the medium of civilization. In this statement he is, however, neither borne out by history, nor by the nature of true religion; although we have not space (neither now-a-days is there occasion for us) to enter upon a refutation of several of his positions, hackneyed as they are, and answered by facts and sound arguments a thousand times, as they have been, by more competent hands. We merely assert that it is impossible, constituted as the minds of all men are, that the pure lives and earnest exertions of the highest order of philanthropists that ever flourished, should produce no great and gracious effects, even on the uncivilized and the savage, who are constantly witnesses of such moral exhibitions; for the missionaries in Africa are generally, it is confessed, men of unimpeachable lives and ardent piety. On this and some other sacred subjects, we are sorry that our author has evinced such a reliance upon *rationality*, as would leave little or nothing connected with religion worthy of our credence, that could not be comprehended by us.

We cannot but admire the philosophy of the Moravians in their choice, or rather in the lottery that regulates their partnerships in marriage. It is indeed quite royal.

"They are furnished with wives from the parent society in Germany; and it was sufficiently obvious to us, that personal attraction was but little attended to in the selection of the helpmates for their distant brethren.



One was lame, another wanted an eye, a third was somewhat ancient; however, all seemed pleased with their partners—especially the ladies, some of whom looked as if they had made a narrow escape from perpetual celibacy\*. They laughed very heartily, when they explained this peculiarity, and heard our objections to it. In this they showed their wisdom, as well as their good nature.”—vol. i, p. 83.

After delineating the Cape Dutch character at considerable length, as seen among the farmers, describing it as consisting of a strange mixture of simplicity and petty roguery—bluntness and servility—stating that no people can trick or lie with more apparent sincerity, he adds the following characteristics and modes of education prevalent:—

“Notwithstanding the Dutch are extremely ignorant, they are minute observers of natural objects, and exhibit much intelligence on subjects connected with their peculiar mode of life. Though far from being acute, they possess in a high degree a certain solidity of understanding, joined to a patient perseverance, which fits them well for conquering difficulties and improving their circumstances under disadvantages which would discourage people of a more lively and sanguine temperament. No profit is too trifling to be an object of their cupidity, and they spare no pains to obtain it.

“The men are almost universally under a slavish subjection to their wives, and dare not make any arrangement with regard to their common property without the consent of the ladies. If a man makes a good bargain according to his wife’s judgment, it is all well; but if otherwise, it is instantly annulled, her sanction being always considered indispensable to its completion. If the men are avaricious, the women are doubly so.

“The early education of the children is well calculated to create covetous dispositions. As soon as a child is born, two or three breeding cows, or a certain number of sheep, are set apart to form his future stock when he quits the paternal roof. These cattle have a particular mark affixed to distinguish them; and as the child grows up, he is encouraged in making bargains with other boys, and is praised when he gains an advantage over any of them in his dealings. I have often heard a father boasting that his boy was so clever, that ‘he had cheated a grown-up man.’

“The children are allowed to play with the young slaves and Hottentots, and are never checked for tyrannizing over them: they are also encouraged in the accomplishment of lying, which seems to be considered necessary to their future success in life. So little do the Dutch think this a vice, that nothing is more common than to give each other the lie direct when they doubt any statement in the course of conversation: this is always taken in good part, the imputation being considered somewhat in the light of a compliment.”—vol. i, pp. 150, 151.

We have next an entertaining account of an old man of the

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\* “A few years after our visit to Genadendal, a friend of mine fell in with a Moravian sister on her way to join the husband assigned her by the Society, and was much amused by the minute and curious questions she put to him as to the personal and mental qualifications of her betrothed, and laughed heartily at his expressing some surprise at her interrogatories.”

name of Martinus Botha, who was a monster of obesity. For several years he had not been able to lie down in his bed for fear of suffocation; a huge bag hung below his chin, and the flesh of his ankles hung also till it touched his shoes, while as to his person, shape he had hardly any. After informing us that in that country it is found most convenient to bury the dead as speedily as possible, and that it is common for elderly people to keep a coffin in their houses ready for their own use, or to lend to their neighbours on an emergency—for, so far from exciting unpleasant feelings amongst them, it is considered a proof of good management in being before-hand with time—it is narrated that the overgrown Botha arrived one day at the house of our author's brother, accompanied by two of his sons, on an important business, which we shall allow the reader to understand at length, as it is here set down:—

“ After sitting for some time and drinking a glass of brandy, he informed us that he had come to get a coffin made for his own use, as he had the ‘water’ (dropsy), and did not expect to live long, and had moreover grown to such a size that none of his neighbours had any large enough to hold him. ‘That’s true, father, what you say,’ replied one of the young men, without altering a muscle of his countenance.

“ My brother had two carpenters in an adjoining outhouse, employed in making up various articles of furniture for sale among the farmers; and to their workshop I accompanied our visiter. Jeamie Learmouth, a little sly drunken body, was hard at work at his bench, and singing one of our favourite Scotch songs, in a manner that showed he was more occupied with the words and the recollections to which they gave rise than the modulation of his notes. He had just come to the words of Burns—

‘ We twa ha paidled in the burn  
When simmer days were fine,’

when we entered his shop.

“ Observing the lusty customer who darkened his door, Jamie quitted his plane, and addressed him, with a sly twinkle, in a jargon in which Dutch and broad Scotch were curiously intermingled. ‘Goe’n dag, Mynheer Botha; hoo faar you the day?’—‘I come,’ answered Botha in his own language, ‘to have a coffin made.’—‘I can shune do that for ye,’ replied Jamie; ‘but is’t for yersel?’—‘Yes, certainly.’—‘Faith, ye’ll need a gude big ane,’ said the carpenter; ‘but if ye’ll joost lay yersel’ oot on the bed there, I’ll shune tak yer measure.’

“ Jamie cast a sly look at me as he made this proposal; for he knew it was easier said than done. However, with the assistance of his sons, the old farmer, who had seated himself on the side of the bed, was gradually lowered down on his back, to the great danger of the conscious bedstead, which uttered sundry discontented creaks at the unusual weight imposed on it, which seemed to excite Jamie’s fears not a little for his hastily-constructed couch.

“ Poor Botha’s sufferings in this position were so great, that if the carpenter had not completed his measurements with expedition, he must infallibly have died of suffocation on the spot. His respiration ceased almost entirely as long as he lay in a horizontal position; and it was not

until he was again raised up, that the air pent up in his lungs found a passage, when it rushed out like the blowing of a porpoise when he comes to the surface of the water.

"When Martinus could collect his thoughts, he again addressed the workman. 'Hear, James, you must make my coffin roomy enough, for I'll swell up very much when I am dead.' While he was retiring to his waggon, his son took Jamie by the arm and begged him to make the coffin close in the joints; 'for,' he added, 'father will perhaps run out after he is dead.' The perfect apathy and *sang-froid* with which these serious arrangements were made, were highly characteristic of the people."—vol. i, pp. 155—158.

We have some highly interesting accounts of the wild animals of South Africa; the different species of antelopes, for instance, afford our author an opportunity of showing his habits of observation and reasoning, although it is very apparent that he is no naturalist in a scientific sense, otherwise he would not give such descriptions under the several crude conjectures and erroneous fancies to which he is apt to give way on this department. A knowledge of science, however, is not necessary to a high relish of the beauties of nature and an ardent study of the habits of the multiform creation of animals. There is the Bonte-bock, or spotted buck, and the Rhee-bock.

"The 'duiker,' or diver, is a smaller species of antelope, common in many parts of the country. They are always found singly, or in pairs, couching in or grazing near low bushes or brushwood. When roused, they fly straight forward, leaping and plunging among the bushes with wonderful agility, until they can gain a more secure shelter.

"They afford excellent diversion; but the sportsman requires a quick eye to catch sight of them as they appear from time to time above the bushes. In hunting them, the colonists use either large shot or ball, but commonly the former. The best plan, however, is to have a double gun, one barrel loaded with shot, and the other with ball; which gives the huntsman a double chance, as he can get another long shot in the event of his first charge not taking effect.

"There are two kinds of antelopes called steen-bocks;—the 'flak' steen-bock, and the 'grys' steen-bock. The habits of the former are nearly similar to those of the duiker. The gryz steen-bock shows great cunning in avoiding the scent of the dogs. I have often watched their manœuvres, when they were pursued by my dogs, from the steep side of the mountain, which afforded me a fine bird's-eye view of their doublings, turnings, and wiles.

"The valley below me, as well as the base of the mountains, was plentifully sprinkled with bushes and luxuriant brushwood. During the chase, the little gryz-bock would return again and again on his track,—then turn sharply round a corner of the bushes and dart aside into some narrow footpath, where he would stand still for a moment to listen for the dogs. When he found that his retreat was discovered, he would start off; and, as a last resource, would sometimes make a desperate spring into the middle of a thick clump of bushes, and completely baffle his pursuers.

"The plaintive cries of the poor gryz-bock, when it was caught by the

dogs, so nearly resembled those of a child, and the animal seemed so keenly alive to its hapless situation, that this circumstance diminished my pleasure in the chase of it.

"The beauty of the eyes of the gazelle, or antelope, is often alluded to in Eastern poetry; and to none of the various species does the remark apply better than to the grys-bock. Its eyes have an indescribable expression of infantine simplicity, innocence, and helplessness, that makes the sportsman inwardly curse his barbarity even in the moment of success. The grys-bock is always found in the bushes, rarely quitting his shelter to any distance."—vol. i, pp. 285—288.

The Dutch settlers at the Cape are represented as strongly influenced by the democratic doctrines of equality. A rich farmer is only to be distinguished from his neighbour by the number of his servants and his cattle, and in the prosperous circumstances of his children. Where plenty is so generally diffused, and where extravagance is despised, there can be little difference in the mode of living. Neither is the possession of wealth an object of such ambition or pride, where a strong sense of equality is so prevalent. When they amass money by their industry, it is generally hoarded up with much care in a chest, where it rarely sees the light. For they are slow workers, sure gainers, and fast holders. Their children are all provided for alike—the law of primogeniture being unknown among them. Still our author very frequently reflects on the laxity of their morals. He tells us of an instance where a farmer had for a long time been engaged in an intrigue with the wife of one of his neighbours. The lady at last instigated him to murder her husband, which he accomplished in a deliberate and savage manner. The murderer was tried, found guilty, and condemned to death by the Dutch court of justice which was then in existence; but he was pardoned by the acting governor, from the feeling of some doubts as to the sufficiency of the evidence. The disgraceful state of general apathy to the enormity of the offences committed by the guilty pair was manifest from the fact, that the woman was visiting her friends, as if nothing had happened, at the time the author was in the same part of the country, although the whole circumstances of the case were perfectly well known to every body. He, indeed, heard a Dutch farmer count on his fingers the different sums of money which the murderer's father had given as bribes to different members of the court to save his son's life; and the farmer consequently expressed himself as thinking it very shameful that he was not at once acquitted, after so much money had been sacrificed for him.

We pass over the author's account of lands granted to him and his brothers at the Cape—for other members of his family emigrated thither after him. There are in these volumes abundance of notices regarding the wild animals of the country, particularly of the elephants, from which a suitable supplement will be found to what has been introduced in our review of Mr. Holman's travels,

in another part of this number, regarding that enormous species of prey. The elephant's prodigious strength has often been described; but perhaps we cannot well arrive at a greater idea of it, than from the information conveyed to the author by a farmer, of one that had caught a shackled horse, belonging to him, and after running its tusks through the poor animal's body, threw it with his trunk into the branches of a large thorn tree. The description of a night spent by the author and a travelling companion in a forest of mimosas is startling enough.

" All the wild animals were now abroad, and our ears were from time to time saluted with the angry screeches of the elephants, mixed with the long dismal howls of the hyena, or the impatient panting of some stray leopard.

" We tied our jaded horses to a tree, and began a series of unsuccessful attempts to strike a light; but found, to our great mortification, that my companion's gun, which I had been carrying, was without a flint. Here was a fine field for the exercise of our ingenuity, and we sat down to hold a consultation on the best means of remedying our loss. We called to mind the various modes of procuring a light resorted to by savages and shipwrecked mariners, and at last determined on trying what we could do by rubbing two pieces of dry wood together. We had little difficulty in finding the necessary materials among the bushes, but discovered that it would take longer time than we could spare to acquire sufficient dexterity in the use of them.

" After toiling by turns at this hopeless task for about an hour, we hit on a plan which we should have thought of at first, and each taking a different course, we commenced a search in the bed of the rivulet for a piece of stone to supply the place of our lost flint. We wondered how we could have been so improvident as not to have taken a tinder-box with us, which now appeared to be an article of inestimable value.

" After groping among the stones for some time, a shout of triumph from my companion announced the happy discovery. He had found a flat piece of hard stone, which I fixed in the place of the flint, and, stopping up the touchhole with a thorn, I succeeded in lighting a piece of paper rubbed with wet powder, and soon contrived to make a large fire with the branches of decayed trees.

" We now considered ourselves tolerably secure from the attacks of the elephants, which are generally scared away by large fires. We were not, however, quite so comfortable as we could wish, for our scanty supply of provisions had been consumed in the forenoon, and we were much exhausted with our exertions in making our fire, which was quite large enough to cook an excellent supper. To keep our fire up during the night, we agreed to watch by turns; but, somehow or other, neither of us could compose himself to sleep. Our horses kept stamping and snorting whenever they got scent of the elephants and hyenas as they passed near us, and the inharmonious voices of the latter animals made but indifferent lullabies to people in our situation.

" In this manner we passed the night, sometimes talking to pass the time, or in making ineffectual attempts to sleep. At last, we could perceive the approach of daylight; not, indeed, by the crowing of the cocks,



but by the distant howls of the hyenas as they retired to their dens, many of them supperless, no doubt, like ourselves.

“The sun at length made his appearance, flinging his golden beams among the mimosas sprinkled over the sloping sides of the valley; and the transparent lumps of gum which had exuded from the cracked branches shone like gems among the light graceful foliage. The scenery was not bold, but it was picturesque and beautiful, the country being divided into long sloping ridges by pretty valleys, covered with mimosas and round clumps of small wood.”—vol. ii, pp. 66—69.

The first elephant hunt which our author witnessed was highly exciting. It was near a new settlement, established by his brothers and other Englishmen. Elephants are known to be afraid of fire; and when the people discover a troop of them in the open fields, they set light to the long grass in several places, so as to enclose them in a circle of flame and smoke, and after firing at them, in the event of their giving chase, they seek protection beyond the circle. Our sportsmen, however, were not such expert and skilful hands as those described by Mr. Holman, in Ceylon; they were so little acquainted with the vulnerable points of the animal, that killing one was generally the work of several hours.

The account we are going to extract, shows that our author's first sallies in this kind of hunting were accompanied by the highest charms that can distinguish such pastimes, if it be the case, that without risk, danger, and wonderful enterprise, there cannot be the noblest sport. The description is long, but it will repay the reader. Indeed, we are informed that it has before been published, which proves that it is reckoned worthy of particular notice. It is in the following terms:—

“One of our servants having come to inform us that a large troop of elephants had been discovered in the neighbourhood of the settlement, and that several of our people were already on their way to attack them, I instantly set off to join the hunters.

“The beautiful stream called by the Kaffres the Gualana, after leaving the village, took its course through an extensive wood or jungle, and again made its appearance in an open meadow, running close under the high hills on one side of the valley for several hundred yards, when it again entered a long strip of jungle. In consequence of losing my way in the jungle, I could not overtake the hunters until they had driven the elephants from their first station.

“On getting out of the wood, I was proceeding through the meadow to a distant kloof, or ravine, where I heard the firing, and had nearly reached the carcass of the elephant which we had killed the day before, when I was suddenly warned of approaching danger by loud cries of ‘Pas op,’ (Look out,) coupled with my name in Dutch and English; and, at the same moment, heard the cracking of broken branches, produced by the elephants bursting through the wood, and their angry screams resounding among the precipitous banks of the river.

“Immediately a large female, accompanied by three others of a smaller size, issued from the jungle which skirted the river margin. As they



were not more than two hundred yards off, and were proceeding directly towards me, I had not much time to decide on my motions. Being alone and in the middle of a little open plain, I saw that I must inevitably be caught, should I fire in this position and my shot not take effect.

"I therefore retreated hastily out of their direct path, thinking they would not observe me, until I should find a better opportunity to attack them. But in this I was mistaken; for, on looking back, I perceived, to my dismay, that they had left their former course, and were rapidly pursuing and gaining ground on me. Under these circumstances, I determined to reserve my fire as a last resource; and, turning off at right angles in the opposite direction, I made for the banks of the small river, with the view to take refuge among the rocks on the other side, where I should have been safe.

"Before I got within fifty yards of the river, the elephants were within twenty paces of me—the large female in the middle, and the other three on either side of her, apparently with the intention of making sure of me; all of them screaming so tremendously that I was almost stunned by the noise. I immediately turned round, cocked my gun, and aimed at the head of the largest—the female. But the gun, unfortunately, from the powder being damp, hung fire till I was in the act of taking it from my shoulder, when it went off, and the ball merely grazed the side of her head.

"Halting only for an instant, the animal again rushed furiously forward. I fell—I cannot say whether struck down by her trunk or not. She then made a thrust at me with her tusk. Fortunately for me, she had only one, which still, more luckily, missed its mark. Seizing me with her trunk by the middle, she threw me beneath her fore-feet, and knocked me about between them for a little space; I was scarcely in a condition to compute the time very accurately, but, judging from my feelings, it appeared an intolerably long one, and I had great reason to complain of the 'leaden-footed' minutes, which seemed to be hours in my uncomfortable situation.

"Once she pressed her foot on my chest with such force, that I felt the bones bending under the weight: and then she trod on the middle of my arm, which fortunately lay flat on the ground at the time. During this rough handling, however, I never entirely lost my recollection, else I have little doubt she would have settled my accounts with this world: but, owing to the roundness of her foot, I generally managed, by twisting my body and limbs, to escape her direct tread.

"While I was still undergoing this buffeting, Lieutenant Chisholm, of the Royal African Corps, and Diedrick, a Hottentot, fired several shots at her from the side of a neighbouring hill, one of which hit her in the shoulder; and at the same time her companions, or young ones, retiring and screaming to her from the edge of the forest, she reluctantly left me, giving me a cuff or two with her hind feet in passing."—vol. ii, pp. 79—83.

Though somewhat damaged, he was able to rise and stagger away, but had he not lain down again in the long grass, so as to elude her eye, she would have returned to the attack, and completed the work of her fury. The author's brother, in the meantime, however, had been told in a *sang-froid* style, that one of the officers had been

killed, the reporter clenching the account, by saying, "For I saw his brains." But, while the contrary was discovered, an unlucky soldier of the Royal African Corps was, within the range of their sight, furiously attacked by another of these huge animals. The poor man was carried on its trunk for some distance, then thrown down and trod to death. There is, indeed, no lack of adventures and narrow escapes in these volumes; and, although we are not attempting any regular or continuous summary of our author's movements when in Africa, it is manifest that his years spent there were of that unsettled character, which prove that he is one of the restless and changeful beings whose lives must ever furnish endless subjects for narrative. Reckless, we would say, and intelligent, observant, and frank in the expression of his feelings, as also of his opinions, he is one of the most entertaining writers, and no doubt a most interesting companion. Here is a story about leopards, which, if not so formidable as the immense brutes we have been hearing of, are not to be laughed at.

"We killed a great number of leopards, also, while I resided at this place, by setting spring-guns in the skirts of the forest, baited with flesh. Shooting them in the usual way is often unsuccessful, and is often attended with great danger to the hunters, particularly on going before the dogs, when the animal has been driven to seek shelter in a tree. On such occasions the leopard, neglecting the dogs, often springs upon the man nearest to him, and either kills him on the spot or tears him dreadfully with his teeth and claws.

"To guard against an accident of this kind, I generally wrapped a thick piece of cloth round my left arm to thrust into the animal's mouth, and was always provided with a sharp-pointed knife to defend myself. They sometimes venture out of the woods at nightfall in search of water. One evening, after leaving off work, and taking a ride along the lake formed by the rain at the bottom of the valley, I saw a leopard slaking his thirst in the water. I immediately dismounted, and sitting down on the grass to take a sure aim, fired, and shot him through the body. He gave a growl, and rolled over in the water. I attempted to give him a second shot with the other barrel, but it burnt priming.

"The leopard now got on his legs, and came growling towards me, laying his ears back and writhing his tail. My first thought was to endeavour to make my escape; but my horse had taken fright, and ran away to a considerable distance. Not expecting to meet with this dangerous antagonist, I had left my knife at home, and was without any means of defence or escape. I therefore determined to try what impudence would do; and, waiting till the animal came within twenty paces of me, I ran furiously at him, shouting at the top of my voice, and brandishing my gun over my head.

"This manœuvre was attended with complete success; for the leopard immediately altered his course, and ascended the steep side of the valley, and taking his station on a rock at the summit, sat down and watched my motions for some time, while I backed off to regain my horse, still keeping my eye on him."—vol. ii, pp. 180—182.

Mr. Moodie took a trip into Kaffreland along with a clergyman and a schoolmaster, who were both Scotchmen. Fairs have been established by the colonial government for holding markets with the Kaffres, and thereby bring them into friendly terms with the settlers, and advance the work of civilization. Glass beads and other ornaments are in chief repute by these tribes, especially such of them as are at a distance from the frontiers, in exchange for articles which possess intrinsic value; and although many well meaning persons are exceedingly shocked that this should be allowed, perhaps it is a taste for ornaments that first rouses savage nations from their habitual indolence.

"We were much struck with the easy and noble carriage of the Kaffre men. In general their only clothing was a softened bullock's hide, cut in an oval shape, and wrapped loosely round their shoulders. The Kaffres are elegantly formed, and are so exceedingly graceful in their general demeanour that they appear to be a nation of gentlemen. In their manners they are respectful without servility, and possess a native delicacy, which prevents them from giving offence by word or action. There is no perceptible difference to be observed in their manners, from the chief to the poorest of the tribe. Property, in fact, is much more equally distributed among the Kaffres than in civilized societies.

"Thus jealousy, envy, and hatred, which destroy harmony between the different members of European communities, are in a great measure prevented. This constitutes the happiness of the infant state of society; and, if we may judge by the free and cheerful manners which characterize the Kaffres, we may conclude that they are a happy people. The Kaffre women are inferior in appearance to the men. This is occasioned by their being obliged to work for their husbands, who only assist them in closing their patches of Indian corn and millet, and in milking the cows. All the labour of digging the ground, constructing huts, and a variety of other employments, falls to the share of the females.

"Polygamy is common among the Kaffres, but it is confined to the more wealthy—that is, to those who possess the greatest number of cattle. Their wives are always purchased from their parents, and those who have cattle to spare, often exchange them for one or more wives, according to their circumstances.

"By all I have been able to learn, the practice of polygamy does not appear to be an original custom of the Kaffres, but to have been occasioned by their destructive wars with the neighbouring tribes, when great numbers of the males on both sides being killed, there remained an undue proportion of women, who would have perished from want if they had not been distributed among the men of the conquering tribe. These women are, in fact, rather the servants than the wives of the men. They are generally treated kindly by their husbands, and appear to be happy and contented with their lot."—vol. ii, pp. 238—241.

They are represented as believing in a Supreme Being, but their notions of a future state are vague and undecided. They generally swear by the spirit of their father or by their chief. Their form of government is simple; their chiefs are hereditary, but not absolute. The whole population is divided into "kraals" or hamlets, con-

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taining from ten to twenty families, each occupying separate huts, where a petty chieftain is stationed. By a sort of legal fiction, the chief is supposed to be the original possessor of all the lands and cattle within his territories; and, although the pretended right is little acted upon, the author is, hence, as also from other usages, led to think that they are descended from a more cultivated race. He also thinks that they are rapidly approaching a state of civilization. These farther particulars are interesting.

"The Kaffres are great believers in witchcraft, and when any one is seized with a malady which will not yield to the remedies prescribed by their female doctors, it is usually attributed to the malice of some neighbour. This horrible superstition is artfully encouraged by the chief, who is always the gainer by the conviction of the offender, in which case, the latter is generally put to death, and his or her cattle confiscated and divided into two equal shares—one half being assigned to the suffering party, and the other half seized by the chief.

"Some of the chiefs, to increase their authority, pretend to have the power of bringing rain to moisten the ground in seasons of long continued drought. If their predictions happen to be fulfilled, their character is established, and they are distinguished by the title of 'rain-makers;' but, if they fail, the blame is thrown on the wickedness of the people.

"The Kaffres are a very superior race of barbarians—I cannot call them savages—in point of intellect; and the softness and copiousness of their language indicate a considerable degree of cultivation and reflection. I have been informed by the missionaries that they have no less than five or six names for the Supreme Being. Their reasoning faculties are powerful and active, and unlike the Hottentots, whose weakness of judgment and supine credulity incline them to believe everything; the Kaffre will credit nothing that he is not fairly reasoned into.

"The Kaffres are frugal and even avaricious in their habits, and are extremely unwilling to part with their cattle. Though they think it no great crime to steal from the colonists, they have a strong principle of honour and fidelity when trusted. Their hospitality and kindness to strangers are unbounded. In their domestic habits both sexes are exceedingly chaste and modest, and infidelity on the part of a wife is often punished with death to the offending party. The women, as with the Hottentots and other African tribes, always eat their meals apart from the men.

"The Kaffres, notwithstanding the softness and beauty of their language, have not that natural genius for music for which the Hottentots are remarkable: and their native melodies are consequently deficient in variety, and are extremely monotonous, being merely repetitions of three or four notes. They have, however, a number of songs in their language, which, from the translations I have heard of them, exhibit feeling and poetical genius. In their deliberations in the councils of their tribe, they are strict observers of propriety and decorum, and often show great natural eloquence and acuteness in their reasonings."—vol. ii, pp. 244—246.

According to these views, they are a people highly worthy of the efforts of the most philanthropic; nor can we believe, with such powers and feelings as are attributed to them by the author,

that the missionaries can be without hopeful fruits among such tribes. He is one of those persons, we suspect, however, who thinks Christianity is not such an indispensable good as the generality of the philanthropists we have in our eye maintain, and that people may do very well without it. Believing that there is as much fanaticism in these falsely called liberal notions, as in some of the most preposterous attempts or statements of the missionaries, we shall not labour, for it would be in vain, to convince him that he is plainly under the sway of strong prejudices in much of what is said in these volumes, regarding the most disinterested benefactors of the human race. The Kaffres, notwithstanding all that Lieutenant Moodie reports of them, have in their habits been much ameliorated by the Christian efforts that have found scope amongst them, and we refer to our review some months back of Mr. Holman's second volume—one of the same series with that which is noticed in our present number—for as disinterested and well authenticated accounts, highly in favour of missionary exertions in that country, as any in these volumes, of an opposite tendency. But we must take our leave of the Lieutenant, whose otherwise talented and delightful work might furnish us with a vast mass of information and amusement. We conclude with some farther particulars regarding the Kaffres, that call loudly for the healing influence of Christianity, and which one cannot but feel are eminently suited to the engrafting of its humane spirit and convincing doctrines.

“ The antelopes and other small game have now become exceedingly scarce in Kaffreland, having been almost entirely destroyed in frequent hunting parties. When a chief wishes to have a hunt, he sends to all his people to assemble at a particular spot, when they spread themselves far and wide over the country, forming a large circle, which is gradually contracted till the game are inclosed within a narrow space, where they kill great numbers with their assagays, which they can throw fifty or sixty yards. They also show great dexterity in throwing the ‘*kúrie*,’ which is a stick with a large knob on the end of it. In hunting the elephant, they are obliged to assemble in great numbers, and when they find one by himself, they pierce him with hundreds of assagays until he sinks from loss of blood. On these occasions, two or three of the Kaffres are generally killed by the enraged animal; but the chief who has ordered the hunt, considers this a matter of small importance.

“ The Kaffres have a particular horror of a dead body, and when any one of the inhabitants of a kraal is so ill that they do not expect him to recover, they dig a hole in the ground at some distance from their habitations, and lay the sick person in it with some provisions, and there he remains till his dissolution or the hyenas devour him. Should one of their people die in his hut, the whole kraal is instantly deserted for ever. When a chief dies, however, he is generally buried in the enclosure or kraal where the cattle are kept at night; but when he falls in battle, it is not uncommon to cover the body with a small tumulus or heap of stones, to preserve it from the wild animals. This is, no doubt, the origin of the *tumuli* among the Celtic and Teutonic races, which are so common in



some parts of Europe. The custom of deserting their kraals when any one dies in his hut, is now getting into disuse among several of the Kaffre tribes ; but they are extremely careful to avoid touching the corpse with their hands, in dragging it away to be devoured by the hyenas.

“ On making particular inquiries regarding this custom, I was informed that the Kaffres had formerly always buried their dead ; but that several years ago an infectious disease, or plague, had broken out among them and carried off great numbers, and since that time they had been afraid to touch a dead body.”—vol. ii, pp. 269—271.

ART. VII.—*The Sultan Mahmoud and Mehemet Ali Pasha.* By the Author of “ England, France, Russia, and Turkey.” London : Ridgway & Sons. 1835.

SOME months ago, we gave an account of a pamphlet, entitled “ England, France, Russia, and Turkey,” which among other points, ably argued that a great crisis was approaching, when a hostile collision between England and Russia must inevitably take place on the subject of Turkey, unless England and France were foolish enough to allow the latter empire to be laid on the tomb of Poland. Since the date of that pamphlet, the designs of Russia have been considerably matured ; and the same author, in the present publication, entitled “ The Sultan Mahmoud, and Mehemet Ali Pasha,” follows up his former views, and exhibits to us in forcible colours the exact situation of parties, wherein he traces with great apparent accuracy, and as one intimately conversant with all the bearings of the subject, the unprincipled intrigues and heartless machinations of Russia. He now particularly fixes upon the handle which that rapacious power is making, by turns, of the Sultan and his vassal, in the career of inordinate ambition ; and shows, what indeed must be evident to most men, that unless these wily arts are broken through without longer delay, she will soon be able fearlessly to throw off the mask, and dare England with effect to the teeth. Her machinations are ripening apace ; she has detached France from England, and she has commenced fortifying Sevastopol, and the augmentation of her fleet in the Black Sea.

Like the former pamphlet, the present is clear, eloquent, and convincing, though perhaps somewhat affected and pompous in its bearing. It is also calculated to be influential at the present moment ; for there is unquestionably a spirit in England beginning to be awake to the schemes and progress of Russia, that cannot but be wrought upon by such a complete exposure as is here made of its policy. This publication starts with asserting, that nothing can be more manifest than that the eastern interests of England and France are directly at war with those of Russia ; but still, that the latter has nothing to complain of in the energy with which the representatives of the former have laboured to prevent a collision between Mehemet Ali and the Sultan. The determination to prevent this collision, the author argues, can have been taken only as a



means of staving off the decision both of England and France, on the whole of the questions connected with Turkey and the East, in the hope that a reconciliation may take place between the vassal at Alexandria, and the sovereign at Constantinople, or that Mehemet Ali can succeed Mahmoud on the imperial throne—both of which results are shown to be impossible ; or, if the delay is used merely as a cloak for inaction, it every day becomes more plain, that Russia will not wait for the same purpose, but will lead events, if she is allowed time, just as suits her interests.

The author proceeds to argue, that Mehemet Pasha's pretensions to the Sultan's crown can never be carried into effect ; that his rebellion is nothing different from those of other Pashas, where the people have uniformly been altogether uninterested, and the revolt merely maintained by the sword. In Greece and Servia, on the other hand, no Pasha rose, but a people against their sovereign, and therefore, they achieved their independence. Mehemet Ali's means are no doubt far greater than those of any former vassal, but the basis of his power rests in what exhausts and alienates his provinces, by the necessities of his position, while the peculiar supports of the Porte, which are enumerated, are such as must render the vassal's pretensions to the crown futile. But may not Mehemet Ali and the Sultan be reconciled ? Our author thus reasons on this question :—

“ Is this object to be attained, by rendering Mehemet Ali independent ? The proposition bears absurdity on its very face. Would a fiction of terms alter the facts of the case ? Would a nominal separation take away from either, the power of injuring the other ? Would it take away the inclination, the necessity of mutual destruction ? Would it increase the respectability of the Sultan, in the eyes of his nation ? Would it sever those profound and immemorial bonds, that connect the affections, the prejudices, the interests, of the inhabitants of those provinces, to the Porte, and which impose on it the necessity of unceasing endeavours to recover them ?

“ The weakness of the Sultan is equally necessary to the existence of Mehemet Ali, nominally independent, or nominally subject : the destruction of Mehemet must in every case be the first object of the Sultan,—an object to which he will sacrifice, as he has sacrificed, the dearest interests and the external independence of his empire.

“ But let us suppose impossible things. Let us suppose Mehemet Ali wholly detached from the Porte, and disposed to live in peace and amity with the Sultan. Let us suppose Russia still behind the Dnieper, and exercising no influence whatever on Turkey—even then, we maintain that it would be utterly impossible for peace to be maintained between the two Turkish rivals.

“ Mehemet Ali has not only raised a military power, to the support of which his country is inadequate ; but he has had recourse to fiscal measures, for the exaction of his revenue, which augment the exhausting effects of its pressure. While he is obliged to augment his expenditure, the production of the country rapidly diminishes. In Candia, his system has been impracticable ; in Syria, it is equally so. He must, therefore,

make his army and his fleet support themselves. He must look to new conquests abroad, to support himself at home; and to which side can his eyes be turned—to Bagdad, or to Asia Minor? Mehemet Ali must have conquests; he has an army superior in the field to that of the Sultan. He has a dissatisfied country, where the most trifling invasion necessarily rallies all discontent, and where his only safeguard is the idea of his power. He must, therefore, attack the dominions of the Sultan, because they are the only food within reach; he will attack them, because his attack can alone prevent an invasion.

“On the other hand, the Porte is led by a sense of right and injury to attack Mehemet Ali—to foment discontent—to profit by it; and this moral necessity is not less imperative than the practical necessity is for Mehemet Ali; but supposing this cause not to exist—supposing Egypt, separated from the Porte from time immemorial—supposing the Sultan animated with the most friendly dispositions towards Mehemet Ali—supposing the temptations removed of his weakness in Egypt—supposing again the influence of Russia not to exist—even then the obliged hostility of Mehemet Ali must produce hostility against him. The two cannot co-exist, from the moment that either is prepared to attack the other. If left to themselves, there cannot be a shadow of a doubt, as we shall afterwards see, that Mehemet Ali would be destroyed. But, in the meantime, all progress is arrested; the rivalry exhausts the empire; and, what is of far more importance, they will not be left to themselves. The powers of Europe will interfere. Russia is at hand, with her plans fixed, and her mind made up. England and France will not deliberately suffer her to have all the game in her own hands; they, too, will interfere: but if they interfere with the idea of preventing the parties from coming to blows, we hesitate not in declaring our conviction, that they had much better leave Russia at once to make the best of it. It is childish to speak of reconciling interests that cannot coincide; of strengthening an empire by the union of parts necessarily hostile. Mehemet Ali and Mahmoud have ceased to struggle, from exhaustion alone. The relations between them, at this moment, are those of hostility. They lie, like two gladiators, on the arena, at rest, because neither has strength to reach and dispatch the other; with this difference, that the life of the one is on the surface; the life of the other, however stunned and bruised he may be, lies deeper than his antagonist’s sword can reach.”—pp. 9—12.

The one power, therefore, can only be supported by the destruction of the other; and it is argued, that though England and France may destroy either of them, it would be better thus to deal with the Sultan, than deliver the empire to Russia, at present his avowed protector. An election must be made between the existence of Mehemet Ali and his sovereign, which is imposed solely by the position and attitude of Russia. But for this attitude, the Pasha and the Sultan might be left to fight their own battles. In the present state of matters, however, every movement involves the whole of Europe. England, France, and particularly Russia, have declared to the Sultan, that any act against his vassal compromised his crown, and the extensive peace spoken of. But since a rupture between the vassal and his sovereign cannot be staved off for ever, let us choose

our champion, and prevent Russia any longer interfering in the affairs of Turkey.

After amplifying these views, the author proceeds to consider more particularly the question between Mehemet Ali and Mahmoud, arguing that the most important and decisive points are to be drawn from the habits, interests, and wishes of their people, which Europeans do not understand generally, on account of preconceived notions. He compares the characters and the career of these two remarkable men, and leans, in a manner to us not a little novel, in favour of the Sultan; holding that his connection with Russia is his great political sin, in our eyes, and in the eyes of his people—a result on which Russia calculated, in forcing on the Porte the Treaty of Protection.

The causes of the victories of Mehemet Ali's troops are traced, as well as of the weakness and disasters of the Sultan; and thence it is concluded, that the former is the least fitted, and the least likely to fill the throne of Constantinople. After arguing the question between these two men, as between two private individuals, and greatly preferring the Sultan, the object in thus choosing is stated to be solely for the benefit of the Ottoman nation, which must consist in agreeing to the predilections and habits of that nation, all which prejudices and tastes are shewn to be really in hostility to Mehemet Ali Pasha.

“ The Sultan is the key-stone of an arch which exists not by him, but which cannot stand without him. He is the centre of a great system, which has conciliated the interests apparently so discordant, according to European notions of interests, of this vast empire, ever since its creation; which has established habits to govern and sustain its action; which reposes on long traditions of submission; which has many and great abuses, but which has exhibited an immense power of self regeneration. This last consideration, which ought to give it favour in our eyes, is precisely the cause of our actual doubts, and of its weakness; for before there was sufficient time for the effervescence to subside, for the results to appear, for the experiments to be made, an artful and watchful enemy attacked it; seized the moment when the Ottoman nation was disarmed and in doubt, to throw its armies upon it, having succeeded at the same moment in producing internal revolt, and in detaching from it those powers which ought to have flung at all times their shield before it, and more especially at the moment that so great and important a change was in progress. These appear to us imperative reasons for supporting Turkey as an independent state, without reference to the danger, for ourselves, of its annexation to Russia. It can only be supported by supporting its chief and its government. It would be a strange infatuation, either to think of supporting it by the destruction of both, or to compromise their existence by hesitation as to what policy is to be pursued in a contingency which certainly ought not to take us by surprise.

“ We have weighed Mehemet Ali against Mahmoud; now we must weigh the Pasha of Egypt against the Sultan; but what balance is there between the two. Is not the very power of Mehemet Ali the result of a

state of indecision in the central Government, which must become dissolution if he were at the head of it? The prejudices, prescriptive rights, habits of submission, vanish, the very moment that Mehemet Ali succeeds to the Sultan, for these all centre in his person. Mehemet Ali is, moreover, an old man—his son is not certainly to be looked to as a peaceable successor. England has nothing to reckon on, save the personal ability of a man of sixty five. Her whole scheme is frustrated by a diarrhoea or a quinsey. What guarantee of duration, of stability, can be imagined to support a decision, or an indecision, which may lead to such a result, through the destruction of the system that has so long existed; that exists to-day, and which contains the germs of future and prosperous existence.”—pp. 47, 48.

But the policy of prolonging the hostility of the vassal and the sovereign, by postponing an inevitable struggle, is more absurd on the part of England and France, than taking up the former to the destruction of the latter; for the opposition of Russia, that thus would instantly be stirred, would be found comparatively easy, to that which allows her time to sacrifice Turkey, and delay to mature all her ambitious measures therewith connected.

“If England and France doubt their own intelligence on this question, they may adopt a very safe test by which to try the value of their policy; they may be sure when they are right, and that is when they are opposed to Russia; they know what her interests are—they know that she alone understands the question. They have seen the fruits of acting with her—her support, her vigorous support of Mehemet Ali—her resistance to the rupture between him and the Sultan, might alone, we think, have sufficed to open their eyes. Their position in 1821 and 1827, might have been sufficient warning against the strange coincidence that marks their policy at this very hour.

“There may be, however, an immediate necessity for this—we are far from denying it; but if we cannot venture on taking the field against Russia on any of the details of the question, are we not placed in a most lamentable predicament? It is clear our position must continue to grow worse and worse; advantages will be sacrificed day by day—the power of resistance in Turkey will daily disappear—men’s minds, and men’s opinions, will become more and more unsettled—so that even if a collision is prevented, if no great catastrophe intervenes, even then you will permit the people to be demoralized. Then how will you support the empire? A word, a will, suffices at present; in a short time hence millions may be squandered, and tens of thousands of lives sacrificed in vain; for to talk of peace, is but an avowal of entire ignorance of the question; while we continue to avow our dread of war, things will go on as before; but the descent has become more rapid.

“We presume not to say what ought to be done; but this we say, with fullest conviction, that all we can do will be unavailing, until we meet and curb Russia. Mehemet Ali is the mere instrument—even if you prevent this one from being the successful instrument of her designs, another Mehemet Ali will arise. Destroy the Seraskier, another Seganus will be found. Our best expedient can only postpone the consummation, but not change our position, and very soon the material strength of Russia will enable her to cast aside these expedients. She will very soon

drop the wizzard's mask, and spectre winding sheet, and step in in real arms, and with corporeal strength."—pp. 50—52.

It is pretty clear that the English cabinets of late, have been aware of the position of parties and interests in the great questions discussed in this pamphlet, but that the apathy or ignorance of France have paralyzed the intentions of England. It should, however, be apparent to all, that the strength of Russia in Turkey lays in the position of Mehemet Ali; and the use made of this position by Russia, is ably traced and exposed by the author, through an event that has lately occurred. We quote the account of the matter referred to, from these pages.

"Mehe met Ali has endeavoured to obtain the sanction of England, France, and Austria, to the declaration of his independence. He has put forth, in an official note, addressed to these cabinets, the difficulties he laboured under from the pretensions and enmity of the Porte; and proposes, if the powers will sanction his independence, to devote his whole attention to the collection of large military resources (150,000 men), to hold at the disposal of these powers for opposing Russia! This singular attempt is absurd, now that it has been met; but it would have been most able had it succeeded. The object of this note might have been to ensare the adhesion of England, and, failing this, to establish still more firmly the apparent connection between Mehemet Ali and France and England—fill the mind of the Sultan with distrust of these powers, and confirm, beyond all reconciliation, the feud between them. Had not the English cabinet been more enlightened than it ever had been before, the design would have been successful, and its success would have been the finishing stroke for Turkey. Happily the English minister viewed this attempt in its true light; answered Mehemet Ali, that the countenance of such a design would be contrary alike to the principles and the interests of England, and advised him, if he wished to preserve the friendship of England, to desist from using the power delegated to him against his sovereign, and to evacuate Orfa, and pay his tribute."—pp. 55, 56.

Lord Ponsonby, the English ambassador, transmitted the answer of his court to the Porte, in a public note, thus turning one of Russia's wiles against herself; for she imagined, our author says, that the scheme would embroil the Sultan with England. It has, on the other hand, however, excited a feeling of indignation against Russia among the Turks, who attribute this step of Mehemet Ali's to her machinations. But the snares of the ever watchful and intriguing northern Autocrat, which are represented as being so numerous and varied, as to employ agents everywhere, whispering, listening, reasoning, bullying, or bribing, as the case may require, had another stratagem at hand, by which it was hoped England would commit herself fatally in the affairs of Turkey. Mehemet Ali had failed, as already explained, but,

"Foiled in this attempt, a second was made, through the agency of Turkey itself, which readily grasped at the proposition, that England should take Mehemet Ali's fleet from him, and deliver it to the Sultan. If a threat of England had made Mehemet Ali evacuate Orfa, it was



clear that he was at the mercy of England, and that England began to feel that she was so. Why was he so? merely because he did possess a fleet. The possession of this fleet, therefore, while it exhausted his resources, controlled his operations on land, and rendered him subservient to England; by depriving him of the fleet, his finances were relieved, his continental position doubly strengthened, and he was withdrawn from dependence on England; he would also have been deprived of the power, on any contingency, of upsetting the Sultan by a *coup de main*; and so many more vessels would have been placed in the arsenal of Constantinople, at the disposal of the Emperor. And this was all to have been done by England herself; and in doing so, she was to be persuaded that she had settled the question of Mehemet Ali, and of Turkey. What must Russia's opinion be of the sagacity of England! What must not the physical weakness be—what is not the physical weakness of a government that has owed, and daily owes, its power and progress to such facilities for deception, and such practice in deceiving! What would the disgraceful exposure be, if her now panic-struck antagonist ventured to lay his iron hand on her gorgon mask, and lion's skin!"—pp. 58, 59.

Much might be said on the progress of demoralization in Turkey, which is insured so long as Russia is allowed to carry on her intrigues, and rivet still more closely her chains in that country. But other results not less clearly indicated by what she has of late been doing, are referred to in this pamphlet, which demand the most prompt measures from England. Since last autumn, she has contracted for the construction of twenty-five line-of-battle ships, and thirty of smaller dimensions, and commenced extensive works at Sevastopol. Circumstanced, it is well said, as she is financially, the expenditure thus gone into at this moment, proves that no time is to be lost on the part of England and France; for these vessels must be designed to issue from the Straits she has ordered to be closed against us, and these works of defence can be of service only to resist retaliation for what she is preparing to inflict.

But the union of France and England, it has been the earnest endeavour of Russia to disprove in Turkey, and to dissolve.

"The importance of this union cannot be better proved, than by the pains taken by Russia to disprove it. Her constant theme was—England, and France distracted by faction at home, and disunited abroad. 'France,' said she, 'is with us'—'HER KING is with us.' But these assertions were in manifest contradiction with the conduct of Admiral Roussin, who sedulously marked, on every occasion, his entire approbation of the course taken by Lord Ponsonby. It may here be remarked, that two successive ambassadors of France have pursued at Constantinople, without the sanction, it would appear, of the government at home—the policy dictated by the true interests of France. But Russia found means to neutralise the effect of this happy and most beneficial union. An envoy of France, sent to Mehemet Ali, a partisan of the restoration and of Russia, and who had been under secretary of state under Polignac, is brought to Constantinople, where he is recommended to the Porte by the Austrian Minister as the real representative of the views of the French Cabinet and King, and takes every opportunity of



expressing his disapproval of the ambassador's conduct, and his conviction of the necessity of an intimate union between France and Russia, which, it was whispered, he was instrumental in bringing about. But it is superfluous to speak of the importance to Russia of a union with France, or of the facilities she possesses for forming such a union. A union with the Government of France gives her time for shutting up the Dardanelles, she thus becomes an over-match for France, while the very fact of that union arouses the vengeance of France against its Government, and throws that distracted country again into civil war."—pp. 61—63.

In a note to the above passage, the author declares, that nearly the whole of the diplomatic agency of Europe at Constantinople, is at the disposal of Russia: that the missions of Austria, Prussia, Holland, Sardinia, and Naples, have hitherto been as subservient as if they had received the autocrat's pay; that France has been acting in both senses, and that the salary of her dragoman would not maintain him respectably in his station; nay, that the English dragoman, though esteemed an honourable man, is brother to the dragoman of Russia. Even Sweden and Denmark, are represented by Frank inhabitants of Pera. If such be the diplomatic agency at Constantinople (and the author speaks not merely like a well informed person on the subject, but like an honest informant), it may well be said, that it is by telling stories Russia principally assumes a position that bullies the Turks, and that it is for her of the highest importance to have so many mouths to tell the same things.

We are not aware to what width the disunion between France and England has gone on the affairs of Turkey, which Russia was so solicitous to secure. England certainly allowed a favourable juncture to escape when she might have carried France along with her, and when the dangers to be met were less than they are at present. But this oversight only now requires the greater vigilance and promptitude, to avoid farther complications to the questions at issue, and farther disunion. The fault will not lie upon our author, we are sure, should England exhibit continued supineness or timidity. Indeed, his reasonings and appeals have already not been without a salutary influence, if we may judge from the sensation they have produced on the public mind in Britain; nor can we suppose that the present additional and earnest pages will fail in following up and enlarging the effect of his previous exertions. On the immediate duty of England, he thus expresses himself:—

"There is but one way of solving these complications, of uniting France to us—of detaching Austria and Prussia from Russia—of restoring Poland—of solving the Egyptian question—of maintaining the independence of Greece, which we have effected—of preserving the rights of Samos, we have guaranteed (so levelled are all questions before this, which affects alike a parish and an empire)—of saving Turkey—of maintaining the *de facto* independence of the Circassians—of defending Persia—of securing India—of preventing another irruption of Northern Barbarians—and that is the presence of England, by her pendants and

her guns, on that portion of her own element, from which Russia has ventured too soon, let us hope, to pronounce her exclusion.

“If the Government of France has gone over to the natural and necessary enemy of France, the necessity for England to act is more imperative, if possible, than before. Before, the fact of the union of France and England imposed a respect on Russia that no longer exists; France becomes, like Austria, a mere cat’s-paw, to ensnare the confidence of England; to keep Russia informed of her decisions, or her non-decisions; and what more can Russia desire, than to be assured that her designs are not perceived. But let not England for an instant conceive that the solution of the eastern question is rendered less certain or more difficult by the apostacy of France. No, it is thereby simplified. If England understood her strength, she would know that she requires no allies. Perhaps the mere substitution of the word ‘war’ for the word she has too often used, ‘peace,’ would put an end to this continued European crisis; and if more than the word and the determination were requisite, the destruction of a *weak and exposed* arsenal (whatever may have been said to the contrary) suffices to take from Russia all power of injury, which would be the sole object of a war, with a power with which we have nothing to do, save to prevent her practical interference in a country where, as yet, she is only powerful because she has duped us into supporting her.”—pp. 64, 65.

The conclusion of the pamphlet is calculated to arouse the attention of France to her real position, as respects the wiles of Russia. The author’s reproof, remonstrance, and appeals, addressed to that country, are also worthy of our study, inasmuch as they suggest some momentous points for our watchfulness. Russia, he says, holds out to the chief of the French state bribes, such as admission to the bosom of legitimacy, a continental union against the commerce of England, and an Egyptian and African dominion for France. What effect these golden offers may have on an avaricious mind, we know not, but—

“It is strange that France does not recollect, for any useful purpose, that there was a Napoleon, whose ambition and wilfulness may have been wrong, but whose master-mind grasped at it were with the precision of instinct all political combinations. Can France forget, that Napoleon, at war with England, and the ally of Russia, refused his sanction to the possession of the Dardanelles by Russia, although this would have been purchased by Russia’s support in the subjugation to France of the whole of continental Europe? Can France forget, that he who extended her empire north, south, east, and west, and raised her to the pinnacle of human greatness—he who despised Russia, while placed where she is, should have looked on her possession of the Dardanelles as raising that barbarous power to a preponderance over his own France which would end by crushing France? This conviction his political life has proclaimed—this is the political testament he has left to his heedless country—this is the warning to Europe, expressed in terms that must arrest and rivet the attention of every listener,—“My name will be pronounced with respect when the southern provinces of Europe are a prey to the barbarians of the north!!””—pp. 66, 67.

ART. VIII.—*The Pilgrims of Walsingham ; or Tales of the Middle Ages.*

By AGNES STRICKLAND. London : Saunders & Otley. 1835.

WERE we to search for any one evidence, among the various classes of publications, of the general advanced education and refinement of the present generation, the number and character of the novels that are month after month issuing from the press would probably be the most striking. The status which this class of books maintain in our modern literature, the variety of authors which it has called into celebrity, are tokens of its value and magnitude, which no common-place sneers regarding its frivolity or unreal nature has been able to bear down. It is not too much to say, that to our novels, the established rules which refined society acknowledge and study has been greatly indebted ; probably indeed the gallant bearing of our gentry, and the delicacy of our public morals, have been brought about more by these multiform codes of social morality, than by the school-room or the pulpit. In this good work our female writers have been the most industriously engaged, and to this very circumstance has the special effects of such a class of literature been principally owing. For just as surely as the society of an accomplished woman smooths the natural asperities of the other sex, and elevates the tone of their sentiments, by polishing their noblest exhibitions, so truly are the loftiest doctrines, or most the ordinary ideas, gracefully set by female writers, and made to tell on the conventional tastes and opinions of mankind with a potent charm.

Novels have become so numerous as to be divisible into separate orders, according to well defined marks ; and the rules by which to judge of them have become so generally known, that those which half a century ago would have been called very superior, hardly now-a-days obtain the character of mediocrity. We know not indeed that of the scores that annually appear, one can be found of late years that gives not a flattering specimen of literary composition at least so that we cannot but exultingly ejaculate—What a number of elegant writers does our country possess ! Besides the beauty of the language, English novels also display an immense variety and extent of knowledge of the finest and richest description. Human nature is the capital study of novelists—an exhaustless subject to be sure ; but yet through them it has become greatly developed. In cultivating this study they have traversed every age and condition ; and as the scope to such writers is unlimited, we have of late years beheld a bright array of cultivators, whose especial design and work has been to place before us the men of other days, and to exhibit them breathing and acting, as if we had been of their age, and participators of their feelings, at the time too that we can bring into comparison our own personal experience and limited era. The lights of history and the intentions of our

common nature become under the management of a skilful artist, sure guides in this excursive employment ; and ornamented as such work requires to be, its study becomes not merely highly instructive but surpassingly delightful. How many sound lessons have we met with in novels ! but still more triumphantly would we ask, how much real enjoyment have we derived from them ? We think, to every sound and cultivated mind it would be a ground of deep concern, were it announced that never more was it to be allowed to taste the elegant pleasure and instruction communicated by such works as the *Pilgrims of Walsingham*.

The authoress of these volumes has fallen upon a happy fancy as regards their plan. She has founded her fiction on a custom at one time not uncommon in this country—that of a devotional pilgrimage. Her pilgrims have the additional recommendations, that they are historical characters of great celebrity. It is well known that persons of the very highest rank undertook such journeys, and sometimes in disguise. This is the style in which the authoress places her personages, these being no less than Henry VIII., his queen Catherine, the emperor Charles V., who visited this country twice, and on one of those occasions his stay was about five weeks, when, according to historians, he won the affections of the whole court. The other characters are Mary Queen Dowager of France and Duchess of Suffolk, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, Cardinal Wolsey, Sir Thomas Wyatt, Anne Boleyn, the Abbot of Glastonbury, and the Abbess of Ely.

The period selected by the authoress for description, was one of great pageantry and also fanciful adventures. The visit of the accomplished, and at the time, young emperor, must have called forth all the devices that were likely to astonish and charm him ; but as it had something more important in it than a love of travel or tokens of friendship, however ingenuous might seem to be his purposes, it is here supposed that those pageants were ill calculated to allow time and opportunity or him to compass his profound views, and that an unostentatious and disguised pilgrimage to the shrine at Walsingham was undertaken in consequence of the cunning suggestion of the young diplomatist, when he might hope to fathom the mind of the bluff king and his wily minister. The adventures in the course of this supposed pilgrimage, and the tales that they relate to, enliven the journey, fill these volumes, and are also to be extended to another series—for only some of the characters have here contributed their share, nor is the pilgrimage closed.

The plan admits and suggests variety in the tales, according as the diversity of characters on the part of the narrators would afford. All of them possess merit, and form as a whole a very entertaining work. There seems to have been not a little care bestowed in its detail, and such is the interest excited, that every one who reads the present series will be impatient to see the succeeding. Upon the whole too, we are pleased with the manner in which

the characters deport themselves, that being in sustained harmony with authentic history. Anne Boleyn has ever been a favourite in our eyes : this partiality no doubt having been strengthened by the account of her great misfortunes and cruel fate. The present picture of her, however, is of a different style, and the levity as well as heartlessness of a coquette, are attributed to her without charity, and beyond historical support. Queen Catherine, however, who is also associated with our kindest sentiments, is deservedly treated as the high-souled, confiding, and enduring wife ; nor can the reader but be earnest in the sympathy here kept alive towards her whose feelings the presence of Mistress Anne, and the fickleness of the tyrant, must have so often distressingly excited.

The present volumes contain the tales of Cardinal Wolsey, King Henry, the Abbot of Glastonbury, Queen Catherine, the Emperor Charles, and the Abbess of Ely. We shall now present a few extracts from the King's tale—not that it is the best, but its shortness suits our purpose, while it affords a fair specimen of how the writer elucidates the character of the narrator in the style of the tale. It is entitled William Rufus and the Salmon-Pasty. The monarch commences with a quotation, that goes to show the light esteem in which the second of the Norman line of sovereigns was held by his subjects. It contains reflections which may naturally enough have been familiar on the part of such a moralist.

“ Albeit, it is a difficult matter for a king to please all his people, even if he were desirous of so doing, and, sooth to say, I have often laughed outright, at the dolorous expressions of regret with which the malcontents of our days refer to the memory of the good olden times ; and I have be-thought me, that could the annals of those years of ignorance and tyrannous insolence, of both king and nobles, be proclaimed in the ears of the people, they would thank Heaven that they had lived under the sway of the present line of princes, who love learning, and have withal a paternal regard for the church and all dutiful subjects, over whom Heaven has appointed their happy reign.

“ William Rufus, or the Red King, as he is called by contemporary chroniclers, though not worse than some of his successors, and in my poor judgment, not a tithe so bad as the craven King John, appears to have been held in ill esteem by English historians, who scruple not to charge him with impiety, rapacity, cruelty, and a list of grosser vices too monstrous for repetition.

“ Prejudice apart, his sway was doubtless an iron one, and it is an accredited fact, that in the year of grace 1093, his jarring Norman and Saxon subjects, though divided on every other point, united most heartily in praying for his death.

“ Now, whether the report of this unprecedented act of ill-will, on the part of his lawful lieges, might have some effect on William's mind, or whether Heaven were in a manner moved, by the unwonted sincerity and fervour of these petitions in the royal behalf, or whether his highness had partaken too largely of a rich salmon pasty, I will not take upon myself to



decide; howbeit, the fact is certain, that the king fell sick at Gloucester, of a very grievous malady.

“ Unused to pain, and unaccustomed to submit to the slightest restraint, for never before had a day’s illness interfered with his course of robustious health, or caused him the least cessation from either war or pleasure, or those violent exercises, to which his restless disposition constantly urged him, the king exhibited the most fractious and impatient humours on the first symptoms of indisposition, which commenced with the usual effects attending excessive repletion. His personal attendants and lords of his household, though by no means free from alarm, lest his natural irascibility, aggravated as it was to an unusual pitch by his illness, should be productive of evil consequences to themselves, were not in the slightest degree amazed at the malady of their royal master, when they called to mind the quality and quantity of his devourings on the preceding day. So great indeed had been William’s relish for the aforesaid salmon-pasty, that he had, in defiance of all laws of chivalry, and to the great scandal of—even his corrupt court—knighted the cook who had compounded this dainty, and appointed him a pension suitable to his new honour. Moreover, he had evinced his devotion to the pasty by causing it to be brought into his chamber, that he might make a second repast upon it before he slept, and feast his eyes withal upon it, in case he should chance to awake in the course of the night. In consequence, however, of his violent indisposition, his reminiscences of it soon became the very reverse of agreeable, therefore, after uttering a succession of dolorous groans, and showing a strange variety of grimaces and contortions, indicative of his loathing, he pointed with his right hand to the gilded beaufet opposite to his bed, where the late favoured object of his exclusive preference had been placed full in his view, saying in a rueful tone—

“ ‘ By Saint Luke’s face! yonder stands the traitor that hath well nigh slain me outright.—Take it hence, my masters, for if I look upon it once more, my royal stomach will be turned inside-out.’ ”—vol. i, pp. 178—182.

The king’s sickness increased, however, to such a degree, that his favourite, Robert Bloet, ventured, though with fear, to suggest the expediency of summoning a physician to his aid; for amongst his Majesty’s prejudices, he entertained a furious antipathy against all medicines, ever since his mother had in his childhood compelled him to swallow a certain decoction. Upon the favourite’s suggestion, the royal patient roared out—

“ ‘ A leech, say you? aye, any one that can bring me ease! Out upon you all for a pitiless set of varlets, that could stand and gaze upon my torments, and not think upon the mediciner ere this! Fly, ye barbarous wretches! ye false-hearted traitors! and hale hither by the ears a skilful leech forthwith, or I will make all your heads leap from your shoulders, without benefit of clergy, before ye are ten minutes older!’ ”

“ This courteous intimation of his benevolent intentions towards the trusty lieges who surrounded his sick bed, would speedily have cleared the room of every soul, but his favorite, had not Rufus, perceiving indications of a general retreat, called out:—

“ ‘ Ha! ye false villains, think ye to leave me thus to die alone? Tarry,



I say! you Mortimer, Grantmenil, Ufford, and Eustace de Boulogne. And you, my Bloet, hasten for a discreet and skilful leech—but ere you venture to bring him into my presence, strive to discover, by closely questioning him, whether the knave have any intention of dosing me with rue and horehound, and if he have any such venomous compounds in his book of recipes, chuse him to be hanged forthwith, for a conspirator who would finish the treasons begun by yon accursed pasty,—and seek me out another without delay.’ ”—vol. i, pp. 184, 185.

The leech was brought; but although the seventh son of the seventh son, he possessed no such skill as the patient was willing to hope. Yet, what he lacked in science he made up in presumption and assumption, proceeding according to the most approved practice, to suit his prescription rather to the quality of his patient than to the nature of the malady. Of a diamond, a ruby, and an emerald, he made a powder, and administered the costly compound in a large spoonful of honey. Still the king’s sufferings became the more severe, and to such a height did his agony increase, that he declared fiercely unless a speedy cure was accomplished, he would incontinently cause the physician to be hanged. Upon this, the leech talked of the risk of the patient’s soul if he indulged in such impatience. But this served but to make matters worse.

“ ‘Fellow!’ cried the King, in an access of fury, ‘How durst you presume to encrease my miseries, by the mention of my immortal soul to me! Verily I will cause thee to suffer the penalty of high treason, out of hand, for wickedly imagining my death in thy perverse and disloyal heart! Tell me—my masters,’ continued he, raising up in his bed, and glaring round him with a wild horror in his rolling and bloodshot eyes (which chroniclers assure us were of two different colours)—“tell me whether I am in danger of death, as this vile slave would traitorously aver?”

“The courtiers, though willing at all times to flatter their unreasonable and imperious master, were, on this occasion, mute; and the King read in their pale countenances and portentous silence, a fearful reply to his question; yet he continued to gaze in desperate expectancy of an answer. At that instant, the deep pause was broken by a long and general howl from the hounds in the royal kennel, beneath the windows of the King’s chamber; scarcely had this cadence ceased, when a voice, which certainly was in the room, but yet proceeded from no visible agent, pronounced in thrilling tones, these awful words,—

“ ‘Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die, and not live!’ ”

“A fearful cry broke from every one present, that stood about the bed, and the King bowing his face upon the pillow, in an agony of despair and terror, burst into a flood of tears. Then, starting up he exclaimed,—

“ ‘My soul! my precious soul! For the love of the saints, send for a dozen monks! Hand me a crucifix! Have none of ye a rosary, ye profane and godless crew? Oh Bloet, if thou lovest me, help me out with an ave, lest, peradventure, I should depart before a priest cometh.’ ”—vol. i, pp. 189—191.

But Bloet, though bred a churchman, had at that moment such

a frightful view of his own state, that he could only ejaculate, "Lord be merciful to me a sinner!" which still transported royalty the more, when he ordered all the courtiers around him to kneel down, and muster such prayers as they could for the benefit of his soul. These being all in Latin gibberish, and unintelligible to the parties present, the conscience-stricken king demanded one in English or in Norman-French. But it was protested that Latin was the language of holy mother church; nor had they any other prayers at their finger ends. A little Saxon page was now found who knew an English prayer. It was as follows:—

"Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,  
Bless the bed that I lig on!  
There be four corners to my bed!  
There be four angels over spread!  
Two at my head, two at my feet,  
To be my keepers while I sleep,  
If I die before I wake,  
Sweet Mary's Son my soul pray take!"

"Simple boy, that prayer is a good vesper for a pious child; but of what avail can it be to a man deep dyed in guilt and fearful iniquity, when he is smitten of the Lord for his sins?" said Anselm, Abbot of Bec, who at that moment entered the chamber, bearing the cross in one hand, and upholding the host in the other.

"Holy father," cried the King, turning toward him, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, 'what shall I give thee to save my soul from the pains hereafter?'

"Wretched man," replied the Abbot, 'dost thou hope to preserve thyself from the wrath to come through the Mammon of unrighteousness? I tell thee, William of Normandy, if thou wouldst give me thy house full of silver and gold to speak peace to thy guilty conscience, I would not do it!'

"I sent for you to give me absolution for my sins, not to increase my misery by enlarging on mine iniquities," interrupted the King, angrily. 'I tell you, moreover, that I am not worse than all these nobles here, for they have all shared in my crimes, and committed a huge stock of their own withal. There is not one in presence, but has been guilty of sacrilege, murder, adultery and perjury; not to mention gluttonies, extortions, wrongs and robberies too numerous to be recorded—'

"Son," interrupted the Abbot, in his turn, 'didst thou send for me that thou mightest confess their sins or thine own?'

"Father, I sent for thee that thou mightest save my soul.'

"I save thy soul, thou misguided and foolish man? Dost thou not know that God has expressly declared, that no man can redeem his brother? for it cost more to do that—'

"As for the cost," replied the King, 'I told thee before that I was willing that thou shouldst name thine own price for my shrift. Ranulph Flambart, my treasurer, hath lately brought vast sums of silver and gold into my exchequer, and I will pay thee handsomely for thy trouble if thou wilt fall to work to pray my soul speedily out of its woful imperilment.'

"Aye, thou wouldst willingly barter that which can now profit thee

nothing, as the price of thy redemption from the penal fire. But dost thou deem, oh vain man! that thy bribe will be accepted, when thou dost remember thee, that it is made up out of the spoils of the church? Hast thou not laid thy godless clutches on abbies, bishoprics and hospital endowments, and stuffed thy coffers with the maintenance of the poor and sick; and to whom thinkest thou the things will pertain for the which thou hast pulled the wrath of Heaven upon thy head?"—vol. i. pp. 195—198.

The physician steals out of the chamber, which the monarch takes as a hint that it is all over with him, whereupon he becomes more urgent to appease the wrath of Heaven. He offers the archbishopric of Canterbury to the Abbot Anselm, who has been, without flattery, calling upon him to make amends for an evil life, and gives five mitres to five monks that entered the chamber with the abbot, who ceased not to make supplications for the good of the patient's soul. But there were twelve rich abbies which the king had confessed to having in his hands, which the new made archbishop twitted him with, asking what was to be done with them.

"‘Oh, I am sick unto death!’ exclaimed the King, ‘trouble me no more, in the hour of my departure, respecting them, but give me speedy shrift, for I repent me of all mine evil deeds, and do abhor my past life.’

"‘There is a crime of thine that bids fair to bar thine entrance into Paradise,’ said a pious Saxon bishop, who had just then entered the royal chamber.

"‘Name it holy father, that I may repent me of it, ere it be too late,’ said the King.

"‘You must also make amends, if you hope for pardon,’ replied the bishop.

"‘Alas!’ said the King, ‘if all the sins that I have committed were to be brought to memory this day, and I called upon to provide a remedy for each and every one, though mine age were to be lengthened out beyond that of Sir Methuselah, yet should I lack time for the task.—Howbeit, speak on.’

"‘It is of thy heinous and abominable conduct in laying waste so large a portion of the county of South Hamptonshire, destroying thirty towns and villages in the fertile hundred of Ytew, in order to plant a forest for salvage beasts, wherein thou mightest pursue the godless diversion of the chase!’ returned the bishop.

"‘Holy father, pursue me not so hardly with mine iniquity—I acknowledge that I was the instigator of my father’s sin, touching the matter of the New Forest. I do repent me of the same.’

"‘That doth not suffice,’ responded the Saxon bishop Wulstan; you must repair the wrong.’

"‘Father, I will leave it in my will that my successor shall do so.’

"‘But how if it shall please Heaven to lengthen thy days?’

"‘By the holy rood,’ cried the King, feeling a lively fit of gratitude for the suggestion of a possibility that neither he, nor any one about him had ventured to hope, ‘if it is as you prophecy, my good father, I will dispark forest and chase, restore the land to the rightful owners, or their heirs, and rebuild, withal, towns, villages, and churches; making

just amends for all that the sufferers have lost; and if I do not all this, may I meet my death therein.'"—vol. i, pp. 201—204.

Henry goes on shrewdly to conjecture, that had the red king died at that time, his death-bed sanctity would have procured him the honour of canonization. However, for the first time in his life he kept the Lentfast, which at that precise period came round; and this unwonted abstinence no doubt contributed to his recovery, while a visible amendment took place in his conversation, and in that of those about him. Anselm now considered that the work of reformation at the English court was in hopeful progress, and that little more was required to complete it, than the appointment of twelve discreet and holy abbots of his nomination, to the twelve fat abbies which lay vacant, and the restoration of certain lands and immunities pertaining to the see of Canterbury, which had not as yet been surrendered to him. But the king's coffers were too empty to stand such just measures; yet his vow was upon him, and he stated himself as willing to begin with the rich abbey of Bermondsey, to which he would appoint any priest that was worthy enough to pay down for it five hundred marks.

" 'That will I right joyfully!' cried Father Jerome, a rich Benedictine monk.

" 'May it please your Grace,' interposed the Prior of the same house to which belonged Father Jerome, 'I am willing, yea, and able, to give you six hundred marks, if you will be pleased to nominate me Abbot of Bermondsey.'

" 'Nay,' returned Father Jerome, 'thou jealous Prior, it shall not be a hundred marks that shall set thee so far above me: may it like your highness' Grace, I can pay you seven hundred, for your benevolence in advancing me to the said rich abbacy, if it be only to spite yon proud Prior, who hath busily laboured to circumvent me in my promotion.'

" 'Marry,' quoth the Prior, 'an' thou goest to spites, vile Simonist, here will I pay down on the nail another hundred, rather than the goodly Abbey should fall into the clutch of such a rapacious wolf as thou beest.'

" 'Simonist in thy teeth, thou false Judas,' retorted Father Jerome, 'to prove that I am not a whit inferior to any Prior of the order of Saint Benedict, I will incontinently pay down a thousand marks, aye, and fifty over and above, rather than thou shouldest be exalted.'

" 'Prior,' said the King, who had highly enjoyed their dispute, 'canst make it up to eleven hundred?'

" 'No,' replied the Prior, 'but I can command one thousand and fifty marks, the same sum as Father Jerome, and I pray your Grace to give me the preference in this matter, on account of my superior rank in the church.'"—vol. i, pp. 208—210.

Anselm now chid the king for thus acting; but his majesty was not to be set right by such means, and even declared that he would sell the other eleven abbacies to the highest bidders. And as to the restoration to the see of Canterbury of the immunities—

" 'May I never taste hippocrass again, if I do!' replied Rufus, sturdily.

“ ‘ Oh, impious and sacrilegious man ! hast forgotten all the holy resolutions and vows made by thee, when on the bed of sickness ? ’ exclaimed Anselm.

“ ‘ Marry, Master Archbishop,’ said the King, adroitly evading the query—‘ that same sickness was a brave thing for you, whom it converted from a beggarly Norman monk, into the Primate of all England ! but, had I known what a hungry fellow you were, I never, by the mass, would have made Archbishop of the like. So rest content with what ye have got, for you gain nought more of me ! ’

“ ‘ I will appeal to the Pope, and his holiness shall excommunicate you,’ said the Archbishop Anselm, leaving the court in wrath.

“ ‘ Let him dare, and I will make him eat his own bull,’ retorted Rufus.

“ At this unlucky juncture the Bishop Wulstan approached, to remind the Monarch of his vow, respecting the restoration of the New Forest. William angrily replied, that he had altered his mind.

“ ‘ Your promise, your royal word ! ’ repeated Wulstan.

“ ‘ Tush ! said Rufus, think you that a King can keep all his promises ? ’

“ ‘ God, who registered your solemn adjuration, will bear in mind that you wished you might be slain there, if you restored not the reft land ! Natheless he will remember both bond and forfeiture ! ’ replied the Saxon Bishop Wulstan, solemnly, and then withdrew for ever from the royal presence.”—vol. i, pp. 212—214.

After this the red king relapsed right speedily into all his impieties, and some few years after, when he met with a violent death in the New Forest, men did not fail to call to mind that the evil he had invoked on his head, if he failed in his promise to the Saxon Bishop Wulstan, had overtaken him.

Such is the spirit of the bluff king’s tale, from which our readers will perceive the writer’s talent in the construction of a story, and also in the careful *keeping* that is maintained in reference to the character of the narrator. Well might the Abbot of Glastonbury, whose contribution comes next, say to the disguised and royal pilgrim, thy tale is stark naught, and may be classed among those ribbald shafts which are so frequently directed against the church.

The humour and the satire in this and other portions of these volumes are also good, as well as polished. And where the sentiments are of a tenderer class, and the narratives pathetic, there is much gracefulness in style and thought, which begets in the reader such a kindred improvement as to render cultivating an acquaintance with the work a grateful occupation.

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ART. IX.—*A Winter in the Far West.* By C. F. HOFFMAN, of New York. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Bentley. 1835.

THERE has not been a little care bestowed on these letters, as their somewhat ambitiously ornamental style evinces. Yet they afford pleasant and satisfactory reading, abounding as they do, in spirited

and exciting descriptions, and frequently, for the admirers of the awful, in dreadful pictures of savage life and warfare. The arts and manners of civilized man, however, are holding on in a steady march even towards the Far West; and one cannot but rejoice in the prospect which this and other books hold out, that ere long, the frontiers of peaceful and industrious settlers in America will be measured only by the ocean's waters. Indeed, the prairies are becoming familiar ground to the reading public. Nor is it likely when literary tourists and first-rate novelists have taken possession of particular regions for their spirit-stirring narratives, that the more practical and ordinary efforts of man will be tardy in reducing such lands of romance, or subjects for the fine arts, into the prosaic character of Christian habitations.

Mr. Hoffman's first letter is dated October, 1833, and the last in June, 1834. He, therefore, made the scenes upon the Indian frontier a winter study, which was taking a new view of the Far West. In this respect, there is considerable novelty in his subject, which of course is transferred into his pages; and in so far as scenery is concerned, lends a freshness to the theme, of an original kind. As we can introduce but a few of his scenes, we may with propriety quote the concluding retrospect of his winter, as suggested on bidding a last adieu to the romantic West, as a suitable preface.

"It was now the last day of spring; and since the previous autumn I had traversed countries where every variety of scenery that these latitudes afford, was displayed upon the grandest scale and in diversified prodigality. I had crossed the wild sources of the Ohio, in Western Pennsylvania, a thousand miles above its junction with the Mississippi; and I had coasted its romantic shores almost the whole distance from its mouth. I had wandered through the interminable forests of the state that bears its name, and had surveyed the open glades and smiling lakes of Michigan. I had galloped over the grassy savannas of Indiana, and hunted on the boundless prairies of Illinois. I had seen the savage hills and plashy rice-pools of Ouisconsin. I had forded the wild Washtenong of the Northern Peninsula—skirted the frozen beach of its western boundary, and stood on the hoary bluffs of the Mississippi, five hundred miles above the mouth of the Missouri; and I had seen that overwhelming mass of waters which rises in regions of perpetual snow, and pours its current into the ocean in the clime of the myrtle and olive, where it first mingles its boiling eddies with the Father of Rivers. I had loitered along the meadowy banks of the Illinois, and among the savage cliffs of the Kentucky; in the pastoral valleys of Tennessee, and amid the romantic glens of Western Virginia; and now it seemed as if all these scenes came crowding in their diversified magnificence before me, while I longed for the wand of an enchanter, to fix the lineaments of each as its colour sprang to life."

Such is the author's rapid excursive glance at the close of his "*Winter in the Far West*," which also furnishes a good specimen of his manner of writing; and although it possesses not the enchanter's power, by which the objects described are made to stand up



in all the full vigour of actual life, it is apparent that refinement and study are not wanting; the display of which is ever gratifying, when joined with such fidelity and sound judgment as are throughout these pages conspicuous.

We have found more of labour and less of incident in the beginning of the work, than in its subsequent parts, and therefore, we shall take a wide stride ere alighting upon it. Here we are in Michigan, where, though bilious fevers, and fever and ague exist, it is only as a slight process of *acclimating*, but where consumption is cured, though it does not originate. The settlers, however, are apt to fix themselves at the most unhealthy points, which are in the vicinity of mill-dams and of marshes; near the first, for the convenience of grinding and sawing, and near the last, for the rich grass afforded with only the trouble of mowing—health being the last thing they think of. There is something more minute regarding the choice of land by such settlers.

“The country abounds with lakes and streams of the purest water filled with fish, but you seldom find a house on their banks; the purchaser of a new possession neglects alike the tempting-looking oak opening, and erects his dwelling in the thick forest, provided only a road or trail passes within three feet of his door. A trail, by the way, I must tell you, is an Indian foot-path, that has been travelled, perhaps, for centuries, and bears here the same relation to an ordinary road that a turnpike does to a railroad in your state. He chooses, in short, the most fertile spot on his acres, in order to have a garden immediately round his house, which he places plump upon the road, in order to have it ‘more sociable-like, and to see folks passing.’ His garden grows from almost nothing. The first year the hog-pen and cow-yard occupy the place designed for its commencement. They are moved farther from the house the second year, and a few cabbages occupy the soil which they have enriched. They move again on the third year; and the garden, which can now boast of a few currant-bushes and a peach-tree, expands over the place they have ceased to occupy. And now our settler, having built a fine barn, and ‘got things snug about him,’ begins to like the looks of the woods again, which he has so industriously swept from every spot that can be seen from his door. He shoulders his pickaxe, goes out into the forest, and selecting two of the straightest maple saplings he can find, they are at once disinterred, their heads chopped off, and the pair of poles, thrust into the ground within two feet of his door, are whitewashed and called trees.”—vol. i, pp. 152, 153.

Near to a village called Anne-Arbour, in the Michigan country, which might contain seven or eight hundred inhabitants, many of whom are respectable English emigrants, the author stopped at a farm house. Here he met with two Indians, who had brought a freshly flayed deer for sale, and which the farmer bought. They had a miserable poney, and a brindled wiry-haired dog with them. The skin of the deer was filled with a variety of articles for sale; among which were large cakes of deers’ tallow, about the size of an ordinary cheese, which were also traded away. A small cask belonging to the Indians was then filled with whisky on the spot,

after which, the eldest mounting the poney, they disappeared. "They were of the Ottawa tribe, well made men, though slightly built, and with aquiline noses, and finely shaped heads; and each, when first I saw them, had the freest and most graceful step I ever saw, whether on the sod or in the ball-room." About half an hour afterwards, our author goes on to say, he overtook them in the woods, when, alas! the elder, a man of about five-and-thirty, was barely sober enough to guide his steed. His Indian gravity had thoroughly deserted him, and like a civilized toper, he muttered a sort of recitative. The younger personage had not so misused himself, for he stepped so lightly by the horse's side, "that the leaves scarcely rustled beneath his moccasin." About night-fall, after travelling in company a long way with this grotesque company, our author was left by them, when the elder, ere striking into the forest, gave him an invitation to his wigwam, signifying the distance, by raising all his fingers twice, thereby intimating that it was twenty miles off. On the practice of selling the Indians ardent spirits, and the ravages that are thereby introduced among their tribes who trade with the settlers on the frontier, we have the following arresting reflections:—

"As for the alleged crime of selling Indians whiskey, it is impossible to prevent it. The love of spirituous liquors is a natural craving of the red man, which is irrepressible, and as such I have heard the most humane and intelligent persons speak of it,—people who have passed their lives among the Indians, and have done their best to snatch them from this perdition. The haughtiest chief will travel a hundred miles for a pint of whiskey, and get drunk the moment he receives it, wheresoever he may be.

"Providence seems to have designed that this mysterious race should not continue upon the earth; and fate has infused a fatal thirst into their bosoms, which is hastening their doom with fearful celerity. But six years ago, and the woods around me were alive with Indians; now they are only traversed by a few such stragglers as these. You may talk of civilizing them,—but that, too, is impossible. You may more easily civilize the stupidest African than the most intelligent Indian; and yet, who for a moment would compare the erect port and manly tread, the air, the *blooded* look of the one, with his keen sagacity and rare instincts, to the misshapen form, the shuffling gait, and stupid bearing of the other? Where, then, lies the difficulty?—The African is an imitative animal, the Indian is not. He will copy the form of your weapons, for he has felt their edge; and he will make himself ridiculous by wearing a cocked-hat, because he conceives it to be an emblem of authority. Rings and bracelets he may wear, for they recommend him to his own tribe; but the forms and fashions of civilization he despises. The negro furnishes the best raw material for a dandy that can be had; he learns at once how to wear his hat and adjust his shirt-collar according to the last mode of the white man. The Indian, if a fop, departs even farther than usual from the costume of a European. He comes from Nature's hands all that she ever intended him to be,—the wild man of the woods. To the fleetness of the deer in traversing the forest, he unites the instinct of the hound in finding his way; and when

you add to these the mental gift of a certain wild eloquence, wholly unimprovable by cultivation, you have nearly summed up the intellectual qualifications of the American savage—the genuine child of Nature—the untamed—the untameable.”—vol. i, pp. 158, 159.

The author, pretty early in his travels in the Michigan country, takes occasion to describe some of the peculiarities of the land, and of the settlers, suggested by a new inn. The house was indeed, not as yet plastered inside, but the bar-room wore already the insignia of a long established house in an old community. The placarded sheriffs' notices and advertisements for stolen horses, grain to be sold, and labourers wanted, which indicate the growth of business in country life, apprised the author, that society was in a pretty mature state—“at least six months old, in the county town of Marshall.” A call for a “rail-road meeting” was among these notices, which did not much surprise our tourist, for “nearly eighteen months had elapsed since the first white man erected his cabin in this section of the country.”

The account given of this country in these pages is perfectly transporting; but our author states, that the people of the east are generally extremely ignorant of its capabilities. The settlers are represented to be of a superior order, which is mainly attributable to the regulation, that no one can take up land without first paying cash for it at one of the three land-offices of the territory. “The whole surface of the peninsula has either been or is now being, surveyed into townships of six miles square. These again are subdivided into sections of a mile square; which sections are again cut up into lots of forty acres; which is the smallest quantity of land that can be taken up from the government. The price is invariably one dollar twenty-five cents an acre.” Now when one thinks of the canals or rail-roads that assuredly will in a few years unite this fruitful territory (which “invites the plough at once),” to well peopled and at present accessible parts of America, how expansive and cheering becomes the prospect to the imagination of the philosopher, the statesman, or the philanthropist! No wonder then that the pride of a Michiganiau in the beautiful land of his adoption should in general be as strong as the home-feeling upon which the citizens of some of the older states pique themselves. But we have farther notices both of a sanatory and poetic kind regarding this favoured land.

“As for the sickness which always prevails more or less among the new settlers, to one who is aware of their imprudences, the wonder is that the majority of them escape with their lives. Think but of people setting themselves down on a soil of twenty inches in depth, and in the month of June, when the weeds and wild flowers o’ertop the head of the tallest man, turning over the rank soil immediately around their dwellings, and allowing the accumulation of vegetable decomposition to be acted upon by a vertical sun, and steam up for months under their very nostrils; and yet this, I am told, is continually practised by settlers who come in late in the

season, and are anxious still to have a crop the first year. Here, as in the case of those settlers who, for the sake of the wild hay, locate themselves near the great marshes, imprudence alone is manifested; but the charge of culpability will justly attach to some other cases, when nuisances, not before existing, are created by the owners of property. I allude to the practice expressly prohibited by the laws of Michigan, of flooding land while constructing mill-ponds, without removing the green timber growing upon the spot. So pernicious is this to the health of the neighbourhood, that it affects very sensibly the value of property near the new pond; and yet, in their eagerness to have mills erected, and aid the market of their overflowing granaries, the new inhabitants overlook entirely the gross violation of their laws, and the melancholy consequences which ensue to their families. Another cause of sickness is drinking the water of springs or rivers which rise in marshes, and are of course impregnated with their baleful properties, instead of digging wells where water is not liable to such exception.

“As for general healthfulness of situation, I believe it is agreed that the banks of the small lakes, which so abound in the peninsula, are—when these transparent bodies of water are surrounded by a sand-beach, which is the case with about a third of them—among the healthiest. They are fed generally by deep springs, and in many instances are supposed to have a subterranean outlet; while so beautifully transparent are their waters, that the canoe suspended on their bosom seems to float in mid-air. These lakes abound with fish; and in some of them, of only a few acres in extent, fish have been taken of forty pounds’ weight. They generally lie embosomed in the oak openings; and with their regular and almost formal banks crowned with open groves, these silver pools might be readily taken for artificial trout-ponds in a cultivated park. I need hardly add, that it is necessary to diverge, as I have, from the route generally travelled, to see these scenic gems, so numerous, lonely, and beautiful. Not one in a hundred has a settler on its banks; and I confess I take a singular pleasure in surveying these beauties, as yet unmarred by the improving axe of the woodman, and unprofaned by the cockney eyes of city tourists; nor would I change my emotions, while ranging alone over the broad meadows, traversing the lofty forests, or loitering by the limpid lakes of Michigan, for the proudest musings of the scholar who revels in classic land. It may argue a want of refinement in taste, but I confess that a hoary oak is to me more an object of veneration than a mouldering column; and that I would rather visit scenes where a human foot has never trod, than dwell upon those gilded by the most arrogant associations of our race.

“What are the temples which Roman robbers have reared,—what are the towers in which feudal oppression has fortified itself,—what the blood-stained associations of the one, or the despotic superstitions of the other, to the deep forests which the eye of God has alone pervaded, and where Nature, in her unviolated sanctuary, has for ages laid her fruits and flowers on His altar! What is the echo of roofs that a few centuries since rung with barbaric revels, or of aisles that pealed the anthems of painted pomp, to the silence which has reigned in these dim groves since the first fiat of Creation was spoken!”—vol. i, pp. 191—194.

These statistical and attractive notices must enrapture our readers whose fancy tends to emigration. But there are descrip-

tions in Mr. Hoffman's pages that leave opposite impressions, regarding other districts of the frontier of American settlement. He visited Ottawa, which is situated a few miles above the head of steam-boat navigation on the Illinois, a spot gradually becoming a place of some commercial importance. It was within six miles of this point that the worst of Indian horrors were perpetrated so late as in the year 1832. Amongst these horrors every member of two families was butchered, except two young girls who were carried into captivity and afterwards recovered from the Indians. We cannot think of quoting the account of such an appalling transaction, even as given by our author, although he has abstained from its minute detail. But his appended observations may be taken as a strongly contrasted companion to our former enrapturing extract regarding the independency and comforts of the settlers in Michigan.

"I must not forget to add, that the two surviving females, after losing every near blood-relative in this horrible manner, have lately found legal protectors, and are now settled in life as respectable married women. I had previously, even as far north as the borders of Michigan, in Indiana, seen stockades erected in the open prairie as a place of refuge for the settlers, with other similar marks of the late border-strife, but had no idea till this evening that I was approaching the seat of the bloodiest acts of the unhappy contest. The neutral Indians, who disappeared from this part of the country at the time, are now, I am told, dispersed again in large numbers, over the neighbourhood. They are perfectly harmless; but, though treated with great kindness by the new emigrants, there will probably never again be much confidence between them and the old settlers. The latter somehow seem to have long regarded the Indians as hereditary enemies; and the events of 1832 have given new vigour to dislikes which seemed to be gradually losing their rancour. A man who has to plough with a heavy rifle, ready-loaded, slung to his back, day after day, while he fears even to send his child to the spring for a pail of water, may be well excused for being warm upon a subject which must thus fill his thoughts and harass his mind throughout each hour of the day. It is therefore useless to argue with an Illinois 'Indian-hater.' What cares he for the 'lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire,' which you tell him often beset the red man's wig-wam before his ancestors made good their footing on another's land. He thinks but of the frantic outrages he has witnessed in his own day. He thinks of his often-abandoned husbandry, 'while that the coulter rusts' corrupting in its own fertility.'—vol. i, pp. 268, 269.

The scenery about Prairie du Chien on the Upper Mississippi is described as highly pleasing, where there is a garrison, from the officers of which our author experienced much kindness. During his stay here he amused himself in studying the Indian languages; the amount of his exertions consisting in learning some eight or ten phrases in the morning, and then strolling off to repeat them in the afternoon at the straggling lodges that might be found within a mile of the garrison. We introduced this notice merely for the sake of explaining how he came to witness the following scene, that



might effectively be thrown into some of our high-wrought theatrical afterpieces. The straggling Indian lodges are the objects he has just above been speaking of, when he thus proceeds:—

“To one of these, where an old Menomone squaw was making a pair of embroidered moccasins for me, I went last night several hours after nightfall. The wigwam was formed of mats of woven rushes, subtended around a frame-work of osiers, in the form of a hemisphere, with an opening at the top, to let out the smoke. Approaching this primitive abode, I heard the shrill voice of the hag within in what sounded like high altercation with some one who answered in a different language from herself; and, raising the dirty blanket which formed a door, while I crawled on all-fours within the low threshold, I found that the lady of the castle was only gambling amicably with an old Winnebago Indian, who sat cross-legged on a mat opposite to her. A finger-ring belonging to the squaw lay upon the mat between them, and they were trying which of the two could throw the scalping-knife of the Indian most often within the golden circle; a score being in the mean time kept by each on the edge of the mat, where sundry marks, made with a dead coal, supplied the place of the ordinary pearl-counters used by card-players. The squaw briefly answered my inquiries about the moccasins, while I raked the embers of her fire together and dried my boots by its cheerful blaze; and then, while she tossed the long elf-locks from her high cheek-bones, and the upper part of her loosely-arrayed person swept the ground while bending low to view the mark of the knife which gleamed aloft in her shrivelled hand, I glanced from her weird features and squat-form to the calm but piercing ken and still erect figure of her savage companion; and raising the blanket, left them once more alone together.”—vol. ii, pp. 13—15.

We have in the same letter an Indian serenade which the author states, whether genuine or not, was furnished to him by a young officer. There is no question from the researches of former tourists who have carefully studied Indian customs and language, that they possess imaginative tales and oral poetry. We are told that the specimen from which the translation is made by the author, now to be extracted by us, though uncouth and jaw-breaking as the words may look upon paper, really sounds musically from the silver tongue of an Indian girl. Here is the versified translation, which intimates enough of wild beauty to favour the belief that the original is genuine.

“Fairest of flowers, by forest or by lake,  
Listen, my fawn-eyed one—wake, oh! awake.  
Pride of the prairies, one look from thy bower  
Will gladden my spirit, like dew-drop the flower.

“Thy glances to music my soul can attune,  
As sweet as the murmur of young leaves in June;  
Then breathe but a whisper, from lips that disclose  
A balm like the morning, or autumn’s last rose.

“My pulses leap toward thee, like fountains when first  
Through their ice-chains in April towards Heaven they burst.



Then, fairest of flowers, by forest or lake,  
Listen, my fawn-eyed-one—wake, oh! awake.

“ Like this star-paven water when clouds o’er it lower,  
If thou frownest, beloved, is my soul in that hour,  
But when Heaven and Thou, love! your smiles will unfold,  
If their current be ruffled, its ripples are gold.

“ Awake, love! all Nature is smiling, yet I—  
I cannot smile, dearest! when Thou art not by.  
Look from thy bower, then—here on the lake,

Pulse-of-my-beating heart—wake, oh! awake.”—vol. ii, p. 18, 19.

There is a good deal of romantic interest, as our author tells us, in the roving and precarious life of the borderers, who carry on the fur trade at St. Louis, on the Missouri; fellows who are represented as treating as a matter of course a trip to the Rocky Mountains or an encounter with Indians. The cause of the hatred of the very name of Indian, on the part of the old borderers, is satisfactorily accounted for by our author, who says that its origin is to be found in the dreadful stories of cruelty instilled from infancy upwards into the ears of those who live the solitary life of a frontier man; the lessons thus taught being ineradicable. But this class, he goes on to state, is as distinct in many respects from those born in countries sheltered by the law, as if born in another planet. The new settlers and emigrants of the present day are however of a more civilized and considerate order; they treat the poor scattered Indians well, and respect their rights. But the old borderers, or rather their descendants, created years and years ago as a class, look upon the Indian’s life as not worth a feather; and although they are just and hospitable to the white stranger, there is no place in all their moral feelings for the red man. This charge is fortified by the following report.

“ In passing through the bar-room of the hotel last night, I overheard a couple of coarse-featured but respectable dressed men, gossiping over a glass of punch in the chimney corner. ‘ Oh, I remember him well,’ were the first words I caught,—‘ you slapped him over with your rifle, and I took the fellow’s hair.’—‘ No, no,’ rejoined the other; ‘ that was the long-locked fellow, whose crown you used to wear about so long afterward; I mean the second chap, that would have been too many for me after I had struck my leg-knife into the chine of the other, if your hatchet hadn’t done for him when my rifle missed fire.’—‘ Ah, yes,’ replied his companion, smacking his lips, as he sipped his vapoury poteen; ‘ you mean the red devil that begged so hard on the bank, when I took his hair, and left him to curl up and die.’ One or two more scalping amateurs soon joined in this tender discourse on love-locks; and I cannot now, from the general conversation that ensued, recall the numerous other touching expressions and philanthropic sentiments that struck me as worthy of preservation. But observing that some of the speakers were dreadfully mutilated, I was induced to inquire in another quarter whether or not their misfortunes were connected with the savage deeds I had heard so coolly related: they had, each of them, I learned, signalized themselves in Indian warfare.”—vol ii, pp. 74—76.

The more remote Indian tribes are said to be in an almost constant state of warfare; and a solitary wanderer among them must look principally to his rifle for protection. It is therefore not to be so much matter of wonder that the adventurous fur-traders should become callous to blood-shed, two of whom, when well armed, are accounted a match for any three Indians, though the latter are by no means despicable combatants, their very exterior and appendages being formidable.

"The appearance of some of these tribes, when on a war-party, must be singularly martial and picturesque. Their shirt of buff, gaily beaded with wampum; the scarlet leggins, fringed with porcupine-quills; the highly ornamented shooting-pouch, and rattling collar of polished bear's-claws, with the gay sash and rich buffalo-robe: and above all, the chivalric scalp-lock, tufted with feathers—must make no contemptible appearance as they flaunt over the green prairie, and attract the eye to the horsemanship of many a well-mounted rider. They would take the eye of a painter; and have, in fact, suggested some most spirited sketches to Rindisbacher, a highly original artist of St. Louis, at whose rooms I have spent more than one agreeable hour."—vol. ii, p. 79.

The author's grandiloquent style, is called into office on many occasions not so momentous as those in which the rights and the lives of Indians are concerned. We find a very apt illustration, belonging to his sketches of the city of Cincinnati; and the objects of his ambitious style, each of which in Scotland is known by the name of "Sandie Campbell," suffers death in the most cold-blooded manner ever heard of. The most remarkable establishment indeed of this Ohio city is that of butchery. Some of these establishments are said to cover several acres of ground. Let us relieve our Southern readers, however, by informing them that Sandie Campbell is but a hog; and let us now swell the bosoms of the compassionate by the following appalling and belaboured tale of wide-spread ruin of life.

"The minute division of labour and the fearful celerity of execution in these swinish workshops would equally delight a pasha and a political economist; for it is the mode in which the business is conducted, rather than its extent, which gives dignity to hog-killing in Cincinnati, and imparts a tragic interest to the last moments of the doomed porkers, that might inspire the savage genius of a Maturin or a Monk Lewis. Imagine a long narrow edifice, divided into various compartments, each communicating with the other, and each furnished with some peculiar and appropriate engine of destruction. In one you see a gory block and a gleaming axe; a seething caldron nearly fills another. The walls of a third bristle with hooks newly sharpened for impalement; while a fourth is shrouded in darkness, that leaves you to conjure up images still more dire. There are forty ministers of fate distributed throughout these gloomy abodes, each with his particular office assigned him. And here, when the fearful carnival comes on, and the deep forests of Ohio have contributed their thousands of unoffending victims, the gauntlet of death is run by those selected for immolation. The scene commences in the shadowy cell, whose gloom we have not yet been allowed to penetrate.

Fifty unhappy porkers are here incarcerated at once together, with bodies wedged so closely that they are incapacitated from all movement. And now the grim executioner—like him that battled with the monster that wooed Andromeda—leaps with his iron mace upon their backs, and rains his ruthless blows around him. The unresisting victims fall on every side; but scarcely does one touch the ground, before he is seized by a greedy hook protruded through an orifice below. His throat is severed instantly in the adjacent cell, and the quivering body is hurried onward, as if the hands of the Furies tossed it through the frightful suite of chambers. The mallet,—the knife,—the axe,—the boiling caldron,—the remorseless scraping-iron,—have each done their work; and the fated porker, that was but one minute before grunting in the full enjoyment of bristling hoghood, now cadaverous and ‘chap-fallen,’ hangs a stark and naked effigy among his immolated brethren.”—vol. ii. p. 132, 133.

We find that we have fallen, among the many interesting and stirring scenes described in these volumes, upon those chiefly that deal with dreadful or serious matters; but there is also much of a lively and amusing character. The author’s description of scenery is often powerful, and always beautiful. We shall quote what he says of a rugged and savage natural tunnel in Scott county—a curiosity on a large scale.

“It is a vaulted passage-way of two hundred yards, through a mountainous ridge some five or six hundred feet high. The ridge lies like a connecting mound between two parallel hills, of about the same elevation as itself; and a brook, that winds through the wooded gorge between these hills, appears to have worn its way through the limestone rib that binds the two together. The cavernous passage is nearly in the form of an S. The entrance, at the upper side, is through a tangled swamp; where, in following down the stream, you come in front of a rude arch, whose great height, from the irregular face of the cliff being covered with vines and bushes, it is difficult to estimate, until you attempt to throw a stone to the top of the vault. The ceiling drops a few yards from the entrance, till, at the point where, from the peculiar shape of the cavern, the shadows from either end meet in the midst, it is not more than twenty feet high. The vault then suddenly rises, and becomes loftier and more perfect in form as you emerge from the lower end. Finally, it *flares* upward, so that the edges of the arch lose themselves in the projecting face of the cliff, which here rises from a gravelly soil to the height of four hundred feet; smooth as if chiselled by an artist, and naked as death.

At this point, the sides of the gorge are of perpendicular rock, and for sixty or eighty yards, from the outlet of the tunnel, they slope away so gradually from its mouth as to describe a perfect semicircular wall, having the cavernous opening at the extreme end of the arc. On the left this mural precipice curves off to your rear, and sloping inwardly, impends at last immediately above your head. On the right the wall becomes suddenly broken, while a beetling crag shoots abruptly from the ruin to the height of three hundred feet above the stream that washes its base. The embouchure of the tunnel is immediately in front. Behind, the narrow dell is bounded by broken steeps hung with birch and

cedar, and shaded with every tint of green, from the deep verdure of the hemlock to the paler foliage of the paw-paw and fringe-tree. A more lovely and impressive spot the light of day never shone into."—vol. ii, p. 245—247.

He describes his road as leading immediately over the tunnel, but that the thick forest on either side precluded a view from the top of the precipice, unless by approaching its edge on foot. The chasm is thus seen to be so sudden and deep that the first glance is startling. A thrilling incident is said to have occurred here a few years since. There is a cavernous recess about midway in the face of the precipice, the height of which is estimated at more than three hundred feet. A bold adventurer determined to be let down to explore the fissure, by the assistance of companions, who lowered him by means of a rope attached to his body. We find ourselves again proaching an appalling description, but since such is the element that some imaginations indulge in, we shall let the author be heard, even although the extract is long; and being ourselves in the mood, an appropriate appendix shall be given by us.

"After descending some forty or fifty feet, our adventurer discovered that the side of the precipice shelved so much inwardly that it was impossible for him to touch the wall, even at so short a distance from the top. It was necessary then to provide some pointed instrument by which he could hold on to the face of the cliff as he descended. He was accordingly pulled up once more, and then, after providing himself with a 'gig,' or long fish-spear, much used in the adjacent rivers, he started anew upon his perilous voyage. The gig appeared to answer its purpose extremely well, though the task of thrusting it from time to time in the crevices of the rock, as the cord was gradually slacked from above, was both tiresome and exhausting. The point proposed was just attained, and the patient adventurer was about to reap the reward of his toil, and plant his foot in the fissure, when his companions shouted from above that their coil of rope had run out.

"It was too provoking to be thus a second time disappointed, when his object seemed almost within his grasp, and but a few more yards of cord would have enabled him to complete his purpose. He had given too much trouble, and encountered too much peril, now to abandon his design completely. Thus reasoned the bold cragsman, as, clinging like a bat to the wall, he hung midway between heaven and earth; and determining not to give up his point, he shouted to his comrades to splice a *grape-vine* to the end of the rope! The substitute was easily procured, and being quickly attached, more line was at once payed out from above. He had now descended so far that the shelving precipice projected far over his head, almost like the flat ceiling of a chamber; but still his fishing-spear enabled him to keep close to the face of the rock, and practice now taught him to handle it with dexterity and confidence. He is at last opposite to the cavernous opening he would explore; and without waiting to measure its depth, he balances himself against a jutting point of the rock with one hand, while the other strikes his javelin at a crevice in the sides of the deep recess before him. The spear falls short; the adventurer is at once detached from the face of the cliff to which he

had been so carefully adhering; and the great angle at which the rope that sustains him has been now drawn, sends him swinging like a pendulum over the frightful gulf. The grape-vine—so strong and secure as long as there is a perpendicular pull upon it—now cracks and splits as if its fibres could not bear the strain: while the weight at the end of it spins round in the air, and the frayed bark falls in strips upon the alarmed cragsman, as he watches it grate off upon the edge of the precipice above him. He maintains his self-possession, however, while his companions pull carefully and steadily upon the fragile cable. He soon sees the knot at which the rope is tied to it in their hands, and a shout of triumph hails his approach to the top, where he is at last safely landed, perfectly content, one may conceive, to forego all the pleasure that might have arisen from a more satisfactory examination of the recess, from which he had made so expeditious and involuntary an exit.”—vol. ii, pp. 249—251.

Closing now these volumes, which will reward abundantly every reader for the time they occupy in the perusal, we hastily add our contribution to the fearful account above quoted of headstrong adventures and desperate actions. We remember to have heard of a poor man who was in the habit of gathering the eggs of wild fowls that frequent the fissures and inaccessible parts of stupendous rocks. On one occasion, descending in search of such spoil the front of a precipice, in a similar manner to that which has been described in the foregoing extract, with this difference, that he fastened the end of the rope above to a tree, and without a companion—for he was agile enough, and accustomed to climb up again for the short distance that his descent amounted to—after lowering himself to the mouth of the chasm sought for, he contrived, as was his custom in similar adventures, when the brow of the superior portion of the precipice overshot the mouth of the chasm, to swing himself backward and forward, till at last he could safely land himself in the wild chamber. Incautiously, however, unfastening the noose that surrounded his waist, the rope escaped his hand and dangled at such a distance from his grasp that it was in vain to attempt reaching it. To climb upwards was impossible: the frowning jagged floor below was at an immense distance. No one knew of his predicament, and he might starve and wither there, only to be food for vultures. The only chance was then still the rope, that mocked his grasp, and which could only be gained by his jumping from his secure standing with the hope of clenching its noose. Reflection was not likely to fortify his nerve: he made the dreadful leap, destruction yawning for him below. His gripe was well aimed, and he was saved.

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ART. X.—*Excursions in the Mediterranean.* By Major Sir GRENVILLE T. TEMPLE, Bart. 2 vols. London: Saunders and Otley. 1835.

THESE are interesting volumes, and the more so that they treat of some parts seldom visited by travellers. The interior regions of Barbary are indeed little known; and therefore, although these ex-

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cursions were rapid and their results imperfect, they yet afford us a good deal of information not to be found in any other regular publication with which we are acquainted. It would appear that the author did not meditate giving to the world his researches, either when undertaking the tour or during its pursuit. Other circumstances too, we are told, interfered with the time requisite for the office of carefully condensing and arranging his materials, which had been gathered solely for his own amusement. After these drawbacks, however, it will be seen that Sir G. Temple is a highly accomplished gentleman, and a talented tourist—quite equal to the task of discussing the questions respecting the ancient as well as modern history of the regions he visited, which every one knows have an established celebrity, that requires a classical knowledge of no mean amount.

It was in the summer of 1832 that the author undertook these excursions, his party consisting of several individuals, among whom was Lady Temple. Algiers is the first place described that demands our particular notice—or, as it is more properly called, *El-Jezacer*—surnamed also the Victorious. It is about a mile and three quarters in circumference, and presents an appearance so curious and so exactly resembling a mass of rock to those at a distance upon the sea, as to be readily mistaken for a steep precipice forming the end of a bold headland. Of its five gates one is called the “gate of grief,” from the sufferings of the criminals who were suspended on the large iron hooks which are still seen fixed in its walls. The French have already made considerable alterations in the city. They have pulled down the principal mosque to make room for a new square, and they have given to the streets a curious medley of names, such as *Rue Annibal*, *Orleans*, *Sidney Smith*, &c. Its population, which not many years ago amounted to one hundred thousand souls, is now reduced to about sixteen thousand. There are eight thousand Moors, two thousand Arabs, and six thousand five hundred Jews. To these must now be added about five thousand Christians. As is inevitable, Algiers is daily assuming a more European aspect in its buildings, the dresses of the people, and their manners. The changes produced by conquest are strikingly displayed in that country.

“The *Kazbah* is a little town in itself, containing the late Dey’s palace, and several other houses and gardens; the palace has suffered much from the French soldiery, who, on first occupying it, pulled up the pavement, tore down the glazed tile coating of the rooms, and otherwise committed great injury in their eager search after treasure—the marble flooring, the arched galleries, supported by marble pillars of fantastic but graceful forms, which surrounded the open courts, the elegant fountains which scattered coolness around, and the latticed *shahnesheens*, still however remain to repay the fatigue and trouble of the visitor’s ascent. The *corps-de-garde* with the gate, and the sycamores, banana trees, and vines, which surround it, together with the mixture of French uniforms and Moorish



costumes, formed altogether a beautiful little picture; as did also a wine shop, shaded by a vine-covered *pergola*, under which were seated groups of soldiers, playing at cards, drinking, flirting with some *piquantes* French brunettes, or teaching "Trompette" the *chien du régiment*, a variety of tricks."—vol. i, pp. 23, 24.

The French force, when our author was at Algiers, amounted in town and country to fifteen thousand. There is one regiment formed of Mahommed's religion, as it is stated by the writer, but serving under the banner of the cross, which among the fanatic tribes of the Mauritanian shores is remarkable. There is also a corps composed originally of the refuse of the population of the French capital, whose disorderly conduct soon gained for them the soubriquet of *Bedouins de Paris*; yet before the enemy they have always rivalled the best corps of the line. But colonization seems to creep on at the slowest possible pace. The country round the city is represented as being exceedingly beautiful, and the rides inland afford an equally interesting view of the territory. The garden and villa of probably the last Dey of Algiers must have been and still are a charming sight.

"The villa itself is converted into a military hospital; the orange and citron trees are mostly cut down, and the *parterres* are neglected and overran with weeds. The house is pretty still, with its marble courts, its spirally twisted columns, and fantastic capitals; its latticed shahnesheens, its little windows of rich *à jour* work, admitting, through coloured glass, a soft and mellowed light. In the garden are three kiosks, one of which we particularly admired. A flight of steps leads to a marble court, surrounded by a colonnade, supporting a trellised cupola, deeply shaded by a luxuriant growth of the passion flower, the jasmine, and the vine; in the centre of the court are two pretty fountains throwing water into a large marble basin, and around are a few apartments."—vol. i, pp. 43, 44.

The remains of antiquity at or near Algiers our author found to be few indeed; but as it was impossible to penetrate beyond the line occupied by the French advanced posts, his researches were greatly circumscribed in that territory. But he was enabled to visit with ease and comfort the Tunisian dominions, and therefore his excursions therein must claim a more particular review from us: the single word Carthage, at the sound of which mighty Rome herself had so often trembled, having a great attraction in it. The magnificence of this city, which once contained nearly a million of inhabitants, hath passed away, and its very name is now unknown to those who dwell among its ruins—only a few scattered and shapeless masses of masonry, as says our author, remaining to indicate its former condition. The notices given by him of its history we shall not tarry to quote. That history however is sufficient to explain why so few of its remains have survived to the present day, and why almost none of this small number can be asserted to be coeval with the original city; the two public cisterns, as the author thinks, being the only remains to which a very remote date can be affixed.

The aqueduct which supplied the large cisterns, must according to this view be also considered a Carthaginian work, for the infuriated and unsparing destroyers of the city must have been interested in the preservation of these establishments. On the subject of the magnitude of Carthage we have the following statement:—

“It is extremely difficult, at this day, to estimate with any accuracy the former limits of Carthage: Livy tells us that its circumference was twenty-three Roman miles. Shaw reduces it to fifteen English or nearly seventeen Roman miles. I cannot, for my part, speak with any great certainty on the subject, but refer my readers to the rough plan of Carthage, in which I have marked the boundaries of the Punic and Roman towns, as I imagine them to have existed. I have consulted, I believe, all the necessary authorities, and have compared them together. It would be however, misplaced in such a trifling work as this, to enter into all the arguments, as I had at first thoughts of doing.

“The same difference exists in the account of the Byrsa, Servius stating its circumference to have been twenty-two stadia, or nearly three miles, whilst Eutropius gives it only two thousand paces; this latter calculation is very nearly correct. A level area on the summit of this hill, on which are found many pieces of rare marbles, as serpentino, giallo, rosso, and verd’antico, porphyry, &c. Some trifling fragments of edifices, and the traces of its triple walls, are all that remain of its splendid fanes and palaces—of the temple of Esculapius, approached from the sea-side, as Arrian and Livy inform us, by a magnificent flight of sixty steps, and rendered so interesting from having been the place in whose flames Asdrubal’s noble-minded wife destroyed herself, her children, and nine hundred Roman deserters, rather than submit to the yoke of the haughty vanquishers of her country—of the temple of Juno, mentioned by Virgil:

Hic templum Junoni ingens Sidonia Dido  
Condebat, &c.

—of the royal palaces, and in short, of all the splendid edifices which covered its surface. On the southern side of the hill the Byrsa was guarded by three lines of walls, forty-three feet in height, exclusive of the parapets and towers, one of which rose at the distance of every hundred and sixty yards. These towers were of four stories, and their foundations descended to the depth of thirty feet below the surface, and were adapted to contain stabling for three hundred elephants, four thousand horses, and quarters for twenty-four thousand men, besides provisions and stores sufficient for several months’ consumption.

“From this description we may form some slight idea of the immensity and splendour of the mighty Carthage; a city which required seventeen whole days to consume it, and which, notwithstanding the enormous sums it had expended during the war, contained, when taken, so much wealth, that we are assured Scipio collected, after the fire, and after it had been given up to the pillage of his troops, objects which were valued at a sum equal to £1,500,000.”—vol. i, pp. 101—104.

Of the cisterns already alluded to, the lesser ones. are the only well preserved constructions. They are here said to form an oblong square of four hundred and forty-nine feet in length by one hundred and sixteen in breadth. The larger set are in a much more dila-

pidated state, and are now converted into stables or inhabited by the villagers who alone occupy these spots within the vast precincts of the ancient city. When speaking of the harbours of that celebrated maritime community, Sir G. Temple takes notice of some very improbable conjectures advanced by M. Chateaubriand, who in 1807 remained six weeks at Tunis; and also of one of his statements that may well, according to the authority before us, stagger our reliance on the testimony of writers famed for their sparkling fancies and fine sentiments. The French traveller has said that the site of Carthage is shaded by fig, olive, and karoob trees; but adds our author, I am not aware of the existence of any tree, save about half a dozen small ones in the little garden attached to Fort St. Louis. And yet the latter authority declares that he often visited the interesting and melancholy spot; whereas the former, it is asserted, only saw it once, and in his (Sir G. Temple's) words "remained *even more* than half an hour. This *insouciance*" continues he, "on his (Chateaubriand's) part, becomes, however, less surprising, from his former acknowledgment, that when residing some days at Kahira, he had never visited the pyramids, though this did not prevent his name being carved upon their summit." So much for the curiosity and the accuracy of some travellers, of which class, it is right to state, our author is not a member.

When at Sfakkus, one of the Moorish towns on the coast, our author had an opportunity of learning what a precious element water is, when its supply is uncertain.

"The kaeed, who speaks Italian, asked me if I had seen the great reservoirs of water outside the walls, in which he seemed to take great pride; for, as in all southern and hot countries, good water constitutes, in the eyes of the inhabitants, the principal, if not the only attraction of any place; and often, in subsequent tours, when asking the usual question of what there might be worthy of observation in their neighbourhood, I have invariably received one of the following answers, delivered in one instance with an expression of high pride and self-satisfaction:—  
 'Yes, we have an abundant source of fine water;' or, in the other, 'None: we are obliged to fetch our water from a distance, and when obtained it is not good:' the features, during the delivery of these words, strongly indicating a feeling of discontent and inferiority to their more fortunately situated neighbours. On my replying to the kaeed's question that I had not, he observed that I ought no longer to delay doing so, and told his physician, a Sicilian, who during our stay at Sfakkus was very kind and of the greatest service, to conduct me to them. I found them to consist of above three hundred distinct cisterns, some of which are probably ancient, all supplied by rain-water, inclosed by a wall, and are called the Naseri. Scarcely an inhabitant of Sfakkus dies without leaving some of his property, either to keep in repair the existing wells, or to form new ones."—vol. i, pp. 142—145.

There are abundance of antiquities in those parts of Africa visited by our author, worthy of study and conjecture. On this branch of inquiry he has many valuable suggestions. These, however, we

purpose not to enter into, choosing rather to give some of his descriptions regarding the present condition of Barbary. The town of Tunis therefore claims some notice. It is very ancient, and although subjected in the course of its history to many vicissitudes, it is at present always styled "the well-guarded—the abode of felicity." There are however no vestiges of antiquity found in the town. The population, according to the conjecture in these pages, may amount to one hundred and fifty-six thousand souls. It is said to be very healthy, especially for children, and the climate is temperate. The houses in Tunis are not so large or handsome as those of Algiers, but the streets are much wider and more regular, and the bazaars are far superior. The splendid palace in which Queen Caroline, the wife of George IV., was lodged during her visit to this city, is here minutely described. But we have been still more struck by the curious mode of building that is practised there at this day. The edifice which is referred to in the following extract is that of the new barracks now erecting by the Bey, the expense of which "he has graciously allowed to be defrayed by three of the principal Moors of Tunis."

"On speaking to the architect and engineers, and asking them to show me their plans, they at first did not quite seem to understand what a plan was: when it was explained to them, they declared they had nothing of the sort, and that, in fact, the Moors never made any previous to commencing a building, but that they built by the eye a certain length of wall, and that when this had been sufficiently prolonged, another was built at right angles to it, and so on. What is still more remarkable, their arches are also constructed entirely by the eye, and have no framework to support them during the process, which is as follows:—a brick, presenting its broad surface to view, is placed with its edge on the buttress, where is to commence the spring of the arch; another is made to adhere to it by means of a very strong cement made of a gypsum peculiar to the vicinity of Tunis, which instantly hardens! on this brick is placed another in the same manner, and thus they proceed till the arch is completed. I saw a vault myself thus made, in less than an hour and a half. These arches and vaults, when finished, are very graceful and correct in their proportions, and nothing can equal their strength and solidity. In building walls, an oblong frame about seven feet long, and as broad as the wall is intended to be, is placed on the foundations, and then filled with mortar and pieces of stone: in a few minutes the frame is removed, and placed in continuation of the line. This method appears to have been adopted in the construction of Carthage."—vol. i, pp. 175—177.

During the author's residence at Tunis, he several times attended the Bey's levees. The account of his first visit, when accompanied by the British consul there stationed, is given. On the same occasion, a new Agha of the divan was installed, and colours were presented to the corps, which was to march on the following day to collect the tribute in the interior; and, therefore, we may presume, great formality and state were observed. We have not room for

the whole account, but to tailors and law-reformers, the following information must have attractions.

"The Bey, his family, officers, household, and all the Moorish nobles who come on business to the Bardo, are all dressed in the lately introduced and highly-unbecoming dress adopted from the Turks. It consists simply in a blue jacket, buttoning in front, with red collar and cuffs, and blue overalls, made excessively large and full to the knees; and then fitting quite close to the leg, as far as the ankle. Round the waist is a red and white sash, and on the head the shasheeah, or red cap with a long blue silk tassel, the same that in Turkey is called *fes*, and in Egypt *tarboosh*. It is impossible to imagine a greater contrast than that which this new costume presents to the former one, of which I was correctly enabled to judge, as I was shown by the master of the robes several of those dresses belonging to the Bey, which were really splendid: the cloth was of the most beautiful shades of colour, almost covered with gold lace, arranged in the most tasteful patterns, and enriched with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and sapphires. These dresses cost, without the jewels, from three thousand to three thousand five hundred piastres, and each occupied the tailor from six to nine months in making. It was the custom every year for the Bey and each of his family to put on at every Bayram one of these dresses, made for the occasion; and after it had been worn for three days, during which the festival continues, it was given to the servants, and another one ordered for the following year. The present dress cannot cost more than forty or fifty piastres, and the tailors are ruined, and ripe for a revolution, which might re-establish the old order of things. The old and splendid saddles, bridles, and horse trappings are, however, still preserved. The only ornament worn by the Bey is an enormous and valuable diamond ring. On a cushion by his side lay a magnificent sword and hanjar, presents from the Sultan.

"The installation of the Agha having been concluded, the Bey announced that he was ready to hear causes, and give judgment, and the trials then commenced, the parties themselves pleading their causes, in a tone of perfect ease, almost amounting to familiarity, their voices being raised to the highest pitch, the men standing up, and the women crouching on the floor, and two officers holding each of the principals and witnesses fast by the shoulders. No cause took up more than ten minutes, and many were settled in one or two, when the defendants, if found guilty, were taken out to have their heads cut off, to receive the bastonade, or to pay a fine. The Bey is, however, extremely averse to shedding blood, and few executions ever take place.

"Our court of chancery might here take some useful hints about the despatch of business, which would not be very unacceptable to the hosts of clients."—vol. i, pp. 188—191.

From the author's sketch of the late sovereigns of Tunis, we learn that their reigns are not of so short a duration as formerly; for at one period, in the course of a hundred years, "no less than twenty-three Deys ascended the throne, all of whom, with the exception of five, were either strangled or assassinated. But this was even better than at Algiers, where four Deys succeeded each other in the course of one single morning. The survivor was Husseyn, the present ex-Dey."



Since Montague's days, we have not had a more minute account of a harem than the one furnished in the present work by Lady Temple, in her narrative of a visit to no less than the Bey's female establishment. A Christian was conductor, who could speak Italian, and who interpreted what passed between her highness, the Lillah Kebirah, and the visitors. We must select some portions of this account, its length forbidding an entire insertion, although our fair readers, who are studious of ornamental attire, or jealous of the rights of their sex, may well desire the whole of the information afforded by one who proves herself such a close observer, and accurate describer as Lady Temple has herein done. She is speaking of her highness, the Lillah Kebirah, who, at the time of the visit, was the Bey's favourite:—

"She took me by the hand, and not speaking any other language but Arabic herself, addressed a great many compliments to us, through the Christian woman, who was a Tuscan, and served as interpreter. We passed through a *patio*, paved with white marble, covered in with a silk awning, and surrounded by arcades, in their turn supported by fluted pillars, likewise of white marble. In each corner was a beautiful vase-shaped fountain to cool the air in this delightful spot, than which nothing could look more truly oriental, and carrying one in imagination completely into those enchanting scenes described in the Arabian Nights. Under the arcades were seated a number of fat unwieldy creatures, talking furiously, and looking most attentively at us. No etiquette seemed to reign amongst them, for on the Lillah's approach, they none of them rose, but retained their half-reclining posture, with the exception of those blacks, who, from their meaner dress, I imagine were very subordinate slaves, and who, as she passed, came up and kissed the palm and back of her hand. Her dress was rich, and, though shapeless, I thought not ugly; indeed they are right in covering themselves with this loose sort of robe; for the immense size to which they all attain, from the constant use of the bath, wearing no stays, and taking no exercise, would be quite disgusting, unless concealed by their dress.

"The Lillah herself, though much larger than we should in Europe consider becoming, was, however, among the least of the set. Her dress consisted of crimson silk trowsers, loose till reaching the calf of the leg; they were then made to fit tight, down to the ankle, where they were covered with the most beautiful, rich, and tasteful embroidery, in gold lace. The bare feet were thrust into slippers, very richly embroidered with gold, with here and there a precious stone, and just large enough to admit four of the extremities of her feet. How they could walk at all with such slippers is a wonder I have never got over; but though indolent people, the Moorish women seemed to shuffle about, and up and down stairs with them, without the slightest inconvenience or difficulty, and the height of *bon ton* amongst them is to make as much noise as they possibly can in walking about."—vol. i, pp. 196—198.

We pass over a portion of the description of this gorgeously dressed prisoner, and come to her jewellery.

"The Lillah had, in her ears and on her fingers, rings of brilliants of enormous size; round her neck were chains in great numbers, to which



were suspended all kinds of ornaments in gold and precious stones, such as small boxes to hold talismans, scents, &c. some above and some underneath her gauze robe, and some handsome rows of pearls on her arms. She was not pretty, but the expression of her face was most agreeable and good humoured, and I felt quite sorry for her when I heard shortly afterwards that she had been put aside by the Bey to make way for a young girl of thirteen.

"The Lillah asked if I had no children, and on hearing that I had a little boy, inquired why I had not brought him, and seemed really sorry; all the Moors, both male and female, being very fond of children. When we had finished our luscious repast, she ordered all the remaining cakes to be put into a basket, and desired that I would take them for my child. She had her own little boy of about two years old in her arms; he was a miserable, sickly-looking child, and by his embroidered dress made to appear still more so; he wore a shasheah tight to the head, with an enamelled chain wound about it, and chains and amulets hung round his neck."—vol. i, pp. 199—201.

A variety of apartments are described, of which take the following portion.

"The divan was low and very comfortable, and the walls round it hung with the Bey's arms, which were splendid—yataghans covered with stones, pistols, swords, and every kind of weapon; but the most beautiful was one called a *topuz*, the whole of which was of fretted gold, completely studded (especially the globe at the end of the handle) with diamonds, emeralds, and rubies: it was the most magnificent thing in the way of arms I ever beheld. On the walls were also hung a number of watches. Chocolate, perfumed with ambergris, was handed round to us; after which the Lillah, again taking me by the hand, led us up stairs through several suites of apartments, which were all divided into a great number of small rooms, none nearly so handsome as the one we had quitted. From the top story she pointed out the Manoubah, and asked if I did not greatly admire the view? Of course I assented, though I cannot say with truth. In this room was a large double bed, with watches again hung to the wall. On going down the stairs, which are all paved with glazed tiles, as in all Moorish houses, we went across a little square garden into a large vaulted gallery, delightfully cool, with a fountain playing in the centre, full of gold fish. Here the ladies come to amuse themselves in summer by looking at the fish. What a delightful, intellectual amusement! but the poor creatures are allowed no other, and it is a very mistaken notion that they all despise us for going out for amusement, and that they think themselves much happier for being always obliged to stay at home. Indeed, I am sure they envy Christian women very much in that respect, notwithstanding what many affirm, that they do not wish for more liberty; for I never spoke to a Turkish or a Moorish woman, the Bey's wife included, who did not say with a sigh that she longed to go out with freedom."—vol. i, pp. 202—204.

The Moors are represented in these pages as the hardest drinkers any where to be met with; which the author conceives was proved to him by two instances. "The Kaeed of Jerbah drank one evening at supper, entirely unassisted, four bottles of rum, which did not prevent his walking about immediately after;

and one of the servants of the Bash-Mamlook, after having swallowed within an hour, a demi-jeanne of wine, equal to twenty-two bottles, asked for some rum." A few magnums of claret must not after this be boasted of, by any of our toppers in any of their drinking exploits. The Moors are not behind ourselves, it seems, in another custom. During their Lent, the Basha seeks amusement in witnessing wrestling matches, a body of strong athletic Turks being kept in pay for the purpose. These men, the author says, are the most powerful and iron-framed prize-fighters he ever beheld. When they wrestle, breeches made of thick leather are their only clothing, and their bodies are copiously covered with oil. The final victor at the games, receives from the Bey a reward of two thousand piastres; lives, however, are occasionally lost in such pastimes. There is a different species of sport admirably described in these pages, which we must transcribe, on account of its spirit-stirring character. Every one has heard of the nimbleness of Arab steeds and their riders, but seldom has the agility of the noble animals, or the dexterity of the wild horsemen of the desert, been represented so vividly to the imagination, as in the pages now to be quoted.

"Another very interesting spectacle is the fête given on the occasion of an Arab marriage; this consists of equestrian games. A good level piece of ground is selected, sometimes under the town walls, at others close to the Bardo. The tournament field is oblong, and bordered by rows of spectators, who form its boundaries by sitting cross-legged round the open space. The best riders of the tribe, mounted on the most active horses, are then introduced into the arena, the men being clothed with as much splendour as their means will permit them, while the chargers are covered with large silk housings of different colours, reaching to the ground, and resembling those of ancient knights, as represented in Froissart. Some of the Arabs then commence making their horses dance to the sound of drums and trumpets, whilst men on foot occasionally rush forward and discharge their muskets close to the horses' ears. Others dash forward at full speed along the line of seated spectators, as close to their feet as they possibly can, without actually trampling upon them; and every now and then suddenly throwing their horses on their haunches, spin them round on their hind legs, and resume in the opposite direction their wild career. It is a nervous sight to behold, for you momentarily expect to see some person or child crushed beneath the horses' hoofs; but no accident ever happens, and men, women and children, maintain their seats with the greatest calmness and feeling of security, saluting any well-executed point of horsemanship with loud and exulting shouts of approbation, whilst the women accompany them with the usual but indescribable cries of the quick-repeated *lu-lu-lu-lu*; in return for which they are covered with clouds of sand and dust, which the impetuous coursers throw up behind them. Three or four others, dashing their sharp stirrups into the flanks of their impatient steeds, rush madly along the length of the arena, shouting forth their *tekbir*, or war-cries, and whirling round their heads the long and silver-adorned Arab guns, which they discharge at the spectators when

they have reached the farthest extremity of the lists. Others engage with swords soldiers on foot, galloping round their adversaries in incredibly small circles, twisting their horses suddenly round, and then circling to the other hand; and I know not which most to admire, the activity and suppleness of the rider or of his horse. Others, whilst at full speed, will lean over, and without in the least reducing their pace, pick up from the ground a piastre or any other equally small object, thrown down for the purpose. These sports form on the whole one of the gayest and most animated scenes I ever beheld, increased as it is by the waving of many silken sanjaks of the brightest colours, by the music, the report of fire arms, the war-cries of the performers, and the shouts of the spectators. As neither our men nor our horses possess the suppleness and quickness of motion which these wild sons of the desert have acquired, I should much fear for the result of a single combat between them; but acting *en masse*, I feel confident that a squadron of English hussars would easily drive before them a force of Bedouins ten times greater in number: in fact, these Africans have not the remotest idea of a compact and regular charge."—vol. i, pp. 219—223.

Of Utica, within the walls of which Cato put an end to his days, we learn that only a few miserable huts mark the site. Its name is now Boo-Shater, which, when translated, is "the father of talent, or ability," and the author suggests the question, whether it contains any reference to the patriotic Roman? But the oblivion that shrouds many intervening centuries since his tragic death, of course must leave the answer for ever uncertain. Nay, events of much later occurrence than those referred to have been buried under the revolutions of time, that have swept over Barbary; for the number of churches which formerly existed there, is said to have been almost incredible. In the proconsular province alone, an ecclesiastical authority gives the names of no less than a hundred and thirty-two episcopal sees; but now the religion and the symbols of the cross are completely eradicated. The author, therefore, might well exclaim—

"How full of deep interest and historical souvenirs are the environs of Tunis! There is not a plain, a mountain, a river, a bay, or a headland, which is not connected with the deeds of once powerful and gallant nation—nations that have long since vanished into the mellowed distance of the past; or with heroes immortalized by the splendour of a renown, that has brightly illuminated the scenes of their high achievements. Africans, Phœnicians, Grecians, Romans, and Numidians—the Goth, the Vandal, the Arab, the Spaniard, and the Turk—have all in turn here held their sway in the full pride of power. What a long array of bright names present themselves in rapid succession before our mind's eye, as entranced we gaze on the scene around us; for was it not once animated with the presence of Dido, of Annibal, Amilcar, and Asdrubal; of Hanno; and Mago; of Agathocles, Regulus, Syphax and Jugurtha; of Scipio, Julius, and Belisarius; and in later days, of Charles and of St. Louis? In short, are we not standing on the ruins of Carthage! and does not that

one word itself embrace the history of ages, and explain the feelings and thoughts of the contemplative traveller?"—vol. ii, pp. 300, 301.

The author made the tour of the Dakhul—a large tongue of land, during which, he is of opinion that he passed over much of the ground alluded to by Virgil, in his first and fourth books of the *Æneid*; for he maintains, and displays not a little tact and learning in attempting to prove that the scenery of the poem is not imaginative. His visit to the interior, however, has interested us particularly, from which we shall gather a few notices; nor does it seem to have been an undertaking without perils; for, on his application to the Bey, for letters to the different governors of the interior, his highness strenuously endeavoured to dissuade him from his purpose. Being unsuccessful in this endeavour, the Bey kindly furnished him with the documents required, a translation of one of which is here subjoined. Its laconic form is praise-worthy.

“ ‘ To the Kaeed of Kafsah—Kaeed of Neftah—Sheikh of Tozer—Kaeed of the Ferasheesh.

“ ‘ Praise to God, and may the peace of God be upon our Lord Muhammed.

“ ‘ This our command in the hands of our son the Mamlook, and of Mahmood the interpreter, whom we have assigned to the Christian who arrived from his country to visit the places above mentioned. We have desired the abovenamed Kaeeds to pay attention to him, and to his safety, until the time when he shall have carried into execution his wishes of visiting each place. And the salutations of the poor in God, Husseyn, Basha Bey, whom God direct, be with them. Amen.

“ ‘ On the 24th of Shaban, in the year 1248.’”—vol. ii, p. 49.

These pages contain directions proper to be observed by all future travellers who meditate an excursion into the interior. Those persons who possess the Bey's letters are furnished everywhere with free quarters; and therefore, presents rather than money is necessary. During the author's two months' tour, he spent only a remarkably small sum, considering the things paid for. We shall now string together a few extracts, and then close these interesting volumes, in which the fidelity and equanimity of the author are very apparent. Among the useful fittings out for such a journey as our succeeding extracts regard, the following article is mentioned, at the commencement of other valuable information.

“ ‘ Here I would observe, that on starting from Tunis, it would be as well to lay in a stock of spare horse-shoes, as the Arabs do not employ them in the interior, and iron can seldom be procured. In many parts of the road we saw mounds of stones, covering the remains of persons who had been murdered, or had perished by accidents. Every one who passes by adds another stone to the heaps, saying, ‘ May those who assassinated you be themselves assassinated !’ ‘ May those who caused your death, soon meet with theirs !’

“ ‘ Crossing the Wady Boo-dawaas, we came upon the ruins of a considerable town, and slept with the Meyjeri Arabs, about five miles beyond ;

but we were busily employed for three hours before we could find their tents, which are generally pitched in some ravine or hollow ground, and easily escape observation. It is therefore necessary, about two or three hours before sun-set, to look round for indications of smoke; for it is almost useless to ask any Bedouen you may chance to meet, if he knows where are the dowars, their general answer being, 'Yes—you will, if it please God, find some about two miles in that direction,' pointing at the same time to that side directly opposite to where their own are situated, and which may not be more than a quarter of a mile distant. If there should be no smoke, you must direct your attention to any flocks that may be in sight, and observing the direction they are driven in about sun-set, follow them at a distance. In failure of flocks, I found the best way was to fire a gun, and if on a plain, to dismount and put my ear to the ground; if in a wooded country, to get on any high ground that may be near, or stand upon my horse—if a dower is near, the dogs will immediately commence barking, when you direct your course to the spot whence the sound proceeds. This is an anxious moment; for if no barking is heard, it is better at once to picket your horses under the lee of some raised ground, make your coffee, cut some grass or rushes for the animals, and go to sleep, than to wander about boundless plains or rugged mountains in the dark, and with tired horses."—vol. ii, pp. 82—85.

At Keerwan, the present hot-bed of all the bigotry of Muhammedanism in Africa, and which is looked upon as the second town in importance in the Tuniseen dominions, possessing magnificently endowed institutions and valuable libraries—the author was not allowed to stare about too much, take notes or drawings, or speak any European language; and more than one walk in the town he was not allowed to take, as he was told, that if he or any of his forbidden party were known to be Christians, they might probably be torn to pieces by the infuriated populace. The bakers of Keerwan have grounds for being scrupulous in the scales by which they weigh their bread.

"During the reign of Hammooda Basha, the Kaeed, who, according to custom, had made his rounds, and had ascertained from different travellers what they had paid for their provisions, found that one of them had purchased a certain quantity of bread, which was found deficient in weight when placed in the Kaeed's scales. The party proceeded to the baker's, whose scales gave correctly the weight at which he had sold the bread; on this the Kaeed had them broken, when they were found to contain a quantity of quicksilver in a hollow tube, which could thus be made to throw its balance on either side. The baker's oven happened at the moment to be properly heated, and the Kaeed, without any further trial, ordered the culprit to be immediately thrown into it. Hammooda having heard of this, remonstrated with the Kaeed on his precipitancy, when he answered, 'I have done great good—bakers will in future deem it preferable to heat their ovens for bread of a proper weight, than to bake themselves, of whatever weight they may chance to be.'"—vol. ii, pp. 98, 99.

The wandering Arabs' encampments or dowars, and their tents, are thus described, when speaking of one particular tribe.



"Their *dewar* was the largest I had as yet seen, but in other respects it perfectly resembled all the others, which invariably form either a circle or hollow square, each tent facing the east, as nearly so at least as possible. In the centre are placed the camels, herds, and flocks, when they return at sun-set from grazing. The tents are made by the women of the tribe, with a mixture of wool and goats'-hair, the colours being always dark; either entirely black, or with alternate stripes of grey or chocolate colour; they are very long, but low, and as the sides do not touch the ground, the interval is filled up with bushes and brushwood, through which, however, the dogs and goats creep at night, and walk over those persons who are sleeping inside. These visits rather incommoded me at first, but I soon got reconciled to them, though never to the intrusion of camels and cows, who not treading lightly, used to occasion considerable pain; but as these latter interruptions to our repose did not often occur, and only when the weather was rainy, it would not be fair to note them as one of the inconveniences of travelling in Barbary. The furniture of these tents is very simple, consisting of rush mats for beds, sometimes carpets; the sacks are made of camels' hair, in which the dates and barley are kept; an iron pot, a dish for the *kuscoos*, a wooden bowl to drink out of, a goat skin, in which butter is made by suspending it from a triangle, and moving it backwards and forwards, and another or more skins to contain water. In little more than half an hour after it has been decided to move, all these effects have been stowed on the backs of horses, camels, or asses, and the tribe has commenced its march; and in about the same time after it has halted the tents are pitched, and every thing arranged as if they had been there for months."—vol. ii, pp. 110—112.

The women do all the hard work, and are looked upon as beasts of burden. We find in the notices of their opinions, an origin given for the first geranium, that is not so harmful as their estimation of the female rights. The prophet is said to have one day washed his shirt, and to have thrown it upon a plant of the mallow to dry, when, lo! the mallow was transformed into a splendid geranium, a plant that had never before existed. At another place, the following novel fancies maintained.

"On our return we greatly delighted the Arabs, by running races and skirmishing with them. In the evening we had a long conversation about England. The learned men told me that they looked upon the English nearly in the light of Mussulmen, stating that Muhammed the prophet had sent to acquaint them with his announcement of the true faith, and to request them to range themselves in the number of his disciples. The English answered that they felt deeply the truth of his religion, but that previously to openly adopting it, they requested explanations upon one or two trifling points, chiefly regarding the abolition of wine; unfortunately, however, before this letter reached Mekkah, the prophet had been taken up to the seventh heaven. Had his death been for a short time delayed, he would have explained any little difficulties, and we should have been faithful followers of the tenets of Muhammedanism.—They also told me that England was the nearest country to Tunis, and that the Moors and English were, and always had been, the greatest friends. To all this I agreed, and on being asked to



draw a map of the world, and to state exactly where England stood; I stated that it lay to the north, the south, the east, and the west of Tunis. The map consisted of a circle for Tunis, and an adjoining one for the Othoman empire; round these ran a deep belt, which represented England; and outside this, a few lesser circles to represent the other Christians. It is curious that the idea of our having been nearly converted to their religion, and of the vicinity of our country to theirs, (I imagine they look upon Malta as part of the continent of England,) is generally prevalent, not only among the dowars, but also in the towns and villages."—vol. ii, pp. 196—198.

The author visited the district the people of which, Bruce states, are exempted from the payment of taxes, on account of their subsisting entirely on lion's flesh, which regime may be supposed to render them excellent horsemen and undaunted hunters. What a valuable hint, says Sir G. Temple, for Meltonians and cornets of cavalry!

It was not without serious danger that our author traversed the regions described by him. He and his party more than once got themselves somewhat punished with blows and missiles of different kinds. We may sum up his accounts of these encounters, by quoting one passage more, and with that we close our paper.

"Thus ended our visit to Ayedrah—a visit which I had been told by all persons acquainted with this part of the country, would be attended with the greatest risks and dangers, and which the Bey himself had endeavoured to dissuade me from undertaking. In fact, though we met with no adventures that terminated seriously, yet the traveller ought always be prepared to expect some; for this place is situated on the frontiers of Algiers and Tunis, and the Arabs who live near it, are of a lawless disposition, acknowledging no obedience either to the one government or the other; and whenever they have committed a crime in one territory, they have only to pass this frontier, to place themselves in perfect safety. Since the invasion of Algiers, both the Algerines and Tuniseens are extremely jealous and suspicious of all Christians who happen to travel in the country, whom they imagine to be spies, taking notes and plans of the different places, in order afterwards to conquer these domains. The Tuniseens were at this time on the eve of a war with the Sardinians; and as many of them think that all Christians form but one nation, they looked with as much enmity on an Englishman as on a Sardinian.

"I was very desirous of visiting Kabat Snaen, situated in the Algerine territory; but the perils said to be attendant on such an undertaking were so great that none of my party would accompany me, and I was compelled to abandon the idea."—vol. ii, pp. 217, 218.

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ART. XI.—*Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland; or, the Traditional History of Cromarty.* By HUGH MILLER. London: Longman and Co. 1835.

We learn that the author of these scenes and legends is a young man, who, by his genius, his industry, and his moral character, has

raised himself to distinction in his native district. It appears that, from being a common stone-mason, his ardent thirst for knowledge and evening readings, after the ordinary toils of the day were over, have so highly distinguished him, as to secure the notice of eminent patrons, and to obtain a situation in one of the northern banking-houses. His ephemeral writings, we presume, have ere this procured for him a name in his own neighbourhood, but in the present work his talents will be acknowledged and praised from one end of the kingdom to the other.

The subject, though confined to a remote and small Scottish sea-port town and its vicinity, presented to the inquisitive and inventive mind of the author abundance of materials to fill this volume, and, as is hinted, another of the same character. The truth is, that to such a vigilant caterer and ready thinker there is no community or scene, however limited the segment may be, of the mighty globe, but would furnish exhaustless stores for description and sentiment. Cromarty, for example, like every town, has its traditions, its celebrated characters, its grades of society, its abundant mass of human nature, the great and leading elements of which are the same everywhere, requiring only the discernment of a quicksighted observer and nice delineator. Cromarty, to be sure, has some recommendations which are not everywhere to be found for such a work as the one before us. It figures in a district of the north, where superstitions, warlike and quaint traditions, abound to a remarkable extent. It has the scenery of hill and dale, of mountain and flood, and still more characteristically the paths, dangers, and charms of the ocean, where a class of men will ever find a scope that leads to strange developments and affecting records. But above all, Cromarty is signalized by possessing the author's genius and tastes, and it has chiefly become famous in the present work by being the field where these mental exhibitions are so happily displayed, that in future it will have a place among the classic scenes of Scotland. And what an honour is this result to the power of genius and of mental cultivation! To think that one young man, without the aids of what is usually understood by the term learning, should, by the indulgence of his own inborn desires and tastes, create, for a seemingly barren or ordinary subject, the enthusiasm of a deep and elevating interest on the part of those that never thought and scarcely ever heard of it before—an interest that, we are confident, will hereafter continually maintain the height to which Mr. Miller has now carried it, respecting his favourite little sea-port town, is enough of homage in attestation of the riches and beauties of the human mind, and more than any other efforts, though a thousand times repeated, could command, if emanating from a grosser power. If it should be asked how it is that the mental beauty and wealth spoken of most effectively display themselves, we would answer, that although there may be a thousand nameless turns in the efforts of genius and re-

finest tastes, each and all contributing to the highest achievements, there are yet certain evidences that may be pointed out, and that are indispensable. Of these, originality of ideas, and yet a mind well stored with ordinary information, are essential; while for such a work as the present, dramatic skill, charming sentiments, and a manly as well as a lucid style, are equally requisite. Now these qualities our author indisputably possesses, with another of a still more graceful appearance—we mean a modesty that becomes the first efforts of a young man. Some may add, that this modesty is especially required from an uneducated person in a humble sphere in life; but we repel the distinction; for no one who has used or rather created his opportunities for improvement, as the author has done, is either uneducated, or of a humble order. It will immediately be apparent to our readers that his intellectual vigour has received a culture which rarely attaches to those whose academical career and high birth lead us to presume the finest literary attainments on their part.

Our first extract will bear out several of these preliminary statements. It is an account of the author's old library and its contents.

“When a little fellow of about ten or twelve years of age, I was much addicted to reading; but found it no easy matter to gratify the propensity; until having made myself acquainted with some people in the neighbourhood who were possessed of a few volumes, I was permitted to ransack their shelves, to the no small annoyance of the bookworm and the spider. I read incessantly; and as the appetite for reading, like every other kind of appetite, becomes stronger the more it is indulged, I felt, when I had consumed the whole, a still keener craving than before. I was quite in the predicament of the shipwrecked sailor, who expends his last morsel when on the open sea, and like him too, I set myself to prey on my neighbours. Old grey-headed men, and especially old women, became my books;—persons whose minds not having been preoccupied by that artificial kind of learning, which is the result of education, had gradually filled, as they passed through life, with the knowledge of what was occurring around them, and with the information derived from people of a similar cast with themselves, who had been born half an age earlier. And it was not long before I at least *thought* I discovered that their narratives had only to be translated into the language of books, to render them as interesting as even the better kind of written stories. They abounded with what I deemed as true delineations of character, as pleasing exhibitions of passion, and as striking instances of the vicissitudes of human affairs—with the vagaries of imaginations as vigorous, and the beliefs of superstitions as wild. Alas! the epitaph of the famous American printer may now be written over the greater part of the volumes of this my second library; and so unfavourable is the present age to the production of more, that even that wise provision of nature which implants curiosity in the young, while it renders the old communicative, seems abridged of one half its usefulness. For though the young must still learn, the old need not teach—the press having proved such a supplanter of the past-world schoolmaster, Tradition, as the spinning wheel was in the last age to the distaff and spindle. I can-

not look back on much more than twenty years of the past, and yet in that comparatively brief space I see the stream of tradition rapidly lessening as it flows onward, and displaying, like those rivers of Africa which lose themselves in the burning sands of the desert, a broader and more powerful volume as I trace it towards its source.

“ It has often been a subject of regret to me that this oral knowledge of the past, which I deem so interesting, should be thus suffered to be lost. The meteor, says my motto, if it once fall, cannot be rekindled. Perhaps had I been as conversant five years ago with the art of the writer as with the narratives of my early monitors, no one at this time of day would have to entertain a similar feeling; but I was not so conversant with it, nor am I yet, and the occasion still remains. The Sibylline tomes of tradition are disappearing in this part of the country one by one, and I find, like Selkirk in his island, when the rich fruits of autumn were dropping around him, that if I myself do not preserve them, they must perish. I therefore set myself to the task of storing them up as I best may, and urge as my only apology, the emergency of the case. Not merely do I regard them as the produce of centuries, and like the blossoms of the aloe, interesting on this account alone, but also as a species of produce, which the harvests of future centuries may fail to supply. True it is that superstition is a weed indigenous to the human mind, and will spring up in the half-cultivated corners of society in every coming generation; but then the superstitions of the future may have little in common with those of the past. True it is that human nature is intrinsically the same in all ages and all countries; but then it is not so with its ever varying garb of custom and opinion, and never again may it wear this garb in the curious obsolete fashion of a century ago. Geologists tell us that the earth produced its plants and animals at a time when the very stones of our oldest ruins existed only as mud or sand; but they were certainly not the plants and animals of Linnæus or Buffon.”—pp. 1—4.

He afterwards tells us that next to the pleasure of collecting traditions, his satisfaction has been in contemplating the various cabinets, as he calls them, in which he found them; and that he soon discovered that the different sorts of stories were not lodged indiscriminately in all sorts of minds. Women, for instance, taken in the collective, he has found are more poetical, more timid, more credulous, than men. “ If,” continues he, “ we but add to these general traits, one or two that are less so, and a few very common circumstances; if we but add a judgment not naturally vigorous, an imagination uncommonly active, an ignorance of books and of the world, a long cherished belief in the supernatural, a melancholy old age, and a solitary fireside, we have compounded the elements of that terrible poetry which revels among skulls and coffins, and enchantments, as certainly as nature did when she moulded the brain of a Shakspeare.”

The stories which form this book are bits of traditional history of the district to which they belong, the interstices being filled up by such auxiliaries as books supply. There are therefore facts, fancies, and fictions, in abundance, skilfully selected, intermixed, and arranged, so as in no case to be tiresome or short of deep interest.

The vicissitudes to which the town of Cromarty has been subject, owing to the encroachments of the sea, afford good materials for Mr. Miller's pen. The old town has been swept away and New Cromarty has been many times in danger. He therefore introduces man and his immediate concerns in relation to these vicissitudes, with good effect. We feel comparatively little interest, he justly remarks, in the hurricane or the earthquake which ravages only a desert, but every event is weighty that operates on human character and passion. The dangers to the New Town threatened by the ocean, are thus described.

“ It is not much more than twenty years since a series of violent storms from the hostile north-east, which came on at almost regular intervals for five successive winters, seemed to threaten the modern town of Cromarty with the fate of the ancient. The tides rose higher than tides had ever been known to rise before; and as the soil exposed to the action of the waves was gradually disappearing, instead of the gentle slope with which the land formerly merged into the beach, its boundaries were marked out by a dark abrupt line resembling a turf wall. Some of the people whose houses bordered on the sea looked exceedingly grave, and affirmed there was no danger whatever; those who lived higher up thought differently, and pitied their poor neighbours from the bottom of their hearts. The consternation was heightened too by a prophecy of Thomas the Rhymer, handed down for centuries, but little thought of before. It was predicted, it is said, by the old wizard, that Cromarty should be twice destroyed by the sea, and that fish should be caught in abundance on the Castle-hill,—a rounded projection of the escarpment which rises behind the houses.

‘ Man owes much of his ingenuity to his misfortunes;’ and who does not know that, were he less weak and less exposed as an animal, he would be much less powerful as a rational creature. On principles so obvious, these storms had the effect of converting not a few of the townsfolk into builders and architects. In the eastern suburb of the town, where the land presents a low yet projecting front to the waves, the shore is hemmed in by walls and bulwarks which might be mistaken by a stranger approaching the place by sea, for a chain of little forts. They were erected during the wars of the five winters by the proprietors of the gardens and houses behind, and the enemy against whom they had to maintain them, was the sea. At first the contest seemed well nigh hopeless; week after week was spent in throwing up a single bulwark, and an assault of a few hours demolished the whole line. But skill and perseverance prevailed at last,—the storms are all blown over, but the gardens and houses still remain. Of the many who built and planned during this war, the most indefatigable, the most skilful, the most successful, was Donald Miller.

“ Donald was a true Scotchman. He was bred a shoemaker; and painfully did he toil late and early for about twenty-five years with one solitary object in view, which during all that time, he had never lost sight of; no, not for a single moment. And what was that one? Independence,—a competency sufficient to set him above the necessity of further toil; and this he at length achieved without doing aught for which the severest censor could accuse him of meanness. The amount of his savings did not exceed four hundred pounds; but rightly deeming himself wealthy, for he had not



learned to love money for its own sake, he shut up his shop. His father dying soon after, he succeeded to one of the snugest, though most perilously situated little properties, within the three corners of Cromarty, the sea bounding it on the one side, and a stream, small and scanty during the droughts of summer, but sometimes more than sufficiently formidable in winter, sweeping past it on the other. The series of storms came on, and Donald found he had gained nothing by shutting up his shop."—pp. 72—74.

Time after time Donald erected bulwarks, but all too feeble to browbeat the sea. On one occasion he even took to bed, weighed down by grief and disappointment to find his labours were swept away as before, though conducted with unexampled perseverance and study. But his resolution was indomitable, and at last he constructed a bulwark which has now withstood the storms of twenty-years.

"Though Donald had never studied mathematics as taught in books or the schools, he was a profound mathematician notwithstanding. Experience had taught him the superiority of the sloping to the perpendicular wall in resisting the waves; and he set himself to discover that particular angle which, without being inconveniently low, resists them best. Every new bulwark was a new experiment made on principles which he had discovered in the long nights of winter, when hanging over the fire, he converted the hearth-stone into a tablet, and, with a pencil of charcoal, scribbled it over with diagrams. But he could never get the sea to join issue with him by changing in the line of his angles; for, however deep he sunk his foundations, his insidious enemy contrived to get under them by washing away the beach; and then the whole wall tumbled into the cavity. Now, however, he had discovered a remedy. First he laid a row of large flat stones on their edges in the line of the foundation, and paved the whole of the beach below until it presented the appearance of a sloping street,—taking care that his pavement, by running in a steeper angle than the shore, should, at its lower edge, base itself in the sand. Then, from the flat stones which formed the upper boundary of the pavement, he built a ponderous wall which, ascending in the proper angle, rose to the level of the garden, and a neat firm parapet surmounted the whole. Winter came, and the storms came; but though the waves broke against the bulwark with as little remorse as against the Sutors, not a stone moved out of its place. Donald had at length fairly triumphed over the sea."—pp. 75, 76.

We have not yet done with Donald Miller; nor would our readers forgive us were they to know any part of what follows, should we drop him here. The subject and the artist are worthy of one another.

"Now that he had conquered his enemy, and might realize his long cherished dream of unbroken leisure, he found that constant employment had, through the force of habit, become essential to his comfort. His garden was the very paragon of gardens; and a single glance was sufficient to distinguish his furrow of potatoes from every other furrow in the field; but, now that his main occupation was gone, much time hung on his hands, notwithstanding his attentions to both. First, he set himself to build a wall quite round his property; and a very neat one he did build, but unfortunately, when once erected, there was nothing to knock



it down again. Then he white-washed his house, and built a new sty for his pig, the walls of which he also white-washed. Then he enclosed two little patches on the side of the stream, to serve as bleaching greens. Then he covered the upper part of his bulwark with a layer of soil, and sowed it with grass. Then he repaired a well, the common property of the town. Then he constructed a path for foot passengers on the side of a road, which, passing his garden on the south, leads to Cromarty House. His labours for the good of the public were wretchedly recompensed, by, at least, his more immediate neighbours. They would dip their dirty pails into the well he had repaired, and tell him, when he hinted at the propriety of washing them, that they were no dirtier than they used to be. Their pigs would break into his bleaching greens, and furrow up the sward with their snouts; and when he threatened to pound them, he would be told 'how unthriving a thing it was to keep the puir brutes aye in the fauld,' and how impossible a thing 'to watch them ilka time they gae'd out.' Herd-boys would gallop their horses, and drive their cattle along the path he had formed for foot passengers exclusively, and when he stormed at the little fellows, they would canter past, and shout out, from what they deemed a safe distance, that their 'horses and kye had as good a right to the road as himsel.' Worse than all the rest, when he had finished whitening the walls of his pig-sty, and gone in for a few minutes to the house, a mischievous urchin, who had watched his opportunity, sallied across the bridge, and seizing on the brush, white-washed the roof also."—pp. 76, 77.

Other annoyances quenched not Donald's thirst for tasteful employment; to the last his days seem to have been dutifully filled up. We should say, that such as he are the salt of the earth.

"Some of the gentleman farmers of the parish who reared fields of potatoes, which they sold out to the inhabitants in square portions of a hundred yards, besought Donald to superintend the measurement and the sale. The office was one of no emolument whatever, but he accepted it with thankfulness; and though, when he had potatoes of his own to dispose of, he never failed to lower the market for the benefit of the poor, every one now, except the farmers, pronounced him rigid and narrow to a fault. On a dissolution of Parliament, Cromarty became the scene of an election, and the honourable member apparent deeming it proper, as the thing had become customary, to white-wash the dingier houses of the town, and cover its dirtier lanes with gravel, Donald was requested to direct the improvements. Proudly did he comply; and never before did the same sum of *election*-money whiten so many houses, and gravel so many lanes. Employment flowed in upon him from every quarter. If any of his acquaintance had a house to build, Donald was appointed inspector. If they had to be enfeoffed in their properties Donald acted as bailie, and tendered the earth and stone with the gravity of a judge. He surveyed fields, suggested improvements, and grew old without either feeling or regretting it. Towards the close of his last, and almost only illness, he called for one of his friends, a carpenter, and gave orders for his coffin; he named the sempstress who was to be employed in making his shroud; he prescribed the manner in which his lyke-wake should be kept, and both the order of his funeral, and the

streets through which it was to pass. He was particular in his injunctions to the sexton, that the bones of his father and mother should be placed directly above his coffin;—and professing himself to be alike happy that he had lived, and that he was going to die, he turned him to the wall, and ceased to breathe a few hours after. With all his rage for improvement, he was a good old man of the good old school. Often has he stroked my head, and spoken to me of my father; and when, at an after period, he had learned that I set a value on whatever was antique and curious, he presented me with the fragment of a large black letter Bible which had once belonged to the Urquharts of Cromarty.”—pp. 78, 79.

The above forms a fair specimen of the author's powers, and one in which a firm as well as nice hand deciphers. But there is no lack of stories of a wilder character than that about Donald Miller, and of a more imaginative and less authentic nature. We shall extract the more striking parts of one bearing a truly Highland stamp. Here is its locality.

“The river Auldgrande, after pursuing a winding course of about six miles through the mountainous parish of Kiltarn, falls into the upper part of the frith of Cromarty. For a considerable distance it runs through a precipitous gulf of great depth, and so near do the sides approach to each other, that herd boys have been known to climb across on the trees, which jutting out on either edge, interweave their branches over the centre. In many places the river is wholly invisible; its voice, however, is ever lifted up in a wild, sepulchral wailing, that seems the lament of an imprisoned spirit. In one part there is a bridge thrown over the chasm. ‘And here,’ says Dr. Robertson, in his statistical account of the parish, ‘the observer, if he can look down on the gulf below without any uneasy sensation, will be gratified by a view equally awful and astonishing. The wildness of the steep and rugged rocks; the gloomy horror of the cliffs and caverns, inaccessible to mortal tread, and where the genial rays of the sun never yet penetrated; the waterfalls which are heard pouring down in different places of the precipice, with sound various in proportion to their distances; the hoarse and hollow murmuring of the river, which runs at the depth of one hundred and thirty feet below the surface of the earth; the fine groves of pines which majestically climb the sides of a beautiful eminence, that rises immediately from the brink of the chasm;—all these objects cannot be contemplated without exciting emotions of wonder and admiration in the mind of every beholder.’ ”

The house and lands of Balconie, a beautiful Highland property, are within a few miles of the chasm. There is a tradition, that about two centuries ago the lady of Balconie spent more of her time in solitary rambles on the banks of the Auldgrande, and in its frightful neighbourhood, than at home. Hitherto she had been singularly reserved, begetting mingled fear and respect; but all at once she became more social, and seemed solicitous to gain the confidence and friendship of one of her own maids, a simple Highland girl, though there still attached to the lady a mysterious wildness of manner, that made the girl experience a shrinking of the heart,

when alone with her, as if in the presence of a being of another world. The fears of the one and the frightfulness of the other, are, by the story, wrought up, till we are carried on to an evening when the lady took her attendant to the chasm.

"They reached it just as the sun was sinking beneath the hill, and flinging his last gleam on the topmost boughs of the birches and hazels which formed a screen over the opening. All beneath was dark as midnight. 'Let us approach nearer the edge,' said the lady, speaking for the first time since she had quitted the house. 'O no Ma'am, not nearer,' said the terrified girl, 'the sun is almost set, and sad sights have been seen in the gully after nightfall.' 'Psha,' said the lady, 'how can you believe such stories! come, I will show you a path which leads to the water. It is one of the finest places in the world; I have seen it a thousand times, and must see it again to night. Come,' she continued, grasping her by the arm, 'I desire it much.' No, lady, no,' exclaimed the terrified girl struggling to extricate herself; and not more startled by the proposal than by the almost fiendish expression of mingled anger and fear which now shaded the features of her mistress, 'I shall swoon with terror and fall over.' 'Nay wretch, there is no escape,' replied the lady, in a voice heightened almost to a scream, as she dragged her, despite of her exertions, towards the chasm. 'Suffer me, Ma'am to accompany you,' said a strong masculine voice from behind, 'your surety, you may remember, must be a willing one;' the girl turned round, and saw a dark looking man standing beside her; and the lady, quitting her grasp, clasped her hands in agony on her breast; and then, with an expression of passive despair, suffered the stranger to lead her towards the chasm. Twice did she turn round as if to address the girl, but though her lips moved, no sound escaped them. On reaching the precipice she turned yet a third time, and untying from her belt a bunch of household keys, she flung them up the bank; and taking what seemed a farewell look of the setting sun, for the whole had happened in so brief a space, that the sun's upper disk still peeped over the hill, she disappeared with her companion behind the nearer edge of the gulf. The keys struck, in falling, against a block of granite, and sinking into it as if it were a mass of melted wax, left an impression which is still pointed out to the curious visitor. The girl stood rooted to the spot in utter amazement."—pp. 217, 218.

A search was instantly set on foot, and prolonged for days, but all in vain; nought was to be seen of the lady; every thing was as it used to be, excepting the stone impressed by the keys. About ten years after, a Highlander, the servant of a stingy old maiden, was fishing a little below where the river issues from the chasm. His success was great, and picking out the best fish for his poor mother, and hiding them till he should return, the remainder were taken to his mistress; she taxed him however for not bringing the whole of his spoil, but he swore by the devil, to prove his honesty, On returning to the spot where the present for his mother had been concealed, his disappointment was of course great to find that the whole had disappeared. A faintly marked track alone intimated that they had been dragged toward the chasm.

"From the more than twilight gloom of the place, the track he pursued seemed almost lost, and he was quite on the eve of giving up the pursuit, when, turning an abrupt angle of the rock, he found the path terminate in an immense cavern. As he entered, two gigantic dogs, which had been sleeping one on each side of the opening, rose lazily from their beds, and yawning as they turned up their slow heavy eyes to his face, laid themselves down again. A little farther on there was a chair and table of iron, apparently much corroded by the damp of the cavern. Donald's fish, and a large mass of leaven prepared for baking, lay on the table; in the chair sat the lady of Balconie.

"Their astonishment was mutual. 'O Donald!' exclaimed the lady, 'what brings you here?' 'I come in quest of my fish,' said Donald, 'but O lady, what keeps you here? Come away with me, and I will bring you home; and you will be lady of Balconie yet.' 'No, no,' she replied, 'that day is past; I am fixed to this seat, and all the Highlands could not raise me from it.—Besides, look at these dogs!—O why have you come here? The fish you have denied to your mistress in the name of my jailor, and his they have become; but how are you yourself to escape?' Donald looked at the dogs. They had again risen from their beds, and were now eyeing him with a keen vigilant expression, very unlike that with which they had regarded him on his entrance. He scratched his head. 'Deed mem,' he said, 'I dinna weel ken;—I maun first durk the twa tykes, I'm thinking.' 'No,' said the lady, 'there is but one way;—be on the alert.' She laid hold of the mass of leaven which lay on the table, flung a piece to each of the dogs, and waved her hand for Donald to quit the cave. Away he sprung; stood for a moment, as he reached the path, to bid farewell to the lady; and, after a long and dangerous scramble among the precipices, for the way seemed narrower, and steeper, and slipprier, than when he had passed by it to the cave, he emerged from the chasm just as the evening was beginning to darken into night. And no one, since the adventure of Donald, has seen aught of the lady of Balconie."—p. 221.

So much for the wild legendary portion of this curious book; and although there is much to be learned of man from such traditions, we must now return to some more veracious accounts and scenes. Our first extracts will however regard some more melancholy events than even the bondage of Lady Balconie in the cavern at Auldgrande. Cromarty has been more than once visited by direful evils. The whole of the seventeenth century, as our author truly says, was to Scotland filled with disaster, from which the community in the district here described, was by no means exempted. There were in those years persecutions, famine, and pestilence; three of the most awful visitations sent by Providence for the chastisement and instruction of man. Mr. Miller follows the account of the last infliction, furnished by Peter Walker, the pedlar, in his life of Cargill the famous covenanter. This historian was amongst the sufferers, and has with remarkable power described the evils to which he was exposed. Those who at that time wrote from the high places of society, could neither feel nor give such graphic pictures as the poor Pedlar did. De Foe himself could not surpass

some of the touches quoted in the following passage respecting the pestilence which broke out in November, 1694—

“ When many of the people were seized by ‘ strange fevers and sore fluxes of a most infectious nature,’ which defied the utmost power of medicine. ‘ For the oldest physicians,’ says Walker, ‘ had never seen the like before, and could make no help.’ In the parish of West Calder, out of nine hundred ‘ examinable persons’ three hundred were swept away; and in Livingston, in a little village called the Craigs, inhabited by only six or eight families, there were thirty corpses in the space of a few days. In the parish of Resolis, whole villages were depopulated, and the foundations of the houses, for they were never inhabited afterwards, can still be pointed out by old men of the place. So violent were the effects of the disease, that people, who in the evening were in apparent health, would be found lying dead in their houses next morning, ‘ the head resting on the hand, and the face and arms not unfrequently gnawed by the rats.’ The living were wearied with burying the dead; bodies were drawn on sledges to the place of interment, and many got neither coffin nor winding sheet. ‘ I was one of four,’ says the Pedlar, ‘ who carried the corpse of a young woman a mile of way, and, when we came to the grave, an honest poor man came and said—‘ you must go and help me to bury my son; he has lain dead two days.’ We went, and had two miles to carry the corpse, many neighbours looking on us, but none coming to assist. I was credibly informed,’ he continues, ‘ that in the north, two sisters, on a Monday morning, were found carrying their brother on a barrow with bearing ropes, resting themselves many times, and none offering to help them.’ There is a tradition that in one of the villages of Resolis the sole survivor was an idiot, and that his mother was the last person who died in it of the disease. He waited beside the corpse for several days, and then taking it up on his shoulders he carried it to a neighbouring village, and left it standing upright against a neighbouring wall.”—pp. 260—262. ♣

But Scotland and Cromarty, like many other regions, have been subjected to much later calamities of a pestilential nature. The author accordingly brings down his history to the most recent instance, which was, when the cholera raged so fiercely in this country. The bay of the little borough he belongs to, was one of the places appointed by government, during the rigid system of quarantine then established, for the reception of vessels, until their term of restriction should have expired. We held our breath when we came upon the first sentence of the following extract; nor will the deepest emotions subside during the succeeding details.

“ On a calm and beautiful evening in the month of July, 1831, a little fleet of square rigged vessels were espied in the offing, slowly advancing towards the bay. They were borne onwards by the tide, which, when flowing, rushes with much impetuosity through the narrow opening, and, as they passed under the northern Sutor, there was seen from the shore, relieved by the dark cliffs which frowned over them, a pale yellow flag drooping from the mast-head of each. As they advanced further on, the tide began to recede. The foremost was towed by her boats to the common anchoring ground; and the burden of a Danish song, in which all the rowers joined, was heard echoing over the waves with a cadence



so extremely melancholy, that, associating in the minds of the townspeople with ideas of death and disease, it seemed a coronach of lamentation poured out over the dead and the expiring. The other vessels threw out their anchors opposite the town;—groups of people, their countenances shaded by anxiety, sauntered along the beach; and children ran about, shouting at the full pitch of their voices, that the ships of the plague had got up as far as the ferry. As the evening darkened, little glimmering lights, like stars of the third magnitude, twinkled on the mast heads from whence the yellow flags had lately depended; and never did astrologer experience greater dismay when gazing at the two comets, the fiery and the pale, which preceded those years of pestilence and conflagration that wasted the capital of England, than some of the people of Cromarty did when gazing at these lights.

“Day after day vessels from the Baltic came sailing up the bay, and the fears of the people, exposed to so continual a friction, began to wear out. The first terror, however, had been communicated to the nearer parishes, and from them to the more remote; and so on it went, escorted by a train of vagabond stories that, like felons flying from justice, assumed new aspects at every stage. The whole country talked of nothing but Cholera and the Quarantine port. Such of the shopkeepers of Cromarty as were most in the good graces of the country women who come to town laden with the produce of the dairy and hen-cot, and return with their little parcels of the luxuries of the grocer, experienced a marked falling away in their trade. Occasionally, however, a few of the more courageous housewives might be seen creeping warily along our streets; but, in coming in by the road which passes along the edge of the bay, they invariably struck up the hill, if the wind blew from off the quarantine vessels, and winding by a circuitous route among the fields and cottages, entered the town on the opposite side.”—pp. 264—266.

The author passes with judicious taste over the sad story of the ravages of this dreadful disease; but he may well say, that the horrors of the times of Peter Walker were more than realized; even the few facts which he mentions, and the few pictures which he draws, convey an impression that could not be so deep and weighty by any great accumulation of horribly minute details. Here is a scene, as delineated by him, of what he witnessed on the evening of a Sabbath, which exemplifies the taste and power we so much admire in this writer, whose heart overflows with sound sentiments, and who deals with the ease of a master with those slight materials, that, when well put together, form the strongest and the finest works.

“It was one of those lovely evenings which we so naturally associate with ideas of human enjoyment; when, from some sloping eminence, we look over the sunlit woods, and fields, and cottages of a wide extent of country, and dream that the inhabitants are as happy as the scene is beautiful. The sky was without a cloud, and the sea without a wrinkle. The rocks and sand hills on the opposite shore lay glistening in the sun, each with its deep patch of shadow resting by its side; and the effect of the whole, compared with the aspect it had presented a few hours before,



was as if it had been raised on its ground work of sea and sky from the low to the high relief of the sculptor. There were boats drawn up on the beach, and a line of houses behind; but where were the inhabitants? No smoke arose from the chimneys; the doors and windows were fast closed; not one solitary lounge sauntered about the harbour or the shore; the fearful inanity of death and desertion pervaded the whole scene. Suddenly, however, the eye caught a little dark speck moving hurriedly along the road which leads to the ferry. It was a man on horseback. He reached the cottages of the boatmen, and flung himself from his horse; but no one came at his call to row him across. He unloosed a skiff from her moorings, and set himself to tug at the oar. The skiff flew athwart the bay. The watchmen stationed on the shore of Cromarty moved down to prevent her landing. There was a loud cry passed from man to man; a medical gentleman came running to the beach, he leapt into the skiff, and laying hold of an oar as if he were a common boatman, she again shot across the bay. A case of cholera had just occurred in the parish of Nigg. I never before felt so strongly the force of contrast. There is a short poem of the present age which presents the reader with a terrible picture of a cloak of utter darkness spread over the earth, and the whole race of man perishing beneath its folds, like insects of autumn in the chills of a night of October. There is another modern poem, less wild, but not less sublime, in which we see, as in the mirror of a magician, the sun dying in the heavens, and the evening of an eternal night closing around the last of our species. I trust I am able in some degree to appreciate the merits of both; and yet, since witnessing the scene I have so feebly attempted to describe, I am led to think that the earth, if wholly divested of its inhabitants, would present a more melancholy aspect, should it still retain its fertility and beauty, than if wrapped up in a pall of darkness, surrounded by dead planets and extinguished suns."—pp. 272—274.

We have some extremely well conceived notices in Mr. Miller's book of the literati of Cromarty; for long ago there were some of the borough's mechanics conversant with books and the pen. They had, as was and is general throughout Scotland, their libraries of ten to twenty volumes of sermons and controversial divinity. But few of them, we are told, were acquainted with the best literary models. So late as 1750, continues our author, a copy of the *Paradise Lost*, which had been brought to town by a sailor, elicited much curious criticism in the town; some thinking it heterodox and deserving to be burned; others thought it was prophetic. One called it a romance; another said, it was merely a poem. Yet, even at that period Cromarty had its writers of verses: and although merely imitators, we agree with the author, that the poetical imitator is the most eccentric of all, and always an original. Here follows a sketch of one of those originals, that may well be joined to that of Donald Miller. We like the author particularly for setting an example of dealing with serious subjects and good men, without levity; for many modish writers think themselves entitled to ridicule, or treat with the formal liberality of a cold philosophy all such things. Mr. Miller is not only a juster thinker and a

fairer observer, but a finer sentimentalist. But now for the sketch :—

“ On the southern shore of the bay of Cromarty, about two miles to the west of the town, there stood, ninety years ago, a meal mill, and the cottage of the miller. The road leading to the country passed in front, between the mill and the beach ; a ridge of low hills, intersected by deep narrow ravines, and covered with bushes of birch and hazel, rose directly behind.—A straggling line of alders marked the course of the stream that turned the mill wheel ; two gigantic elms, which rose out of the fence of a little garden, spread their arms over the cottage. The view of the neighbouring farm-steadings was shut out by the windings of the shore, and the ledge behind ; and, to the traveller who passed along the road in front, and saw no other human dwelling nearer him than the little speck-like houses which mottled the opposite shore of the bay, this one seemed to occupy one of the most secluded spots in the parish. Its inmates, at this period, were John Williamson, the miller, or, as he was more commonly termed, Johnie o’ the shore, and his sister Margaret,—two of the best and most eccentric people of their day in the country side. John was a poet and a Christian, and much valued by all the serious and all the intelligent people of the place ; his sister, who was remarkable in the little circle of her acquaintance, for the acuteness of her judgment in nice points of divinity, was scarcely less esteemed.

“ The duties of John’s profession left him much leisure to write and to pray. During the droughts of summer, his mill pond would be dried up for months together ; and in these seasons he used to retire almost every day to a green hillock in the vicinity of his cottage, which commands an extensive view of the bay and the opposite coast ; and there, in a grassy opening among the bushes, would he remain until sunset, with only the Bible and his pen for his companions. He was so much attached to this spot, that he has been heard to say there was no place in which he thought he could so patiently wait the Resurrection ; and he intimated to his friends his wish of being buried in it ; but, on his death-bed, he changed his mind, and requested to be laid beside his mother. It is now covered by a fir wood, and roughened by thickets of furze and juniper, but enough may still be seen to justify his choice. On one side it descends somewhat abruptly into a narrow ravine, through the bottom of which there runs a little tinkling streamlet, on the other, it slopes gently towards the shore. We look on the one hand, and see through the chance vistas which have been opened in the wood, the country rising above us in long undulations of surface, like waves of the sea after a storm, and variegated with fields, hedge-rows, and clumps of copse wood. On the other, the wide expanse of the bay lies stretched at our feet, with all its winding shores, and blue jutting headlands : we look down on the rower as he passes, and hear the notes of his song, and the measured dash of his oars ; and, when the winds are abroad, we see them travelling black over the water before they wave the branches that spread over our heads. Many of the poet’s happiest moments were passed in the solitude of this retreat ; and from the experience derived in it, though one of the most benevolent of men, and at times one of the most sociable, whenever he wished to be happy he sought to be alone. In going

to church every Sabbath, instead of following the road, he used invariably to strike across the beach, and walk by the edge of the sea; and, on reaching the church-yard, he always retired into some solitary corner, to ponder in silence among the graves. To a person of so serious a cast, a life of solitude and self-examination cannot be a happy, unless it be a blameless one; and Johnie o' the shore was one of the rigidly just. Like the Pharisees, he tithed mint, and anise, and cumin, but, unlike the Pharisees, he did not neglect the weightier matters of the law. It is recorded of him, that, on descending one evening from his hillock, he saw his only cow browsing on the grass plot of a neighbour, and that, after having her milked as usual, he despatched his sister with the milk to the owner of the grass."—pp. 368—371.

We may be sure, too, that Johnie's cow was a dainty cow, and much made of. We cannot believe from the foregoing sketch that he was destitute of poetic fire. The fancy of being buried at his favourite resort, and the expression that there was no other place "in which he thought he could so patiently wait the resurrection," belong to a superior imagination; and yet there is no irreverence in the matter. The index to his character, found in the anecdote of the cow and its milk, forms a proper balance to that of his imagination in the former instance. Of his voluminous writings, we learn that they existed only in manuscript; and in a fragment now in the author's possession, a number of hymns, catechisms, and prayers are to be found. We think his poem entitled "An Imagination on the Thunder-claps," which Mr. Miller has introduced, will interest every reader, whose prefatory observations must also be quoted.

"It was written before the discoveries of Franklin, and so the imagination is rather a wild one,—not wilder, however, than some of the soberest speculations of the ancients on the same phenomena. The green hillock, on this occasion, appears to have been both his Observatory and his Parnassus; he seems to have watched upon it every change of the heavens and earth, from the first rising of the thunder clouds, until they had broken into a deluge, and a blue sky looked down on the red tumbling of streams as they leaped over the ridges, or came rushing from out the ravines. Though quite serious himself, his uncouth phraseology will hardly fail in eliciting the smile of the reader.

**"AN IMAGINATION ON THE THUNDER-CLAPS.**

Lo! pillars great of wat'ry clouds  
On firmament appear,  
And mounting up with curled heads,  
Towards the north do steer.  
East wind the same doth contradict,  
And round and round they run;  
And earth, and sea are dark below,  
And blackness hides the sun.  
Like wrestling tides that in the bay  
Do bubble, boil, and foam,  
When seas grow angry at the wind,  
And boatmen long for home;

Ev'n so the black and heavy clouds  
 Do fierce together jar,  
 They meet, and rage, and toss, and whirl,  
 And break, and broken are.  
 Up to the place where fire abides,  
 The wat'ry clouds have gone;  
 And waters press upon the fire,  
 And fire the waters upon.  
 And lo the fire breaks through the cloud,  
 And clouds do raise their voice,  
 Like rivers toss'd o'er mighty rocks,  
 Or stormy ocean's noise.  
 They roar, and roll, and hills do shake,  
 And heavens do seem to rend;  
 And should the fierce and shining fire  
 Down upon earth descend,  
 Like clay would be the hardest rocks,  
 Like flax the strongest brass,  
 And all the pride and strength of man  
 Like pride and strength of grass.  
 And now the broken clouds fall down  
 In *groff* rain from on high;  
 And many streams do rise and roar,  
 That heretofore were dry.  
 And when the red speat will be o'er,  
 And wild storm pass'd away,  
 Rough stones will lie upon the fields,  
 And heaps of sand and clay.  
 But I with all my sins am spar'd,  
 These fields to turn and tread;  
 Which surely had not been the case  
 If Jesus had not died.

*Quod JOHNIE O' THE SHORE.*"—pp. 323, 374.

Our last extracts shall regard the history of Cromarty politics; a borough, and we believe, one in Scotland, being the quaintest field that ever has been discovered under the head now named. The account given of the cause of Cromarty and Scottish toryism during George III.'s reign, is clearly as just as in some points it is original. We must not mutilate the following representation:—

"The people of Cromarty who lived ninety years ago were quite as unskilled in politics as their neighbours, and thought as little for themselves. They were but the wheels and pinions of an immense engine; and regarding their governors as men sent into the world to rule,—themselves as men born to obey, they troubled their heads no more with the matter. Even the two rebellions had failed of converting them into politicians; for, viewing these in only their connexion with religion, they exulted in the successes of Hanover as those of Protestantism, and identified the cause of the Stewarts with Popery and persecution. Their Whiggism was a Whiggism of the future world only; and the liberty of preparing themselves for Heaven was the only liberty they deemed worth fighting for.

“Principles such as these, and the dominancy of the Protestant interest, rendered the people of Cromarty, for two whole reigns, as quiet subjects as any in the kingdom. In latter times, too, there was a circumstance which thoroughly attached them to the government, by shutting out from among them the Radicalism of modern times for well nigh a whole age. The Scotch, early in the reign of George III., had risen high at court;—Earl Bute had become Premier, and Mansfield Lord Chief Justice; and the English, who would have as lief have witnessed the return of William and his Normans, grumbled exceedingly. The Premier managed his business like most other Premiers; the Chief Justice conducted his rather better than most other Chief Justices; but both gentlemen, says Smollett, ‘had the misfortune of being born natives of North Britain; and this very circumstance was, in the opinion of the people, more than sufficient to counterbalance all the good qualities which human nature could possess.’ Junius, and Wilkes, and Churchill, and hundreds more, who with as much ill nature, but less wit, were forgotten as soon as the public ceased to be satisfied with ill nature alone, opened in full cry against the King, the Ministry, and the Scotch. The hollo reached Cromarty, and the townsfolks were told, with the rest of their countrymen, that they were proud, and poor, and dirty, and not very honest, and that they had sold their King; all this too, as if they hadn’t known the whole of it before. Now it so happened, naturally enough I suppose, that they could bear to be dirty, but not to be told of it, and poor, but not to be twitted with their poverty, and they could be quite as angry as either Junius or Churchill, though they could neither write letters like the one, nor make verses like the other. And angry they were,—desperately angry at Whiggism and the English, and devotedly attached to the King, poor man, who was suffering so much for his attachment to the Scotch. Nothing could come amiss to them from so thorough a friend to their country; and when on any occasion they could not wholly defend his measures, they contented themselves with calling him an honest man.”—pp. 389—391.

The manner in which the Cromarty people sided with the crown in the case of the ill-advised American War, is with the same discernment stated. The author, amid all his earnestness, can be a satirist when he chooses, as the whole of this political chapter shows. But let us hear something of the individual theorists at the time spoken of:—

“Even in this age, however, as if to show that there can be nothing completely perfect that has human nature in it, Cromarty had its one Whig, a person who affirmed that Franklin was a philosopher, and Washington a good man, and that the Americans were very much in the right. Could anything be more preposterous? The townsfolks lacked patience to reason with a fellow so amazingly absurd. He was a slater, and his name was John Holm;—a name which became so proverbial in the place for folly, that when any one talked very great nonsense, it was said of him that he talked like John Holm. The very children, who had carried the phrase with them to the play ground and the school, used to cut short the fudge of a comrade, or, at times, even some unpopular remark of the master, with a ‘ho! ho! John Holm!’ John, however, held stiffly to his opinions, and the defence of Washington; and some of the graver townsmen

chaffed by his pertinacity, were ill natured enough to say that he was little better than Washington himself. Curious as it may appear, he was, notwithstanding the modern tone of his politics, a rare and singular piece of antiquity, one of that extinct class of mechanics described by Coleridge, 'to whom every trade was an allegory, and had its own guardian saint.' He was a connecting link between two different worlds,—the worlds of popular opinion and of popular mystery; and strange as it may seem, both a herald of the Reform Bill and a last relic of the age 'in which' (to use the language of the writer just quoted) 'the detail of each art was ennobled in the eyes of its professors by being spiritually improved into symbols and mementos of all doctrines and all duties. John had, besides, a strong turn for military architecture, and used to draw plans and construct models. He was one evening descending to an old campaigner on the admirable works at Fort George (a very recent erection at that time) and illustrating his descriptions with his stick on a hearth-stone strewn over with ashes, when by came the cat, and with one sweep of her tail demolished the entire plan. 'Och Donald,' said John, 'it's all in vain;' a remark which, simple as it may seem, passed into a proverb. When an adventure proved unsuccessful, or an effort unavailing, it was said to be all in vain like John Holm's plan of the fort. But John's day was at hand.—We, the people, are excellent fellows in our way, but I must confess not very consistent. I have seen the principles which we would hang a man for entertaining on the evening of one day, becoming quite our own before the evening of the next."—pp. 392—394.

The French Revolution next wafted some of its doctrines even to remoter points than Cromarty. The revolutionary procession that ensued is a capital hit, as told by Mr. Miller. But the manner in which a young and clever man of Cromarty, who at this time was known by the emphatic appellation of Democrat, alarmed the country gentlemen in the neighbourhood, and the authorities in the borough, till they floundered out of one mistake and unfounded suspicion into another, is the best satire of all; exposing the official insolence of men in power, and the style of Conservatism in vogue at that era in the hotbeds of Toryism. But our readers for these rich morsels must have recourse to the volume itself; for by this time they must be satisfied that whatever the author sets his hand to will be admirably finished.

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## NOTICES.

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**ART. XII.**—*Sketches of the Beginning and End, in the Life of Gherardo Di Lucca.* London: Churton. 1835. . . . .

FROM the extremely limber character of this tale, as respects its exterior, we anticipated something uncommonly good in the little it could contain. The fragmentary form into which its contents are thrown, also intimated that nothing like husk or refuse, but that essence and excellence alone were to be expected from it. Then the "Beginning and End" should be rich and massive compressions, when the *Middle* is left out. But, alas! it has turned out to be an unconnected something beginning with love, and ending with religion, interlarded strangely with astrology; in all which there appears neither aim nor interest—only serving the writer as an excuse for the exhibition of a style singularly forced and obscure.

The thing amounts only to trash, after all its affectation.

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### ART. XIII.

**1.**—*Counsel for Emigrants, &c.; with Original Letters from Canada to the United States.* Second Edition. 1835.

**2.**—*Sequel to the Counsel for Emigrants, &c.; with a Map.* Aberdeen: J. Mathison. 1834.

THE former of these works costs two-and-sixpence, the other one shilling; but we venture to say, that each of them will be of more real use to the emigrant, than most of the octavos that have appeared on the subject. The facts and statements being chiefly the result of experience, and afforded by a great number of persons, differently situated, and pursuing different callings in Canada and the United States, lends them a peculiar character and worth. The author, who acts principally in the capacity of a compiler, deserves great praise for the mass and variety of authentic information which he has collected in a singularly unostentatious form. He has in truth done much to enlighten those who, to better their fortunes, or to command an independency, compared with their penury in this country, are prompted to cross the Atlantic. We do not wonder that the former of these works should have gone to a second edition. The minor one, we have no doubt, will command an equal popularity. Indeed, it is exactly on the same plan with the former, distinguished only by its later information; but no person meditating a settlement in the parts described, should lose a day in consulting both publications. In short, we consider the two taken together, as a complete magazine of the most essential matters that can concern an emigrant about to settle in Canada, or the United States, particularly the former. The favourable accounts of these parts given in the "Counsel" and the "Sequel," are completely verified by the concurrent testimony of so many and so differently circumstanced witnesses as here appear. Besides the interesting, and to many the all-engrossing nature of the subject treated of, these little books recommend themselves by letters of very various style, not a few of which are ab-

mirable and well seasoned with humour or sentiment. Cheap, wholesome, full, and indispensable to emigrants, are the contents of these small volumes. Our unhesitating opinion is, that in no other shape can the same information so easily be found, or so forcibly taught.

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ART. XIV.—*The Works of Alexander Pope, with a Memoir of the Author; &c. Vol. I.* By the Rev. G. CROLY, L.L.D. London: Valpy. 1835.

THIS edition of the works of the celebrated standard of English versification, is to appear in six monthly volumes, in that cheap and elegant form, which the illustrated editions of Scott and Byron's works have made so familiar to the public. Besides a new memoir, there are notes and critical notices, by the Rev. Dr. Crolly himself, an accomplished scholar and eminent poet. In these circumstances, there is sufficient recommendation of the publication; for while it would be a labour of supererogation, to utter a single word respecting the imperishable character of Pope's writings, it has been generally understood, that all of his preceding biographers have been so deeply influenced, either by hatred or friendship, or prejudice, as to have in a great measure incapacitated them for the office, which the present editor, we think, has considerably and fairly executed. After all, however, the great recommendation of the edition will be its handsome form and moderate price; nor can there be any doubt, that henceforth this will be the only edition sought after, as compared with its predecessors, by every person who desires the poet's works complete.

We have not observed in the prospectus to this undertaking, any particular reference to Pope's translation of Homer, although the object of the publisher is stated to be nothing less than "to present the British nation with the writings of this great ornament of literature, in a complete, correct, and universally accessible form." And yet it is impossible that six such volumes as the one before us, can embrace that translation, while certainly, it forms, if not the most illustrious display of the poet's genius, at least one of his brightest and noblest efforts. We can easily conceive, that many will choose his original and miscellaneous pieces, without his Homer; but still it would have been as well, had the precise extent of the present publication been exactly stated.

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ART. XV.—*Compendium of the Literary History of Italy, until the Formation of the Modern Italian Language; translated from the Italian of the Count F. V. Barbacovi.* Edinburgh: Clark. 1835.

THE translator of this Compendium deserves our hearty thanks, for opening up to the English reader one of the ablest and finest sketches ever published, of the literature of Italy, from its earliest emittance, down to the formation of its modern language in the eleventh century, embracing a period equal to seventeen centuries in duration. But then, think of what country and people it then treats; and the reader while he admires, will wonder how such a comprehensive, clear, and engaging history could be presented within a compass, amounting to little more in the translation

than two hundred pages. The profound knowledge and skill of the author, united with high literary acquirements, have enabled him, while he avoided a history of a fatiguing length, to bring its riches into a convenient and brief form, without exhibiting that repulsive dryness, which usually belongs to Compendiums. We think we say not too much, when adding, that the translation is not unworthy of the original. The work must become a standard in academical education, and a book of reference to every man who desires to have a full and fresh conception of the literary history and glory of unrivalled Italy.

ART. XVI.—*Remarks on the History of Ancient Egypt, from Mizraim to Cambyzes, the Son of Cyrus. &c.* By TH. YEATES. London: Arch. 1835.

THIS pamphlet treats of the Scripture history of ancient Egypt. Its design is stated to be, the collecting together such parts and passages in the sacred volume as refer to that famous country; and to present the same as nearly as possible in an historical and chronological order, together with such remarks as appeared necessary and useful. We do think, that the author's acquaintance with his subject is that of a learned and laborious chronologist, and also commentator. We should also presume, that Mr. Wilkinson's interesting and highly valuable work relating to the same country, of which we have spoken so favourably in this number of our journal, will claim in a particular manner the author's study. If, however, we abstained from saying a single word in our review of that work, as to the accuracy of its chronology, on account of the obscurity surrounding the inquiry, we are now still more fully authorized to avoid entering upon the field, seeing that the present author gives his opinions in a very brief shape, indeed, while these opinions, as to names and dates, are not in a slight degree at variance with those of the former writer. To biblical antiquaries, however, this pamphlet, as well as Mr. Wilkinson's Thebes, will no doubt be interesting.

ART. XVII.—*Directions for insuring Personal Safety during Storms of Thunder and Lightning, &c.* By JOHN LEIGH, Jun. Esq. London: Ridgway. 1835.

THE object of this little tract is to teach every one how life and property is to be preserved from the electric fluid, according to the utmost knowledge which experience and practical science afford. It is strange, that superstition should still even in this country guide many persons on this subject. As the author states, it is lamentable, that charms against the fatal effects of lightning are used; such as a document called "Christ's Letter," which is carried about the person. Sprigs of thorn bushes are also employed in the same manner, as also in the different apartments of a house, from the idea that thorns are not damaged by lightning. Some persons open all the doors in a house, and shut the windows; others, open the windows, and shut the doors; and some keep both doors and windows open during thunder storms. The author points out the ab-

surdity of these and such like expedients. He urges the necessity of keeping at a distance from trees and all other substances and bodies that attract lightning, such as the outside shelter of houses; and when insisting that the best way is to seek preservation in the inside of a house, he justly points out the propriety of keeping as much as possible in the middle of the room or building, and away from touching or being very near the walls, or fire-place; for if no metallic conductor attracts the lightning, it usually, after coming down the chimney, passes round the walls, these being imperfect conductors. He also treats of the application of conductors, as the surest preservatives against the ravages of lightning—the whole of the little tract being of that plain, sensible, and accurate character, as particularly to enlighten not only the ignorant peasant, but the public in general, as to the best ascertained means of escaping destruction, or damage from thunder storms. The tract is extremely suitable for gratuitous circulation, not only on account of its immediate design, but as furnishing an interesting specimen of sound thinking, and the absurdity of trusting in vulgar or superstitious charms against natural evils.

ART. XVIII.—*The Works of William Cowper, his Life and Letters.* By WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esq. Now first completed by the Introduction of Cowper's private Correspondence. Edited by the Rev. T. S. GRIMSHAW, A. M. London: Saunders and Otley. 1835.

THIS, we think, is the handsomest specimen of the popular, yet elegant, as well as convenient form of modern standard works, that we have yet seen. The letter-press, the embellishments, the entire *getting up*, are exquisite. The first and second volumes are before us, and when the succeeding portions have been published, according to the ordinary regular issue of such efforts, our great Christian poet will doubtless take his place in many hundreds of drawing-rooms, that have hitherto been denied the possession of his surpassing beauty and refinement.

This edition will contain not only Hayley's life and letters of Cowper, the former purified from its acknowledged errors and deficiencies, but upwards of two hundred letters will be added of the poet's private correspondence, which have never before been incorporated in any uniform edition of his works, and which, by competent judges, have been considered to be even of a superior order to those published by Hayley. Hayley's great fault was, fear lest he should exhibit Cowper too much in a religious garb. But this edition will do better, for it will shew him as he was, and that will be as one of the most estimable, lovely, and wonderful objects in the moral world.

We observe, that a rival edition is talked of, under the superintendence of Southey, certainly an excellent hand for such a work. But the present publication can hardly be surpassed in plan or execution, whilst its priority in the market would decide our choice, where there can be so very little room for real superiority, since both editions have nearly equal access to the poet's productions and letters. We have only again to state, that a more desirable object cannot be thought of than Grimshawe's edition of Cowper's works.

**ART. XIX.—*The Life of Bishop Jewel.* By C. H. W. LE BAS, M. A.  
London: Rivington. 1835.**

THIS is one of the volumes of the Theological Library, and published at a time that calls for such a life. Jewel figured soon after the Reformation, having been persecuted by Mary, but, by Elizabeth, created Bishop of Salisbury. He has been called not only a stout, but the invincible champion of the church of England. His famous *Apology* to this day is considered to be one of the everlasting props of that church; and in such estimation was it held by Elizabeth and her immediate successor, that during their reigns his "*Last Book*," which contained his *Apology* and its *Defence* by him, was appointed to be set up in churches, where it was kept chained, for the general benefit. His works are very numerous, and as may be expected from a writer of his order, at that period, they are chiefly controversial. He seems, however, to have been a mild and kind-hearted man, refined, learned, and accomplished, rather than surpassingly powerful. We like the portrait of him prefixed to this life; it exactly harmonizes with the tone of his writings, and the history of his life. The life as here given, though merely a compilation, is calmly and pleasantly written, while the lessons it teaches respecting the doctrines and interests of the church of England, are particularly seasonable. We have only to add, respecting Jewel's opinions and tenets, that had he lived at the present day, he would have been the last of his order who would have stood up in behalf of the gross abuses that since his time have sprung up in the establishment. The candour of his nature, the gentleness of his temper, the holiness and laboriousness of his life, are the very reverse of many symptoms and things now belonging to the church, which he so ably defended in its early institution. While, therefore, the voluntary system, and many other fancies now in vogue, may be ably opposed and denounced by the arguments founded on Jewel's opinions and reasonings, it is also clear that the laxity of discipline, the existence of sinecurists, and the oppression which very many of the working clergy of the establishment now suffer, may encounter in these pages a still severer reproof.

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**ART. XX.—*Old Maids; their Varieties, Characters, and Conditions.*  
London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1835.**

THE title of this book is likely to suggest, that there is something novel, curious, or quaint in it, beyond the ordinary run of new works; at least we anticipated a treat, though not pretending to guess in what shape or style it should be served up. But we were never more completely disappointed. It is a poor affair, and not worth reading. The titles of some of the chapters may suffice to shew the feebleness of the plan; yet, the execution of it is still more trashy and pointless. We have, after an Introductory and Dedictory Chapter, a classification of Old Maids; such as, Voluntary Old Maids—Involuntary Old Maids—then come Accidental Old Maids—and also, Inexplicable Old Maids! This is enough.

ART. XXI.—*Literary Fables, from the Spanish of Yriarte.* By RICHARD ANDREWS. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1835.

YRIARTE'S fables are of a distinct character from those of Æsop and Phædrus, or La Fontaine and Gay; and altogether of an original nature. They are applied solely to literary subjects, and abound with a rich and sparkling humour, in exposing the offences against sound judgment and taste, that are most frequently met in the various departments of writing and the fine arts; whereas virtue and morality are the objects which the former fabulists have endeavoured to inculcate. The translation before us, though somewhat unequal, is yet a graceful and elegant work. The writer has judiciously adopted, for the sake of giving the spirit of the author, considerable freedom in translation, and altered some allusions, which were purely Spanish, so as to suit our English customs and modes of thinking. We shall give two specimens, which, though not the best, yet being short, they suit our pages, and at the same time sufficiently prove the beauty and the peculiar character of this volume, from which many a pithy aphorism may be aptly culled.

“ THE FLINT AND THE STEEL.

THE flint, with language, harsh and high,  
Accused the steel of cruelty,  
In striking her with all his might,  
Whene'er he wanted fire and light.  
The steel the imputation spurned,  
And, with such warmth the contest burned,  
That both, at last, agreed to slip  
Their contract of companionship.  
'Good bye, then, madam,' said the one;  
'And, since my company you shun,  
And to continue with me doubt,  
We'll see what use you are, without.'  
'About as much as you will be,  
Good sir,' she answered, 'without me.'

Writers, revolve this tale of mine,  
Nor think it needless to combine  
With powers naturally strong,  
The help of study, close and long.  
Does not this fable true reveal,  
The flint shines not without the steel?  
No more can talent without art,  
For both are useless when apart.”—pp. 6, 7.

Critics, as well as authors, come in for it.

“ THE VIPER AND THE LEECH.

'DEAR sister Leech,' the viper cried,  
Gently approaching to her side,  
'Since you, like me, bite when you can,  
Why does unjust and partial man  
So differently treat the two,  
Submitting to be bit by you,  
Yet shunning me with hate and fear,  
And shuddering, if I come but near?'



' Brother,' replied the leech, 'you're right,  
In saying that we both do bite:  
But, as 'tis easy to detect,  
With very different effect.  
My mouth a healing virtue gives,  
I bite the dying man, he lives:  
While, and you know it to be true,  
The healthiest dies, if touched by you.'

Observe, ye readers, then, and writers,  
That critics, doubtless, all are biters;

Yet that a wide distinction runs

'Twixt useful, and malignant ones.'—pp. 81, 82.

Yriarte died in 1790, his fables having won him a great reputation in his own country. Another of his poems, "La Musica," has previously been translated into English.

ART. XXI.—*The Descent into Hell. Second Edition. Revised and rearranged, with an Analysis and Notes, &c.* By J. A. HERAUD. London: Fraser. 1835.

SOME of our greatest poets of the present century have, in spite of neglect and ridicule, at first and perseveringly cast upon them, gradually won their way to the very top of Parnassus—have carried at last by storm the world's love and admiration. Mr. Heraud has hitherto encountered manfully one of these styles of treatment; and yet we predict, if length of days be his, that he will triumph over vulgar prejudice and ignorant neglect, and take his place among the masters of song. His *Descent into Hell*, which first appeared some five years ago, is a bold and an original effort. The comparisons which its title instantly suggests, are alarming, but still he need not shrink from the field on that account. He is great in his conceptions, his imagination is boundless, his learning profound, and his verse wonderfully rich in all the requisites of his art. The poem of which we speak, is written in the *terza rima* of Dante, a difficult measure, and little known in English poetry. One thing, and which is indispensable to the greatest heroic poet, the author signally possesses: this is, a full impression—we may call it, a deep inspiration—of heavenly and revealed truth. He puts us in mind of the great poets of former times, whose breadth and vigour of religious feelings were conspicuous in every imagination that has enraptured posterity.

The present edition of the *Descent into Hell*, has been much improved since its first appearance; for the author is an elaborate and industrious student, as well as of a daring and rich imagination. We cannot find room, however, for any specimens from this poem; but from the minor ones, that are bound up with it, we give a few verses, taking part of the Ode, written while the dedication of the volume was passing through the press. The death of a son was the occasion.

" The Heart may be too proud,  
Even a Parent's heart!  
My Boy! thou wert—thou art  
My Boast, even in thy shroud!

Death hath come up amongst my little Flock,  
 And taken One from out my darling Seven,  
 The loveliest—worthiest—as a special mock,  
 Or rather marked him as preferred for Heaven.  
 My Boy! my own broad-browed, precocious Boy!  
 Thy Body was a Casket, fair but frail—  
 No helm hadst thou—no warrior's coat of mail—  
 The golden Chain that linked it to thy Soul,  
 Was weak, that it might snap, ere came annoy;  
 Early the garment dropt, soon won the goal.  
 Hence as I watched thee, resting midst the strife,  
 Beauty on thy calm features set her seal,  
 The Beauty of the Dying;—nay, the Life  
 Of Hope, to Victory making sure appeal,  
 Bringing the Distant near,  
 And of the Future saying—'It is here.'

"Weep thou no more, O Mother of my Child!  
 For who by Grief would be beguiled,  
 Who knows the Eternal One,  
**THE FATHER OF THE SON?**  
 On him He aye hath smiled!  
 —Thine was a touching saying,  
 That, if thy other Dear Ones  
 Should far outlive Life's Maying,  
 Yet, even when we are sere Ones;  
 Our Boy will alway be,  
 As when thou sawst him playing,  
 A very Child to thee.

"Father of Spirits! on my bended knee,  
 My Soul in worship, thankfully,  
 Acknowledgeth that Thou  
 Herself hast made her know,  
 And know herself in Thee!  
 —I thank Thee for the Assurance;  
 That Thou hast in thy keeping,  
 Where Grief hath no insurance,  
 The Child for whom we are weeping!  
 I thank Thee, who canst save,  
 For Faith and strong Endurance,  
 Triumphant o'er the Grave!"

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# THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

JUNE, 1835.

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ART. I.—*Narrative of a Voyage of Discovery to Africa and Arabia, performed by his Majesty's Ships, Leven and Barracouta, from 1821 to 1826.* By Captain THOMAS BOTELER, R. N. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1835.

FROM the period that Vasco de Gama completed the circumnavigation of the Southern extremity of Africa, towards the close of the fifteenth century of our era, until the voyage of his Britannic Majesty's ships the *Leven* and *Barracouta*, performed between 1821 and 1826, there existed no accurate chart of the east coast of Africa. From the above mentioned period, the Portuguese had many settlements on that coast, but owing to political causes, it may be presumed, their charts were withheld from foreigners; at any rate, such as are now to be met with, abound with such errors, and are characterized by so many defects, that no reliance can be placed on them. To remedy this disgrace to our hydrographical knowledge, the voyage which furnished the narrative in the two volumes before us, was undertaken. A strict and careful survey of the whole eastern coast of Africa, together with Madagascar and other adjacent islands, was entrusted to Captain Owen, under whom the author was appointed second lieutenant of the *Leven*, and afterwards promoted during the voyage, to the first lieutenancy of the *Barracouta*, and assistant surveyor.

Before proceeding to say any thing regarding the contents of the work, it is necessary to afford some explanation why it has made its appearance at such a late period, and more especially as Captain Owen's narrative of the very same expedition has been before the public for some years. This delay is accounted for, first, by the death of the author, when commander of his Majesty's sloop, *Hecla*, on a subsequent expedition to conduct a survey of the western coast of Africa, from Cape Spartel to the Line, which, as is well known, had a fatal termination; and next, by the deaths of two brothers, the Rev. Edward Boteler, and Lieutenant Colonel Boteler, each of whom had resolved, it would appear, to lay before the world, the contents of these pages. In another brother, however, the present editor has been found; and without question, every

new family bereavement, although occasioning the postponement of this respectful office to the memory of the author, has only thereby increased the reasons that were at first felt as imperatively requiring its performance.

But there is another ~~fact~~ that must not be withheld, which we think should have ~~had~~ the effect of repressing altogether, at least the greater ~~portion~~ of the present publication. In the midst of the preparations of this journal, on the part of the author, soon after the termination of the expedition described, it was forwarded to Captain Owen, who actually extracted from it much of its most important matter, all which has for years been published. To be sure the editor tells us, that notwithstanding the appearance of that work, and these numerous extracts, there was still much left that might interest the public. We can only answer, that this which he calls *much*, were it left to stand by itself, would make but a sorry volume, either as respected size or originality. We are willing to believe, however, and are indeed persuaded, that Captain Owen's Narrative has chiefly been indebted to the present journal for its merits; but still we do not apprehend that the public is so deeply taken with the matter as to require its re-appearance in this shape. As far as the first volume goes, we are led to understand that it is nearly a reprint. Our extracts must therefore be from the other half of the work, as it now appears; which is more original.

Taking the present work, without any reference to a preceding publication, descriptive of the same voyage, it well deserves to be called interesting. The writer exhibits, in an eminent degree, the accomplishments and the natural genius for a traveller to inhospitable regions, to parts little known, and seldom explored. His judgment, intelligence, and enthusiasm, clearly discover themselves on every occasion; affording, among many other examples, a proof that our naval service, like our military and civil departments, contains numbers of young men, whose scientific and literary acquirements and efforts would do honour to any order of scholars or philosophers. We may be sure that Captain Boteler had not only a well grounded elementary education, but that he continued a diligent student amid his professional duties, and when ploughing the mighty deep.

It is hardly necessary to remark, that this journal attests, in a striking manner, the adventurous spirit and the hardihood amid danger, that has long distinguished British sailors. Our author's joining the expedition under Captain Owen to the eastern coast, and afterwards volunteering to conduct a survey of the western coast of Africa, in the course of which he fell a victim to the climate, is one among a host of other instances, where British talent, enthusiasm, and bravery, have been offered freely up to the service and glory of the country. But, however much we must admire this devotion, is it not a melancholy theme, when we think of the value and the number of the sacrifices? These volumes, indeed,

amid all their stirring incidents, and attractive pictures of enterprise and strange scenes, present throughout, and in almost every chapter, terrible human sufferings, and a fearful catalogue of death's ravages. Such were the hardships, privations, and deadly effects of the climate, that in the course of the survey under Captain Owen, which lasted four years and six months, only thirteen officers returned out of forty-seven who left England, twenty-two having died, and nine having been obliged to be invalided.

In a preface left by the author, it is stated, that his intention at first was to confine his narrative to such facts alone as passed under his own observation; but after reflecting that the east coast of Africa is at present but little known, he availed himself of all the sources of information on which he could rely; and they were great, considering the constant occupation in surveying, that devolved upon him and his companions. From these sources, together with his own observations, not a few discreditable facts, bearing upon the Portuguese settled in the parts visited, are stated.

The first volume closes with the author's arrival off the Leopard's Bank, so termed because his Majesty's ship of that name, commanded by Captain Blanket, got upon it during her voyage to the Red Sea; and, adds our author, "from the situation assigned to the ancient and once flourishing city of Melinda, there can be no doubt that the Leopard's Bank once formed its port." The very site of that city, says Mr. Boteler, is however not now perfectly known, although in some modern works on geography, it is described as existing in the same flourishing state as it did centuries back—a happy illustration of accuracy, certainly, in as far as respects the eastern parts of Africa.

After leaving the Leopard's Bank, the Barracouta, commanded by Captain Vidal, proceeded towards the celebrated port of Mombas, on the venerable old castle of which, we are told, the red flag of the Arabs was flying.

"It was late when we anchored, and therefore no communication with the shore took place; but, in the morning, the nephew of the Shekh, or Sultan, came off with a retinue of twenty-six persons, and, in the name of his uncle and the people of Mombas, begged Captain Vidal to authorise them to hoist the English flag, and to place their town and territory in the hands of his Britannic Majesty. This offer required consideration, and it was agreed that the answer should be deferred until the next day, when, as Captain Vidal was indisposed, I was sent on shore to deliver it. On landing near the castle, I was completely hemmed in by a number of men and boys, who seemed determined to set no bounds to their curiosity. My sword, my hat, and every article of my apparel, underwent as strict an examination as the short time I had to wait for the Shekh's nephew would admit of. He came down with several more Arabs to escort me to the castle, the pathway passing, by means of a log of wood, over a deep and apparently natural fissure in the ground to the moat, over which, opposite to the entrance of the fortress, I crossed on a mass of rock that had either always remained unhewn, or been elevated for the purpose. Here I was

required to stop, until the Shekh and his divan should be ready to receive me, and Arab dilatoriness allowed me abundance of time to look around.

"A massive portion of rock, elevated some feet above that which forms, with the exception of a superficial layer of earth, the surface of the island, served as a most excellent foundation for the respectable castle which the Portuguese erected to defend it. It is hewn down below the level of the circumjacent rock, so as to form a deep and broad moat, while the masonry above rises as a continuation of the hewn part below, from which, until you come very near, it cannot be distinguished. The whole exhibits the firm unity of artificial strength with that which Nature has given. The entrance, of a later erection than the rest of the building, has rather a grand and imposing effect: it stands out a little prominent, is much adorned by sculptured stone-work in high relief; and above its large folding-door, studded with iron spikes projecting from pieces of hard wood shaped like the umbo of a shield, a large tablet bears an inscription in old Portuguese, the characters of which are almost obliterated by time, and mouldering fast into decay. It records the rebuilding of this gateway in 1635, by Captain Francisco de Sexas de Cabra, and enumerates the services rendered to the King of Portugal on the East Coast of Africa by that officer, and the rewards bestowed upon him by his sovereign."—vol. ii, pp. 2—5.

The castle is then described as massive and imposing, particularly when contrasted with Arab weakness, in their attempts to repair the solid Portuguese fabric; and yet these Arabs are the descendants of the men who opposed the former in the plenitude of their power, and wrested their native country from them. There is a natural harbour at Mombas, described by the author as perfect, where no swamps, stagnant pools, or mudbanks are to be found, to render it unhealthy; and no neighbouring height to command it, while its shelter is complete. He also thinks it would be an advantageous port for merchandize, and that if occupied by the English, it would serve as an excellent half-way house to vessels bound through the Mozambique Channel, as a retreat from an enemy, and, in case of danger, as a port to refit at; besides offering a refuge to the crews of vessels that might unfortunately be cast away on the coast. The author enumerates other encouraging circumstances, for the consideration of England, in reference to the choice of Mombas as a station for their shipping and trade, and enforces them by the suggestion, that as the Portuguese have now lost the Brazils, they will, in all probability, again turn their attention to their former possessions on the east coast of Africa.

..... We may subjoin the account of Mombas, as drawn up in these pages:—

"Mombas appears anciently to have been a place of great consideration, yet but little mention is made of it in history. Vasco da Gama called there in his way to India; and the appearance of the houses, which were built of stone, with terraces and windows in the Spanish style, occasioned the pleasing sensation which those who, long separated from civilized society, experience when they re-enter it. They could almost imagine it was a Spanish port; and the feeling in its favour, which the first view had



impressed on their minds, was heightened by the apparent kindness with which they were received. A boat came off, and brought several of the principal men on board; and, after welcoming the strangers to their port, they promised everything in the way of supplies which the place afforded, yet with the suspicious salvo that it was necessary, according to the law of the place, that they should first enter the harbour. Da Gama did not like the terms; but he was overruled by the necessity of his situation, backed by the earnest entreaties of his men; and had nearly fallen a victim to the treachery of the Mombassians, who, frightened by a noise which they could not account for, betrayed their treacherous intentions by the fears they manifested on supposing their plot to be discovered. The Mombassians afterwards suffered severely for this intended act of hostility; for Francisco de Almeyda, after he had subdued Quiloa, attacked their capital, took it after a severe struggle, and, in revenge for the obstinacy with which the inhabitants had defended themselves, burnt the place. Though the town was destroyed, the inhabitants remained the same; and twenty-three years afterwards they had rendered their abode sufficiently strong to hold out some time against Nunho da Cunha, who, after he had taken it, pursued the same course as Almeyda, and reduced it to a heap of ashes. After this time I have seen nothing respecting Mombas, but the scanty information which the inscription over the gate of its castle furnished, and a statement that in 1720 it was in the possession of the Imaun of Muscat. To this day the Mombassians draw the attention of the stranger with pride to a large mass of masonry, the common sepulchre for those who fell in wresting the place for the last time from the Portuguese."—vol. ii, pp. 18—20.

In several of the books we have lately been engaged in reviewing, the island of Madagascar has occupied a large share of discussion, and frequent reference has been made to the late king Rahdahmah. Here is a striking sketch of his character and person:—

"Rahdahmah, although upwards of thirty, appeared many years younger: his stature did not exceed five feet five inches, and his figure was slight, elegant, and graceful. His demeanour, which was diffident in the extreme, did not coincide with the idea that a man is apt to form even of one accustomed to a military life and its fatigues, much less to the successful and enterprising prince who combines the hero and the statesman, the idol of a warlike people, and the terror of surrounding foes. Yet such is Rahdahmah. Cool, collected, and daring, his mind full of great undertakings, and his whole heart and soul engrossed in their execution and success, still his features remained serene and unruffled, disdaining as it were to betray the host of passions and the storms of ambition that raged within. His appearance was altogether that of one better adapted for the courtier than the hero, for the statesman than the soldier, and above all for a domestic circle and a retired life. He conversed with drooping head and downcast eyes, yet not a word escaped which had not been well weighed and studied.

"The tone of voice that he assumed was low in the extreme, hesitating, and cautious, as if to gain time for reflection, one minute; plain, firm, and unembarrassed, the next. His features, which were well formed, remained sedate and tranquil, until some part of the conversation of greater interest engaged his attention; then a tremulous half-suppressed motion of the lip,

and a hasty stolen glance from his dark expressive eyes, betrayed for an instant the interest he felt, when they were again consigned to that tranquillity which, though impenetrable in itself, yet keenly remarks and maturely reflects on all that is passing.

"I shall conclude this slight sketch of Rahdahmah by quoting the character given of him by Charles Telfair, Esq., late private secretary to Sir Robert Farquhar, when governor of the Isle of France; a gentleman to whose kindness I am indebted for some interesting facts relative to the above prince and his Ovah possessions; and who, I should hope, from the copious materials which he has so assiduously collected respecting Madagascar, will soon be able to favour the public with a work on that interesting island.

" 'Rahdahmah is a man far before his countrymen in an exemption from the prejudices in which he was brought up; anxious to learn; apt in seizing on the strong points of a subject; careful in examining them, and resolutely determined in carrying into execution every regulation that can tend to the advancement of his country; and yet his manners are such as not to revolt the feelings of his subjects.' "—vol. ii, pp. 125—127.

The sagacity of this politic prince may be judged of from one particular passage in the history of his reforms, and yet it regarded but a measure to do away with a particular fashion in the wearing of the hair, on the part of his people. It had been the established custom to allow the hair to grow to a great length, braided, knotted, and anointed with cocoa-nut oil and grease, which Rahdahmah found to be not only conducive to filth, but very inconvenient, especially to his soldiers. It was not in his estimation, however, a matter requiring or admitting of grave legislation, or assembled senators. He had recourse to another expedient. At a general review held by him, he appeared with his own hair cut, in the military fashion of England. We must allow the author to narrate the rest.

"The young men, eager to imitate their king in every action, stole away as soon as they could from the field, and re-appeared before Rahdahmah left it, with their hair as closely cropped as his. The old men were not so easily brought over, and the women set no bounds to their clamour, for it had been their pride to dress their husbands' hair, and to vie with one another in the taste and neatness which they displayed in so doing; and in this way many a morose temper was softened, many a quarrel made up, and many a point gained which words had failed to carry. It cannot be supposed that a custom leading to such conciliating effects in domestic life would be quietly relinquished by those who were benefited by it; the consequence was that the women repaired in a crowd to Rahdahmah, and in a most tumultuous manner insisted upon the revival of it. In vain the prince represented to them his object in adopting the change; in vain he attempted to combat their objections by jokes: their blood was up, their tongues were going, and Rahdahmah was obliged to resort to other measures, especially as he perceived that the noisy rhetoric of the women, though lost on him, produced its effect on many of the populace. A great ferment was evidently excited; a rebellion was on the eve of taking place; and to restrain it some strong measures were absolutely necessary. Rahdahmah called his guards, and pointing out to them a few of the most

troublesome among the women, ordered them to take them to a neighbouring wood, and there to cut their hair off in such a way that it should never grow again. The soldiers obeyed, and, arrived at the wood, prepared to execute their orders, but it became necessary to consider in what manner they were to proceed. 'How can the thing be done?' was the question from one to the other. 'Cut their hair how we will, or ever so close, it will grow again in spite of our teeth.' After turning the matter over in their minds for some time, they hit upon the true meaning of Rabdahmah's words—they cut off the heads of the turbulent females. By this rigorous measure, sanctioned by the exigency of the case, the disturbance was quelled; short crops became the order of the day, and as attacks when once made upon old forms are generally carried to the extreme, so that which was lately admired and respected, is now by the greater number ridiculed and despised as a barbarous custom."—vol. ii, pp. 137—139.

In no part of the survey conducted by the expedition under the survey of Captain Owen, as described in Mr. Boteler's narrative, have we been more amused than in that which was made of the west coast of Africa. Circumstances prevented them from devoting much time to the river Congo. They next anchored in Kabende Bay, which was much resorted to by the slaves at that time and since. The Kabende people are represented as affecting to despise greatly the Bushmen Negroes of the interior; but as a contrast to this contempt, an anecdote is given, descriptive of the admiration which they entertain for the whites:—

"Prince Jack was sitting and conversing with Capt. Vidal, when some specimens of mechanism, watches, sextants, and other instruments, arrested his attention. He examined such of them as he had never seen before with the most intense curiosity, and, after a pause of silent admiration, turned to Capt. Vidal, and exclaimed, not as if merely in flattery, but with an earnestness that betokened sincerity: 'Cappen, suppose Kabende man no see white man die, e tink e no ebery ting!' thereby wishing to intimate that, had not his countrymen seen that white men died like themselves, they would have supposed that they were immortal, and beings of a superior order."—vol. ii, p. 357.

Another incident is introduced, to explain how this admiration must in part have been excited. When a British vessel on a former occasion visited that place, one of the principal persons, or Mafuccas, a very fine looking young man, came on board, and, in the course of conversation, let slip that the Portuguese had been persuading them that the British government were examining their country, with the view of seizing upon it; but he added some boastful language, intimating how useless the attempt would be.

"Lieut. Hawkey, observing the self-complacent tone in which this was uttered, laughed, and remarked, that were the English silly enough to take possession of so wretched a country, (a term at which the Mafucca was highly indignant), they would with the utmost ease maintain themselves in their sovereignty over it, in spite of every effort that the natives might make to expel them. 'Here,' continued he, 'you have been asking me for a cutlass for the last ten minutes: you cannot want it, for you know

not how to use it. With this small rapier,' pointing to his dress-sword, 'I would set you and your cutlass at defiance.' The Mafucca treated the observation with the utmost contempt, and, glowing with indignation, offered to put the matter immediately to the test.

"Mr. Hawkey had been some years a prisoner in France, and was a perfect master in the use of the small-sword. To punish the Mafucca's arrogance, he accepted the challenge. The cutlass, in its rapid and deadly meant evolutions, was turned as harmlessly aside by the well-handled rapier, as if no eye had directed the movements, and no force its blow. The lieutenant was cool and in strength; the Mafucca, foaming with fury and almost sinking from debility; the contrast strongly demonstrated the superiority of cool scientific knowledge over impotent rage. The affair was closed by a slight puncture of the skin of the Mafucca's shoulder. By that time he had begun to perceive the inutility of his efforts and the folly of his conduct; he gave up the contest, shook hands, and ever afterwards, while the Congo was there, continued on the most friendly terms with all on board, and never ceased to express his admiration of Mr. Hawkey's skill, and respect for the British nation. His people, who witnessed the contest, although they were very apprehensive for their chieftain's safety, yet could not suppress a continued exclamation of admiration and astonishment."—vol. ii, pp. 358—360.

It would appear that the natives all along the part of the coast we are now upon, speak broken English; and even, as given by the author, their language and ideas are not a little curious. From the specimens introduced, they seem to be a shrewd and quick-minded people. At Cape Lopez, King Passol's town is situated. Passol, who is an old man, insisted on our author seeing a Fetiche dance, declaring "Now you laugh too much."

"Sure enough, forthwith rushed from the house among the dancers a most extraordinary figure. It was a man mounted on stilts at least six feet above the ground, of which, from practice, he had acquired so great a command, that he certainly was as nimble in his evolutions as the most active among the dancers. He was sometimes so quick, that one stilt could hardly be seen to touch the earth before it was relieved by the other. Even when standing still, he often balanced himself so well as not to move either stilt for the space of two or three minutes. He wore a white mask, with a large red ball on each cheek, the same on his chin, and his eyebrows and the lower part of his nose were painted with the same colour. Over his forehead was a sort of vizor, of a yellow colour, having across it a line of small brass bells: it was armed in front by long alligators' teeth, and terminated in a confused display of feathers, blades of grass, and the stiff hairs of elephants and other large animals. From the top of his head the skin of a monkey hung pendent behind, having affixed to its tail a wire and a single elephant's hair, with a large sheep's bell attached to the end. The skin was of a beautiful light green, with the head and neck of a rich vermilion. From his shoulders a fathom of blue dungaree, with a striped white border, hung down behind; and his body, legs, and arms were completely enshrouded in a number of folds of the native grass-cloth, through which he grasped in each hand a quantity of alligators' teeth, lizards' skins, fowls' bones, feathers, and stiff hairs, reminding

me strongly of the well-known attributes of Obi, the dread of the slave-owners of Jamaica.

"The fetiche never spoke. When standing still he held his arms erect, and shook and nodded his head with a quick repetition; but, when advancing, he extended them to their full length before him. In the former case, he appeared as if pointing to heaven, and denouncing its vengeance on the dancers and the numerous bystanders around; and in the latter, as one who, finding his exhortations of no avail, was resolved to exterminate, in the might of his gigantic stature and superior strength, the refractory set. The master fetiche was his constant attendant, always following, doubling, and facing him, with exhortations, uttered at one minute in the most beseeching tone, accompanied hat in hand by obsequious bows, and, in the next, by threatening gestures and violent passionate exclamations. The attendant on the master fetiche was likewise constantly at hand, with his stick applied to his mouth, and, in one or two instances, when the masquerader approached, he crouched close under him, and squirted the red juice of the root he was chewing into his face."—vol. ii, pp. 374—376.

The author for upwards of an hour watched the dance, yet the fetiche appeared untired. But on inquiry, it turned out that the ceremony was daily enacted, and was by no means got up for the amusement of the white visitors. Neither could it be gathered from the people what man performed the fetiche character. A bystander, when asked, was piqued and astonished at the inquirer's ignorance, answering:—

" 'He no man; no man do same as him; e be de diable, e be de devil.' Still I was a little sceptic as to their really holding this belief themselves, though they insisted on the fact as they represented it to me; and therefore, after I had received the same answer from all, I used to add in a careless way, to try their sincerity, 'In what house does he dwell?' 'What! what! Fetiche, I tell you, be devil; e no catch house; e lib (live) in dat wood,' pointing to a gloomy looking grove skirting the back of the village. It was in vain that I attempted to unravel the origin or meaning of this superstition: to all my questions the only answer that I could obtain was, that such was the fashion of the country—a reason which they always had at hand when puzzled, as they always were when the subject related to any of their numerous superstitions. The fact is, that these practices still remain, though their origin has long since been buried in oblivion."—vol. ii, pp. 376, 377.

After leaving Cape Lopez, the survey was prosecuted to the northward. The river Gaboon was visited, on the banks of which a fine-looking race exists, who from their intercourse with Europeans, far surpass in intelligence those of the east coast. The fluency with which many speak English is represented as astonishing. We must also admire their reluctance to shed blood in their civil strifes and battles.

"Spears are in use, but in their wars they principally fight with the musket, yet in a manner ridiculous enough. Case Glass and others of the natives, as well as the master of the English brig trading in the river, assured me, when speaking of the late war between Kings Glass and George, that in their principal battle, which lasted nearly four hours, only one man



was killed. I looked surprised, and they equally so—not that the circumstance was a strange one, but that I should think it such. ‘No ab too much plainty man here : what for we go them kill um ? No, no ; we make bob (bobbery, noise), no too much kill man.’ Even to this harmless warfare only the lowest order of the natives are liable to be exposed ; the rest consider it unbecoming their rank, and quietly remain at home with their wives.”—vol. ii, p. 384.

The Gaboon has been, says the author, but little resorted to by men-of-war. The earliest that King Case Glass could remember was a large frigate, the captain of which had his wife on board. She was the only English lady he ever beheld. He described her to our author as being very handsome, and dwelt with raptures on the symmetrical form of her neck, which he said was “very, very long, and bending like his arm.” Yet, though he admired her appearance, he by no means approved her manners, saying that she told a “d——n lie,” by holding her nose when the black men approached, and exclaiming that the smell of them was offensive.

The expedition which these volumes describe presented opportunities of intercourse with savages of various tribes, to an extent far beyond that which generally falls to the lot of navigators or travellers over land. But the inhabitants of Fernando Po are depicted as the most savage in appearance, and most singular in costume, of any the author ever saw. In hue they varied much, some being jet black, and others of a copper colour, but all had the same cast of features. Their faces were in general large, their countenances pregnant with intelligence, and a quick feeling that could not submit to be tampered with.

“The principal article of their costume was grotesque in the extreme : it was a straw hat, with a narrow brim and low crown, the top of which they were not sufficiently skilful to form otherwise than by puckering the upper parts of the sides together. In the ornaments of these hats a singular taste prevailed : they consisted of monkeys’ skulls, dogs’ jaws, small bones placed across, the horns of goats or deer, with a portion of the frontal bone attached ; the whole being in some cases shrouded over and half hidden from the view by a funereal plume of jet-black feathers, producing a most sombre and dismal effect. Wooden pellets, incrustated with earth of different hues, together with an assorted collection of shells and other articles, were also in general added. The whole was attached to their heads by means of bone skewers, passed through their superabundant stock of hair, which, begrimed with unsavoury grease and red earth, was plaited up into tails, and allowed to hang down on each side of the face and behind, resembling a large bunch of cigars : these, by protruding, gave to the head a magnified appearance, which the general disproportionate size of their hats tended to increase. The ornaments also about their bodies were equally extraordinary ; on one arm they generally had a very broad bracelet, formed of small pieces of shells strung together like beads, and on the wrists narrower ones of the same kind.”—vol. ii, pp. 424, 425.

We feel satisfied that the author, when speaking of the manner in which civilized people should act towards savages in their mutual



dealings, has judiciously laid this it down as a rule—amid kindness and humanity, never for a moment to consider them otherwise than as enemies, and so treat them, on the slightest positive indication of hostility : for to allow their treachery to pass unpunished is to encourage it. He continues to observe, that the savage feels not the sentiments from which your lenity springs, but attributes that conduct to fear and folly, which originated in the nobler dictates of humanity and pity. Once establish in the mind of the savage your superiority over him, and the power you have of punishing his offences is secured, while the great bulwark that stands between him and civilization is sapped in its foundation.

The yams in Fernando Po are indigenous, and celebrated for size as well as quality. Twelve of them taken promiscuously weighed fifty-six pounds. On leaving the savage people last described, the expedition repaired to the river Bonny.

“A muster of provisions was immediately made, which they, as well as the king, named Peppel, were all glad to supply, in order to get rid of us ; for such is the dread there of a man-of-war, that the presence of one, even off the river, occasioned an instant stagnation of the trade within. That carried on by the English consists in palm-oil. It is supplied by the natives in large calabashes, brought down the river by canoes from the distance of many days' journey in the interior—some so far, and by such various modes of carriage, that not even the name of the country whence it comes is known, and still less its situation. To convey an idea of the mercantile emulation which prevails in the interior, it will suffice to state, that eleven years ago one vessel could scarcely obtain a cargo of palm-oil at the Bonny ; whereas now eight or ten annually load with it. The slave trade once abolished with a strong hand, how quickly would this part of Africa improve ! The rich productions of the country would be brought forth, and, instead of the vilest commerce that ever disgraced the character of man, an honest and luxuriant trade would spring up, and in time we might reasonably hope to redeem so extensive a tract from its present state of barbarism. The means at present adopted to suppress the slave trade can never succeed. Stronger measures are requisite ; and the course most likely to prove effective would be to punish the native princes themselves who engage in it, by fines for the first or second offence, and afterwards with greater severity, according as their culpability should be deemed to deserve it. When humanity is the motive, scruples about attacking unenlightened and defenceless people should never be allowed to preponderate over a sense of justice ; they must from their feelings be aware that they are doing wrong, and therefore should be subjected to a correction which might impel them to change their conduct.”—vol. ii, pp. 432, 433.

Several vessels were laying in the river, engaged in the slave-trade, belonging to the French and Spaniards, at the time our author arrived at Bonny. Besides mentioning that the people on this river have always had a great dread of English men-of-war, he goes on to say, that since the abolition of the slave-trade it has continued, and that it was strengthened a few years before the arrival of Captain Owen's expedition, through the following circumstances and exploits.

“ The slavers, consisting of French and Spanish vessels of various sizes, with a portion of their cargo on board, were at anchor near the shore, as they imagined in perfect security, when suddenly, at the strongest of the flood-tide and sea-breeze, the boats of the squadron were observed opening round the point, pulling and sailing, with their colours flying. In an instant an alarm was given, and all was activity and preparation on the part of the slavers for an obstinate resistance.

“ The largest was a spanish schooner, full of men, and mounting several guns. She was considered as the commodore, and, in the pride of fancied strength, daily discharged a morning and evening gun. This vessel, with the rest, immediately commenced a heavy cannonade on the boats as they approached, and with effect; for, notwithstanding the short time which elapsed between their appearance and reaching the vessels, several of their men were wounded. They very properly forbore to return a shot, well knowing that they should soon have an opportunity of punishing the miscreants more effectually at close quarters. Peppel and his people, who were standing on shore and watching the scene, were amazed; they thought the English mad at least, especially when they observed but one boat board the large schooner on either bow, and the rest dash on to the others. The slavers were all carried in less than five minutes; but, as they had previously done so much damage, their cries for quarter were drowned, for the first two or three minutes, by threats and cheers in a higher tone from the English, accompanied by corresponding actions.

“ The crew of the large schooner especially suffered; scarcely one remained on deck alive, and those who were not there cut down endeavoured to escape by jumping overboard and making for the shore; in which attempt many miserably perished by the sharks, which in great numbers infest the river. Those of the smaller vessels fared better, as the greater part, when the English drew near, took to their boats and escaped to the shore. The firing, the confusion, and the din in boarding the vessels; the cries of the wounded who reached the shore, and of those whom the sharks were mangling in the way, together with the oaths and exclamations of despair uttered by those whose property was involved—produced the utmost consternation among the blacks, and in a few minutes there was not one left in the town. They retreated panic-struck to the woods, whence it required some trouble on the part of the masters of the English merchant vessels to prevail on them to return.”—vol. ii, pp. 437—439.

Our author proceeded in one of two boats that ascended the river Bonny about three miles above the town, where King Peppel reigns, which gave the greatest offence to his Majesty. His jealousy was aroused, and the offence, together with the British Captain's not going to see him, would, he affirmed, lower him in the estimation of his subjects. We must let our readers have a specimen of the oratory of his Majesty.

“ In this way he continued to expatiate to the masters of the vessels, accompanying his words by placing his fingers to his ears, as if determined not to hear a word in explanation of a circumstance that he deemed inexplicable. ‘ Brudder George’ (his Britannic Majesty) ‘ send war ship, look um what water bar ab got; dat good, me let um dat. Brudder send boat chop um slave ship; dat good, me let um dat. E no send war

ship look um creek; where me keep um war canoe. E no send war ship, for cappen no peakee me, no lookee me face. No, no, no, no; me tell you no! Suppose you come all you mout full palaver give e reason why e do it, me tell you, you peakee lie, you peakee lie, you peakee d—n lie!’ Suppose my fadder, my fadder’s fadder (grandfather) come up from ground and peakee me why English do dat, I no sabbee tell um why.’”—vol. ii, p. 441.

King Peppel is represented as being extremely vain. We suspect he is also somewhat of a glutton.

“For the entertainment of casual visitors, a table is generally placed at the door of Peppel’s abode, and covered with liqueurs, &c. The king likewise at times gives a grand dinner, to which the masters of vessels and his chiefs are invited. The display on these occasions is very grand; the table-service, as well as the wines, liqueurs, and eatables, are of the best kinds. At an entertainment given a short time before our arrival, Peppel, after he had eaten most immoderately for nearly half an hour, turned round to his domestics, who were loading the table with dishes, and angrily exclaimed, ‘Why you mak many ting stand for table one time? Dat makee me sick; appetite no come up.’”—vol. ii, pp. 443, 444.

But what is equally probable of this negro prince; he is extremely superstitious.

“The king, though often invited, will never venture on board a man-of-war, but sometimes visits the merchant vessels, proceeding from the shore in a war canoe in great form; but, as he approaches, he always keeps aloof till the compliment of a heavy salute is paid him. He then goes close to the ship’s side, and breaks a new laid hen’s egg against it, after which he ascends the deck, fully persuaded that by the performance of this ceremony he has fortified himself against any act of treachery. For other reasons, or perhaps none that he can explain, he likewise takes with him a number of feathers, and his father’s arm bone, which, on sitting down to dinner, he places on the table beside his plate. He also has at the same time a young chicken dangling by one leg (the other being cut off) from his neck.”—vol. ii, pp. 446, 447.

Here is a sorrowful illustration of Bonny superstition.

“The bar of the river Bonny has sometimes proved fatal to vessels resorting thither; and, being therefore injurious to the trade of the place, the inhabitants, considering it as an evil deity, endeavour to conciliate its good-will by sacrificing at times a human victim upon it. The last ceremony of this sort took place not a very long time before our arrival. The handsomest and finest lad that could be procured was chosen for the purpose, and for several months before the period fixed for the close of his existence he was lodged with the king, who, on account of his mild demeanour and pleasing qualities, soon entertained a great affection for him; yet, swayed by superstitious fanaticism, he made no attempt to save him, but, on the contrary, regarded the fate to which the unfortunate lad was destined as the greatest honour that could be conferred upon him. From the time that he was chosen to propitiate by his death the forbearance of the bar, he was considered as a sacred person; whatever he touched, even while casually passing along, was thenceforth his; and

therefore, when he appeared abroad, the inhabitants fled before him, to save the apparel which they had on, or any articles which at the time they might be carrying. Unconscious, as it is affirmed, of the fate intended for him, he was conveyed in a large canoe to the bar, and there persuaded to jump overboard to bathe, while those who took him out immediately turned their backs upon him, and paddled away with the utmost haste, heedless of the cries of the wretched victim, at whom, pursuant to their stern superstition, not even a look was allowed to be cast back."—vol. ii, pp. 447, 448.

In conclusion, we advise all persons who desire to have correct, not romantic and poetic ideas of savage life and heathen morals, to repair to Mr. Boteler's pages for the most instructive lessons. The value of the work is in various other respects great; but we have confined ourselves chiefly to those extracts which are descriptive of human nature in its ruder states. The author's testimony is beyond all cavil. His statements are not made with the slightest desire to prop any theory; his entire style and sentiments are those of an honest, enlightened, and observant historian; and if we leave out of question that a great proportion of his pages have previously seen the light, we cannot but say that his *Journal* is one of the most curious and entertaining we ever read.

ART. II.—*History of the British Colonies, Vol. IV.* By R. MONTGOMERY MARTIN, F.S.S., &c. &c. London: Cochran & Co. 1835.

WE have nothing new to say of the fourth volume of this great work, as regards its plan, fulness, and execution; for it holds on in its mighty and splendid career, without faltering or abatement, and, if possible, with a more masterly freedom, knowledge, and philanthropy than ever. This last feature seems to expand as the publication advances in magnitude and age; nor do we exceed the simple but prominent truth in saying, that Mr. Martin's enlightened, liberal, and religious fervour of humanity, sheds abroad such a lovely light upon every page of the present volume, as to render his purely statistical details exceedingly interesting and attractive even to the general reader, and to excite kindred feelings in all. His acquaintance with every distinct colony, nay, every patch of territory on which a few British subjects have settled, seems more minute and complete than any that has ever been formed by individual historians or tourists of single settlements; while the ease with which he disposes of his vast and multiform materials points out a grasp of intellect of extraordinary power. That one man should not only visit all or almost all of the British Colonies, but write of each and all by far the most satisfactory account of their relations, internal condition, capabilities and prospects, that has ever appeared, can only be explained by declaring that the writer's mental powers and acquirements are extraordinary, and that nothing short of a passion for the task could have carried him through with it.

We observe in the volume before us, as formerly, some decided political opinions respecting the importance and the treatment of our Colonies, from which many may dissent. In our review of the preceding volume we expressed a hope that the author would avoid in future a discussion of such points, and escape the hazard of speaking rashly, or of giving offence to any party, in a work intended and fitted for the instruction and acceptance of all. But though we still think there is considerable room for diversity of sentiment respecting some matters discussed in this volume, as well as in the former ones, we are now inclined to retract the wish then expressed, that Mr. Martin would deny himself the opportunity of stating his notions of such matters. Perhaps our acquiescence in his conduct arises in some degree from an insensible conversion to his opinions, brought about by the flow of information and sentiment which he has ever at his command. But besides, we *now* do not see how any one could embrace such an extensive field as that taken up by the several volumes of his history, and treat each part so variously, without forming very decided opinions on the policy of the mother country respecting the same possessions—opinions necessarily entitled to great weight, when coming from such a person as Mr. Martin, whose opportunities of forming a perfect judgment seem to have been unmatched on the part of legislators or historians. Indeed, in a succeeding portion of the work, for which we shall impatiently wait, the British colonial policy is to be treated of at length; nor can we doubt that the author's strength and clearness will set many points at rest which have hitherto been disputed by less competent judges.

This fourth volume treats of the British possessions in Africa and Australasia, and, as we have already stated, with at least equal perspicuity, force, and attraction with any of the preceding portions. We felt, as each of the previous volumes appeared, something like the fear that there remained not for the author any materials so valuable or interesting as those he had then spread before us. Surely, thought we, the British empire in Asia, and a view of China, furnish unparalleled themes on the subject of colonization; and as these occupied the first volume, expanded and disposed with all the author's peculiar power, it was not unnatural, in the absence of any such guide to our other foreign possessions, to think that the finest display was made at first, and in the opening of his large work. But the West Indies came next—a suitable and admirably diversified match to the former volume, as respected a theme for the pen of a dexterous and picturesque writer. And now, after the boundless plains of the Eastern Hemisphere, and the beautiful isles of the West, where were we to find scenes so imposing and materials so rich? The author has shown us in his third volume where to go for all these; and displayed them in the fertile prairies of Northern America. And now we have the settlements on the vast continents of Africa and Australasia, together with Mauritius, Van Diemen's Land, &c. &c. in no respect less worthy of the historian or the reader's study and



wonder than any of the former departments which have engaged Mr. Martin, in this standard and truly national work. Not to speak of the possessions in Europe dependant on the mother country, which will engage the author in a succeeding volume, what has already been exhibited and illustrated, may well make us exultingly demand—Where, in the history of the human race and of empires, shall we find such an expanse, and such a system of dependence, as England possesses? A few notices of these dependencies, in as far as the present volume of Mr. Martin's Colonial History is concerned, shall now, nearly at random, be culled.

The first chapter treats of that section of the British empire known by the name Cape of Good Hope, which, commercially and politically, is one of the most valuable possessions we can mention. The southern extremity of Africa has, however, been so frequently of late years explored and described, that many things necessarily entering into our author's comprehensive and diversified account must be familiar to all. Yet still there are matters in every one of his chapters, that are novel, partly owing to the peculiar intention of his labours, and his precision of information of a statistical nature, and partly arising from the position which he adopts in viewing them. Many may not be aware of the precise constitution of the form of government at the Cape.

“ **FORM OF GOVERNMENT.**—The affairs of the Colony are administered by a governor, nominated by the Crown, aided by an Executive Council, composed of the Commander of the Forces, the Chief Justice, the Auditor-General, Treasurer, and Accountant-General—the Secretary to the Government. There is a Legislative Council appointed by the government in England, at the recommendation of course of the Colonial Government. The members of this council (of whom five are now official) after two years' sitting *hold their seats for life*:—their debates are now carried on with open doors.

“ A large proportion of the colonists are strenuously in favour of an Elective Legislative Assembly, such as exists in Canada; they ground their claims for such, on the allegation that serious misgovernment has been continually exercised, under the rule of an individual governor, Dutch or English; they point to the amount of property held by the colonists; to the large amount of taxes (130,808*l.*) annually levied on them without their consent, and appropriated without the control of those paying them. They instance the fact that, the smallest slave islands in the West Indies have long enjoyed the benefit of Legislative Assemblies, and that, now slavery no longer exists in South Africa; nor without reason do they allege the neglect of their affairs in England, where also, by reason of the abolition of the *nomination* boroughs, the indirect representation enjoyed by the colonists, has been cut off: and, above all, they point to the irresistible fact that, a Representative Assembly, chosen by the property and intelligence of any community, is the best security for its liberties, and the surest promoter of its prosperity.

“ A constituency is already formed, consisting of those who are entitled to sit as jurors, and the colony has long been divided into districts; there is, therefore, no practical obstacle in the way of granting, as a boon, that



which it will be just and politic to concede as soon as a majority of the colonists are in favour of an elective legislative assembly.

“ Another point on which the colonists of the Eastern districts justly complain, is in the want of a resident local authority, the most trifling acts, even permission to hold a public meeting, being required to be referred for consideration to Cape Town, a distance of 6 to 700 miles, where travelling is not as easy as on an English post road.

“ The introduction of a Representative Assembly would, in a great degree, remove the evil which the distant settlers now complain of, but a Lieutenant Governor should certainly be appointed for the eastern districts and frontier; a code of municipal regulations be established, with a Mayor and shrievalty, at Graham's Town; and a branch of the Land Transfer and Registry Office, or other business requiring frequent reference to Cape Town, should be established at the capital of the Eastern Province.

“ At present each district, or *drostdy*, has a Civil Commissioner, who now, for economy's sake, acts also as a resident Magistrate, aided by a relative number of unpaid Justices of the Peace: a district is divided into several smaller divisions, termed *Veld Cornetries*, over which an officer with that title presides. The *Veld Cornet* is in fact a sort of petty magistrate, empowered to settle trifling disputes within a circuit of fifteen or twenty miles, according to the extent of his authority, to punish (*erst*) slaves and Hottentots, to call out the burghers (over whom he presides) in the public service, and act as their officer on *commandoes*, to supply government with relays of horses or oxen, when wanted, &c. &c.; he receives no salary (except upon the Caffre frontier), but is exempt from all *direct taxes*.”—vol. iv, pp. 116—118.

The evil arising from the want of a resident local authority is exemplified by a ludicrous instance detailed by the author. When Sir Lowry Cole arrived as governor at the Cape, the settlers at Albany were desirous of presenting a congratulatory address, on account of the high character he bore whilst governor of the Mauritius, but the permission even to hold a meeting for the purpose had to be sought from the governor himself. His Excellency felt the awkward predicament in which he should appear as granter of a meeting to praise himself; he then begged to thank the settlers for their good intentions, and assured them he would take the will for the deed.

The military defence of the Cape consists of three regiments of infantry, a strong detachment of royal artillery, a party of the royal engineers, and an excellent regiment of mounted riflemen, the privates and non-commissioned officers of which are principally Hottentots. A summary of the laws in force in the colony cannot be uninteresting.

“ When the Cape became a British colony the Dutch criminal and civil laws were in operation;—these, particularly the latter, have undergone some modification—torture has been abolished; the penalty of death attaches on conviction to murder, rape, coining money, and high treason; transportation, for theft to a large amount, or crimes of a serious or violent nature, not liable by the Dutch law to death: for minor crimes, the punishment is banishment to Robben Island (at the entrance

of Table Bay), with hard labour; imprisonment in the *Trank* (prison), or flogging. Criminals are tried by a jury, of whom there must be at least seven members present, and when the offence is capital, a majority must agree in the verdict, if seven only be present; if more than seven jurors attend, and opinions as to guilty or not guilty are equal, the prisoner is acquitted; by the new charter the English system has been brought into operation. By a humane and wise decree, a criminal is allowed, on his trial, to employ an advocate to examine and cross-examine witnesses, and to argue for him on all points of law in his defence.

"The civil law is modified by that of the Dutch code,—the 'Statutes of India,' collected by the Dutch towards the end of the seventeenth century, and declared to be applicable to the Cape by a Batavian proclamation, dated February, 1715—and by various colonial laws, or where these are found deficient by the *Corpus Juris Civilis*. The equal divisions of property on the demise of a parent, added to the absurd custom of measuring distances by a man's walk in an hour, or a horse's canter, render litigation frequent.

"The laws are administered by a Supreme Court, presided over by a Chief Justice (salary 2,000*l.*), and two Puisne Judges (salary each 1,200*l.*), who hold four terms in the year—February, June, August, and December. Circuit Courts, civil and criminal, are also held after the English form; for the better execution of the law, the office of High Sheriff, with the appointment of Deputy Sheriffs for each district, was created in 1828. Small debts under 20*l.*, in the Cape district, or 10*l.* in the country, are recoverable by the Court of the Resident Magistrate, from whose judgment there is an appeal; in Cape Town if the sum litigated amount to, or exceed 5*l.*, or in the country districts 40*s.* Debts exceeding 20*l.* sterling in the Cape district, and 10*l.* in other parts of the colony, are recoverable only in the Supreme Court, where, however, smaller sums may also be recovered: claims founded on a note, or bond, already due require no witnesses; book debts, and others, not founded on liquid documents, require to be proved by witnesses; and a poor person, suing *in forma pauperis*, is allowed an advocate by the Court, to inquire into his case. The Attorney-General (salary 1,200*l.*), *ratione officii*, is the public accuser and prosecutor, and all suits in the court of justice, on the part of government, are conducted by him.

"A court of Vice-Admiralty sits for the trial of offences committed on the high seas, and for the adjudication of maritime disputes. The commissioners appointed by letters patent under the Great Seal, dated 13th March, 1832, are the Governor, or Lieutenant-Governor, members of council, the Chief and Puisne Judges, the Commander-in-Chief and flag-officers of ships of war, and also the captains and commanders of ships of war. Matrimonial Courts, for the settlement of conjugal differences, and the granting of marriage licences, are held by the Commissioners, who are also Resident Magistrates, in their respective districts, aided by the local Justices of the Peace, and the Veld Cornet. The police of Cape Town is well managed, and the public prison clean and well arranged, the civil and criminal prisoners being kept perfectly distinct."—vol. iv, pp. 120—122.

The Bar at the seat of Government, though not large, is represented as distinguished by talent. The Dutch language formerly used in the courts of law is, of course, now superseded by the Eng-

lish. But as specimens of party influence in regulating the administration of justice in the colony, and also of ignorance in the highest quarters at home, two facts are stated by Mr. Martin, which, were they of no other use, go to prove the pains he has gone to in gathering his information. First, in the law proceedings of the circuit courts, two of the judges being English and one Scotch, they act, when separate, according to their respective systems, to the no small annoyance of suitors: secondly, a German, speaking only High Dutch, was sent out to the Cape as interpreter to the Supreme Court, although Africanders speak the Low Dutch with a peculiar *patois*.

On the state of religion at the Cape:—

“ There are a variety of creeds professed in South Africa:—The Dutch colonists are divided into Calvinists and Lutherans,—the Calvinist or Reformed Communion correspond almost entirely in doctrine and in discipline with the Church of Scotland, hence pastors now sent out (there is one for each district) are from the latter establishment. The Dutch Reformed Church so called is under the control of the General Church Assembly in the highest matters,—its synod consists of two political Commissioners, three Moderators (including a President, Secretary and Actuarius, and Quæstor) and members composed of all the officiating clergymen, and delegated elders from the several churches in the colony. The synod is held every 5th year, in the month of November. The General Church Assembly is charged with the care of the general interests of the Calvinistic or Reformed Church in South Africa, and in regard to these particularly with the care of all that belongs to public worship and the Church Institutions; it frames church regulations and ordinances, and submits them to government for approval; it makes particular regulations respecting the examinations and the manner of admission of those intended for teachers, that it may be fully assured of their ability, orthodoxy and fitness; and it provides appropriate arrangements and makes regulations for the promotion and improvement of religious instruction in the Colony. The principal minister at Cape Town has 400*l.* a year, and two other ministers 300*l.* each—and in each district with a Calvinistic congregation there is a minister with a salary of 200*l.* a year. Such a system of church discipline is worthy of adoption nearer home.

“ Of Christians—the English or Episcopalian Church ranks next in point of numbers; it is under the diocese of Calcutta, with a resident senior Chaplain, on a salary of 700*l.* a year. When I was last at Cape Town there was no Church for the Episcopalians, and they were obliged to accept the loan of the Lutheran Church in the intervals of the Dutch morning and afternoon service; a handsome edifice called St. George's Church has been finished within the past year, with 1000 sittings, 300 of which are set apart for the poor. A good church has also been recently built at Graham's Town for the British settlers, and provided with an English Chaplain at a salary of 400*l.* per annum. The Lutheran Church has a minister at Cape Town paid 150*l.* per annum by his congregation. The Presbyterian or St. Andrew's Church has a minister at Cape Town with 200*l.* a year from Government, and a stipend from the community; the Roman Catholic Chapel has a pastor with 200*l.* a year from Government, and an allowance from his community.”—vol. iv, pp. 123—124.

In our review of Moodie's South Africa in our last number, we took notice of his unfavourable account of the Missionary labours expended in the districts he visited, and ventured to offer doubts respecting his fidelity or impartiality; founding our dissent on the numerous respectable narratives and testimonies furnished by other, and, we doubt not, more competent judges of religious affairs. We are happy to have such a support to the great mass of previous encouraging accounts existing, as that which the author of the History of the British Colonies presents in his present volume; for however much we might be pleased with Lieutenant Moodie's light and spirited pages, we cannot allow him for a moment to compete with Mr. Martin in any one important and substantial characteristic of a grave and authoritative historian. The Missionary Societies, says our present author, have long been nobly exerting themselves in South Africa. There is the South African Missionary Society, which was established in 1799; the London Missionary Society, established in 1795. These have many stations, many pastors, many schools, and many scholars. Then there are the Wesleyan Missionaries, who are here said not to be behind their London brethren in pious efforts, whose stations are numerous. The Moravians, that simple and zealous class, have also several excellent establishments; continues our author, where they have wisely commenced teaching the people the wants and comforts of civilized life, and then instructed them in the blessings of religion. And yet, said Mr. Moodie, little or nothing like good fruits has resulted from Missionary labours, even on the part of the Moravians in South Africa. We remarked on such a sweeping assertion, that it was impossible, constituted as the human mind is, that the pure lives and earnest enlightened exertions of the highest order of philanthropists that the world ever saw should go for nothing, and produce no good and gracious effects; and with Mr. Martin we must cordially agree in saying, that no country offers a wider or more favourable field for the pious Missionary than South Africa and its adjacent country, where myriads of people are emerging from the confines of barbarism, and beginning to taste the fruits of knowledge and industry.

On the state of Education and the Press we have the following notices:—

“ EDUCATION is making considerable progress—a schoolmaster of respectability has been sent by the home Government to every drostdy (district) to teach the English language gratis to the inhabitants. Several individuals further the progress of instruction after the manner of Capt. Stockenstroom at Graaff Reinet, who added to the salary of the teacher from his own pocket 600 rix-dollars for the purpose of opening a class for the classics at the teachers' leisure hours—and 400 rix-dollars to encourage a day school for females, besides giving up an extensive and expensive private library for the use of the inhabitants.

“ A very excellent Institution termed the *South African College*, was founded at Cape Town, 1st October, 1829, whose affairs are under the superintendence of a Council and Senate; the tuition being conducted

by Professors of Mathematics, Astronomy, Classical, English, Dutch and French Literature, with Drawing masters, &c. Another admirable Institution, entitled the *South African Literary and Scientific Institution*, has the Governor for patron, aided by a President, Vice President, Council, &c.; a Museum is attached to the Institution filled with preserved and well-arranged specimens of animals and other objects of Natural History indigenous to South Africa, owing to the zeal of Dr. Smith.

“ The *South African Public Library*, with a Committee of the principal gentlemen in the Colony, is highly creditable to the literary taste and enterprise of the inhabitants, as it would stand a comparison with almost any library in England, the national ones excepted.

“ The *South African Infant School* is also a beneficent establishment. There are many private schools in Cape Town and Albany, with well educated masters—so that on the whole we may assume (though unfortunately there are no statistical returns) that the ‘ Schoolmaster is abroad’ in South Africa.

“ A *Medical Society* meet once a month at Cape Town for the discussion of subjects connected with the profession of the healing art, and the most remarkable cases in medicine or surgery are published.

“ The *Cape Royal Observatory* for astronomical observation in the southern hemisphere, is under the control of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, who employ an Astronomer and Assistant for the purpose of making celestial observations. Among the other Societies are those for *Promoting Christian Knowledge*—a *Philanthropic Society*—a *Tract and Book Society*—a *Bible Union*—*Friendly Society*—*Widow's Fund*—and an *Agricultural Society*, &c. There are also Book Societies, &c. in different districts.

“ The Press.—Among the other extraordinary features of the present age is the introduction and extension of a Free Press on the shores of Southern Africa—extending our language, laws, and literature, and erecting a monument for the British name less perishable than one of marble or brass—‘*cere monumentum perennius!*’

“ Although the freedom of the ‘ Press’ was only established in the colony in April, 1829, yet there are now three political newspapers, (two at Cape Town and one at Graham's Town, for the Eastern District), a *Literary Gazette*, and an excellent Directory.—The Cape newspapers (excepting the *Graham's Town Journal*, which is entirely in English), are printed half in English and half in Dutch—the latter being a translation of the former.

“ The inhabitants do not yet support a daily paper—the Cape Town Journals are therefore published twice a week, and the Graham's Town weekly. All the newspapers are well advertised. There is a penny stamp on the journals when transmitted inland or from the colony, but no duty on advertisements: there is not, I believe, any monthly publication in the colony; from the taste now springing up, periodical literature will doubtless be soon more sought after by the Dutch community than has hitherto been the case; the English have set the example, and it is to be hoped not in vain.”—vol. iv, pp. 126—129.

The future prospects of the Cape, he fondly anticipates will be bright. With a free Press and an expanding education, certainly much is to be hoped. The glory of extending civilization among



the tribes of South Africa—the blessings of freedom and Christianity, may well arrest the historian—results which the community settled at the ‘Cape of Storms’ is gradually accomplishing. Neither is the possession unworthy of encouragement as a territory. It is not a mere bank of sand: the Colony is no drain on the mother country, for it pays all its civil and part of its military expenses, whilst it is the key to the eastern hemisphere, a depot for troops, a station for ships, and a port. In various articles of produce it it may ere long render us independent of foreign countries, such as in fine wool; nor can we set limits to its advance under the institution of a more liberal government, and more expanded wise institutions, which doubtless are to be secured.

In the chapter on the far-famed Mauritius we find a good deal of interesting matter, although the author complains of the want of statistical details, which under some despotic governments are much attended to, but seldom in those colonies, where a similar absolutism prevails. We shall take him where he acts as a geologist.

“The appearance of the island and the nature of its material would indicate it to be of volcanic origin. The rocks are disposed in strata, which arising from the sea shore forms in the centre of the island an elevated plane upon whose declivity are several rocky mountains. These may be regarded as the remains of an immense volcano which having exhausted itself fell in, either by the effect of a violent eruption or by an earthquake, leaving its firmly supported sides standing. These mountains are composed of iron stone, and a species of lava of a grey colour, the soil produced from the decomposition thereof forming an earthy substance consisting chiefly of argyl and an oxyde of iron.

“The tops of the mountains are in general indented with points like the comb of a cock; the few which have flat summits present the appearance of a pavement, no signs of a funnel being seen in any part.

“A bank of coral surrounds the island for the distance of a quarter of a league from the shore, and the several islets that appear on the coast have all coral formation. Where the shore is steep, rocks prevail, as at the Quoin de Mer, &c. Where wells have been sunk 40 to 50 feet near Port Louis, nothing but a bed of flints was found, and a kind of clay which contained talc and lenticular stones; although sunk to the level of the sea, no coral was arrived at, nor any coral or shells discovered in the elevated parts of the island, though so plentiful on the sea shore, a proof that the ocean has not covered the land, or in other words, that it is not of diluvian origin: no trace of a volcanic crater, however, exists.”

“The soil of Mauritius is in many parts exceedingly rich; in some places it is a black vegetable mould, in others a bed of solid clay or quaking earth, into which a stake of 10 feet in length may be thrust without meeting any resistance.

“The surface of the plain at Port Louis is of coralline or calcareous rock, with a slight covering of vegetable soil: at St. Dennis the soil is reddish and lightly spread over a stratum of stone; at the Field of Mars it is a bed of rich clay mixed with flints; but most generally the earth is of a reddish colour mixed with ferruginous matter, which often appears on the surface in small orbicular masses; in the dry season it



becomes extremely solid, and resembles potters' earth from its hardness; after rain it becomes viscid and tenacious, yet it requires no great labour in cultivation. Many of the plains and vallies are strewed with huge blocks of stone, but there is no real sand in the island."—vol. iv, pp. 175, 176.

The first settlers at Mauritius were European pirates, who obtained wives from Madagascar.

As to the present inhabitants :—

" The majority of the white and a large proportion of the free coloured inhabitants of Mauritius are French, or of French descent, and distinguished for a high spirit, no ordinary talent, and much energy and industry in commercial and agricultural pursuits. The ladies, before attaining a middle age, are in general possessed of considerable beauty, their hair of a silky black, and their figures slight, but well proportioned; in manners evincing great amenity, and, where education has not been neglected, a keen and polished wit, combined with a good judgment and excellent musical taste. The creoles are an active, honest, and lively race, as in all our colonies; fond of dress, which passion does not, however, make them indolent, on the contrary, it is a stimulus to industry, in order that they may gratify their favourite propensity, and few who have it in their power to indulge, will be found committing crime, or acting dishonestly, as self-pride is generally the parent of a desire for personal adornment. There are a variety of Eastern nations in the colony, viz. Chinese, Arabs, Cingalese, Hindoos, &c. The English are few in number, and principally merchants or government employés.

" The slaves are of two races; the one from Mozambique and the E. coast of Africa, and the other from Madagascar, where the Lowlanders of the W. coast were wont to be sold into bondage: in personal appearance they are both of great strength, frequently of a bold, sometimes ferocious, and often vindictive appearance; but when well treated they are faithful and hard working. They are passionately attached to their native land, to regain which they will brave the greatest dangers, and court even death itself—in the hope that, when life has departed the spirit returns to its natal shore."—vol. iv, pp. 186, 187.

Our author never loses an opportunity to proclaim the doctrines and feelings of a noble humanity; and he narrates the particulars of an instance of the fond attachment cherished by a Mallagash for his native country, that is worth volumes of what has been said on the subject of slavery. It teaches a loud lesson, too affecting to be withstood.

" Of the *sang-froid* with which the slave meets death when inspired with the hope of returning to his country, an instance occurred when I was last at Mauritius. For the purpose of being executed, a Mallagash slave committed arson, and was sentenced to be beheaded. I went with my brother officers to visit him in prison; he appeared rejoiced at the near approach of the termination of his earthly career, and walked after his coffin, a mile, to the place of punishment; there a platform was erected with a slope to ascend—upon the platform was placed a broad plank on an inclined plane, about the length of the intended sufferer;—and on either side stood two executioners in masks, dressed in a blood

red clothing, with huge axes in their hands. The Malagash stood on the verdant earth, cast his eyes around, nodded joyfully to his comrades among the assembled multitude, pointed to that part of the heavens where his country was situate, then, with an enthusiastic expression knelt for a moment on the grassy sod, stretched out his hands in mental prayer to the bright noonday sun, hastily arose, ran with alacrity up the platform, and stretched his body on the inclined plank: the one executioner quickly buckled two broad straps over the prostrate being, the other raised his arm, and within less than *a quarter of a minute* from the time that this brave man knelt on the beautiful earth in prayer to the glorious symbol of the Almighty, his bleeding, and still animate head rolled from the scaffold, and his free spirit ascended where slavery has no controul over our race; who that possesses a Christian soul but must rejoice that a system productive of such results has ceased for ever in the British empire?"—vol. iv, pp. 187—188.

Mauritius, as Mr. Martin well states it, deserves great attention from the mother country, being situated on the high road to British India, while, like other Colonies, it may be considered one of the outposts which, if surrendered, would leave the citadel an easy prey to the invader, whether Gaul or Muscovite.

An agent from Mauritius is placed on the vast and important island of Madagascar, which our author considers to be a fine opening for British enterprise, if conducted with honesty and good faith. The French have in vain sought to obtain a footing for the last 200 years, but have been repulsed with determined bravery by the Malagashes, whose frequent exclamation we are informed is, "Trade with us mutually, on advantageous terms, and you are welcome to our shores, and shall enjoy our hospitality and our friendship; but claim an inch of our ground as lords of the soil, or a particle of authority over ourselves or our rights, and we will perish, to a man, before we succumb." This high-spirited people have admitted British Missionaries among them, who have established schools at the capital (Tannarivo), where a printing press has been set up, and several English artizans established. Of the Malagashes we have some other striking notices, who, as being in terms of amity with the neighbouring British Colonies, and as offering a field for British enterprise, are very properly described in these pages.

"The population is considered in number to be about five millions, and appear to be two distinct races; those on the sea shore being a dark colour, with bushy black hair, Herculean figures, noses rather flat, and the cranium partaking slightly of the negroe formation. The inhabitants of the table land in the interior are of a copper or light colour, hair long and silky, and the head and face of a Roman cast. To this latter race belonged Radama, the late intelligent King of the greater part of the island, and whose efforts for the suppression of the slave trade, and the introduction into Madagascar of the civilizing arts, earned for him the praise of every good man. The superiority of the light over the dark coloured Malagashes was strikingly evinced, when a certain number of youths, of both colours, were placed on board the vessels of war on the

Cape station, in order to form a set of seamen for Radama; as we had already aided him, through the instrumentality of Mr. Hastie, in forming a powerful army. Six light and six dark coloured youths were shipped on board the *Ariadne*; one of each colour was placed under the care of the carpenter, another pair under the armourer, and another pair under the sail maker; the *light coloured* race learned their respective trades as aptly, if not more so than English youths would have done; the *dark coloured* were slow but persevering, and, as sailors, never exhibited that activity aloft which their fairer countrymen did; though the latter were an inland people, and the former belonging to the sea shore. The superiority of the Caucasian or Arab race now described, will account for the fact that Radama had nearly subdued, before his death, the numerous petty sovereignties into which the island is divided, and, although his death has, for the present, checked this procedure, there can be little doubt that, at no distant day, the whole of Madagascar will form a consolidated and powerful empire; the establishment of which will be aided by the striking circumstance that the language is radically the same throughout the island, peculiarly soft, flexible and copious, and with few varieties of dialect."—vol. iv, pp. 203, 204.

The men are clothed in flowing robes of cotton cloth, principally of native manufacture, frequently of plaid pattern, and worn like the Roman toga; the women wear a short jacket, with long sleeves, and folding robes round the waist and limbs. The great abundance of cattle which they possess may be gathered from the author's statement, that he has seen several thousands of them together, and perfectly wild; and when he was at Bembatok Bay there were several large American ships waiting to purchase bullocks, which they did for a dollar each, or for musketry, gunpowder, &c. The bullocks were killed on the shore, the fat melted and casked, the hides salted, and the flesh cut into long stripes, dried in the sun, and packed for Havannah. "The Americans," continues our author, "begged us not to tell any of their countrymen that we saw them thus engaged: they acknowledged that they had carried on this profitable trade from Salem for several years, and no person but their owners knew its source. They also obtained tortoise shell, sandal wood, &c." How well Mr. Martin has kept the secret our readers will judge, as doubtless they will also of Jonathan's homebred prudence.

When speaking of Madagascar, and the dislike entertained by the natives towards the French, we have in a note an account of a shocking affair, which has been borrowed from the narrative of the very expedition that has engaged us in the preceding paper. The island is so promising, as to claim our repeated notice.

"The Malagash have, in general, a great aversion to the French, who have several times attempted by force or fraud to form settlements on their island, and who have often enticed the Malagash on board to trade, (they being very fond of commerce), set their canoes adrift, and then carried their victims into slavery. An instance of this kind occurred in 1825; a French vessel bound off the coast, seized on the fishermen and others, and set sail for Bourbon; the Malagash, a few days after,

saw his Majesty's vessels *Barracouta* and *Albatros* anchor off the shore, and commence sending their boats in different directions (we were surveying the coast);—they supposed us to be French and resolved on vengeance. Two officers with a cutter's crew, were sent to a neighbouring bank, or rather, small island, to fix their observations, and while the seamen were walking round the island a few Malagash rushed from behind some bushes and killed, with their spears, the two officers, (Messrs. Bowey and Parsons); they then went in search of the seamen, but the latter fortunately got off, and returned on board the *Barracouta* with the dead bodies. I may here mention that among many other escapes which I have had, this was one; I had got into the cutter in the morning, and was pushed off with my brother officers, (whose mangled remains I assisted to inter before sunset), when my presence was required on board, to examine the body of a seaman, named Morrison, who had just died of a liver complaint, by which means my life was providentially saved."—vol. iv, pp. 204, 205.

Few of our readers need at this time of day be told that Mr. Martin's History of each settlement and colony embraces every branch of information and knowledge that can be treated of. The work is essentially statistical, calling in the aid of politics, science, and the arts, as scope may be granted to a mind of great compass, vivacity and inquiry. Our extracts, being few or far between, cannot intimate a tithe of his matter or manner, in any one chapter, or regarding any one colony. What, for example, may not be presumed, on the part of such a writer, when treating of New South Wales, not to speak of Western Australia, much less of New Holland? But so much has of late been written about those regions, that we must pass them over at present, as also Van Dieman's Land, where an extraordinarily rapid progress has been made by colonization; little more than a quarter of a century having elapsed since a mere handful of Britons first settled on it.

Of Western Australia, comprising Swan River and King George's Sound, the most contradictory accounts have been given, and we therefore shall give an extract, which goes to prove that the more the territory has been examined, the more reason have those enterprising individuals, who have fixed their lot there, seen good reason to be satisfied with their fortune.

"An erroneous statement has been put forth that this settlement has failed; it is unfair and unmanly of some persons to be continually propagating such reports, to the injury of the struggling settlers; here is an extract of a letter from a settler, on a small farm, at Swan River, dated in the middle of 1833. It presents a simple and beautiful picture.

"I have great cause to be thankful that I enjoy good health and spirits, peace of mind, and contentment, though I do not possess the luxuries of Old England. My fare is, at present, very simple, and my style of living very plain. I now breakfast in the morning about seven or eight o'clock, on milk and bread: dine between twelve and one, on a piece of salt or fresh meat, and bread, with vegetables: I sup in the evening, about six o'clock, on bread and milk, as I am particularly partial to milk, and have no one to please but myself. I, at present use no

tea or sugar; and as I drink no spirits, I pay neither rent or taxes. I occasionally allow myself a little Cape wine, which is considered very wholesome, and is about five or six shillings per gallon. My mode of employment is principally ditching, fencing, or clearing land; I have got near an acre of wheat sown, and expect to get three acres in this season, and three roods of potatoes. I have made an engagement with Messrs. C. by which I have their horses to plough my land. My present stock consists of one cow and heifer calf, one ox, worth about twenty guineas, (which I intend to kill soon), and one heifer, a year and half old, two goats, one kangaroo dog, seven fowls, and eleven chickens. My fowls clear me about 3s. per week: my calf I keep up as an inducement for my cow to come home at night: I only milk her once a day (and that is when she comes home), when I get about three or four quarts, leaving a little for the calf, as the cow and it remain together all night. Mrs. J. H. manages my butter, for which I allow her half of my milk: this is an accommodation both to her and myself. It is a fortnight since she began, and has got four and a half pounds, for which I expect to get 3s. per lb. My buildings at present are a small house, with two rooms, a fowl-house, and small stock-yard, with sheds: also a small boat. I suppose I have before told you I have 60 acres on the Peninsular farm, and 746 acres beyond the mountains; and have lately bought a building allotment in Perth, 33 yards by about 90. I have been minute in this statement, supposing it would afford you satisfaction, as you may form your own idea of what my prospects are. You ask what do I think of a young man like yourself coming to Swan River? I would say, if you would like the manner of life I have described, and are willing to work your way as I have done, you need have no fear of succeeding, provided your steps have the approbation of Providence. If you prefer your accustomed habits and mode of living, with all attendant consequences, and are not willing to struggle with the difficulties we have at first to contend with, *remain where you are*. Do not come to Swan River, because you have a brother there who wishes you to do so: but should you choose to come here of your own free will, you may readily conceive I shall be most happy to see you; and I would say the same to my father, and any or all of my brothers and sisters, that I think, with what capital they individually can raise, whether small or great, they might do much better here than in England. This being the latter part of the shipping season, those who lay out their money in stores, &c. now will gain, I have no doubt, 50 or 100 per cent. in the course of six months. Messrs. C. have been unfortunate lately; they have had two cows speared to death by the natives: a third is still missing. Our religious privileges are not very great, but I trust God is with us: a few of us meet in class on a Friday night, after which each member in general prays: Mr. J. H. is our leader. Our Sunday evening service comprises all the other means we have, except we occasionally go to church. Our Guildford service is given up for the present, in consequence of the people generally not shewing a disposition to attend, and a young man being appointed by government to read the church service, in the same place at the same time. Being pressed for room, I must now conclude, recommending you first to seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and the promise is, that all other things shall be added.' "—vol. iv, pp. 471, 472.



There are no prisoners sent to this colony, and the white population, therefore, consists entirely of free men; and Mr. Martin avers, that although many of the labourers taken out were the refuse of the workhouses at home, they have on the whole behaved well. Indeed a new world, so to speak, and entirely new opportunities and circumstances, must generally effect a marked change to the better in the case of human character, which takes impulses naturally from a healthful change of influences, as palpably as does the vegetable kingdom. Our author estimates the population of settlers on the Swan River at from 2,000 to 3,000. As to the government:—

“The chief authority is still vested in the enterprising founder of the colony, Captain (now Sir James) Stirling, R.N., aided by an Executive and Legislative Council; and there are about 30 magistrates in different parts of the territory. A revenue is raised on the importation and sale of spirits; and a small sum annually voted by the Imperial Parliament (6,000*l.*) for the payment of the Government officers; I do not, however, think that this colony, occupying a large extent of valuable country, has cost the mother country altogether 50,000*l.*, a sum not worth mentioning in comparison with the territory acquired. Two full companies of infantry are stationed at Perth, Augusta, King George's Sound, &c.; there is a small mounted police, civil and criminal courts of law have been established; and a vessel of war occasionally touches at Gage's roads from the East India station, on its way to Sydney.

“Several thousand sheep and fine cattle now depasture in different parts of the colony; roads are being formed, and public buildings constructed; an agricultural society established; a newspaper issued weekly; (it was at first written; but that indispensable domestic article to an Englishman, a *printing press*, is now in full operation on the banks of the Swan). Wool (of a very superior quality) plaster of Paris, and timber have been exported to England; an intercourse is kept up with New South Wales, Van Dieman's Land, and India; and a central position admirably adapts it for opening a trade with various parts of the world; on the whole I am rejoiced that this colony has been established; it is one of those laudable undertakings which England ought to be proud of—and cold to the present and dead towards the future must be the man who can cavil at the formation of such establishments. I trust indeed to see the period revived in England when the noblest of the land will think it the highest honour to be instrumental in extending the language, laws, and liberties of England in the most distant corners of the habitable earth.—vol. iv, pp. 479, 480.

Mr. Martin congratulates the mother country on the colonization of New Holland, and says, “If Africa have traced in its records in characters of blood the errors of England, Australasia, on the other hand, is one of the proudest monuments of her glory: she found it at the extremity of the earth, an apparently infertile and inhospitable shore—peopled it with her own erring and unfortunate sons, and converted nature's stubborn soil into a comparative Eden, by a moral reformation almost as hopeless as it was hallowed.” The chief beauty of this eloquent passage lays in its truth.



We extract a few notices of the Falkland Islands, which have hitherto been almost entirely neglected.

"The two largest of the islands are about 70 leagues in circumference, and divided by a channel 12 leagues in length, and from 1 to 3 in breadth. The harbours are large, and well defended by small islands, most happily disposed. The smallest vessels may ride in safety; fresh water is easily to be obtained; there is seldom any thunder or lightning, nor is the weather hot or cold to any extraordinary degree. Throughout the year, the nights are in general serene and fair; and, upon the whole, the climate is favourable to the constitution. The depth of the soil in the vallies is more than sufficient for the purpose of ploughing.

"East Falkland Island possesses large and secure harbours for first-rate ships of war, with facilities for exercising the crews on shore without risk of losing them, and with abundance for wild cattle, antiscorbutic herbs, and fish, for their support.

"The country, in the northern part of the island, is rather mountainous. The highest part was called San Simon, at no great distance from the bottom of Berkeley Sound. The tops of the mountains are thickly strewn with large boulders, or detached stones, of which quantities have fallen, in some places, in lines along their sides, looking like rivers of stones; these are alternated with extensive tracts of marshy ground, descending from the very tops of the mountains, where many large fresh-water ponds are found, from one to two feet deep. The best ground is at the foot of the mountain, and of this there is abundance fit for cultivation, in plains stretching from five to fifteen miles along the margin of the sea. In the southern peninsular there is hardly a rising ground that can be called a hill. Excellent fresh-water is found every where, and may be procured either by digging, or from the rivulets, which flow from the interior towards the sea, through valleys covered with a rich vegetation.

"*The Climate* on the island is, on the whole, temperate. The temperature never falls below 26 Fahrenheit in the coldest winter, nor rises above 75 in the hottest summer; its general range is from 30 to 50 in winter, 50 to 75 in summer. The weather is rather unsettled, particularly in winter; but the showers, whether of rain, snow, or hail, are generally of short duration, and their effects are never long visible on the surface of the ground. Thus floods are unknown; snow disappears in a few hours, unless on the tops of the mountains; and ice is seldom found above an inch thick. Thunder and lightning are of rare occurrence; fogs are frequent, especially in autumn and spring, but they usually dissipate towards noon. The winter is rather longer than the summer, but the difference is not above a month, and the long warm days of summer, with occasional showers, produce a rapid vegetation in that season."—vol. iv, pp. 505—509.

As it appears likely that more attention will in future be paid to these islands by our Government, a few other particulars may be quoted. Within the last few years numerous whalers, English, American and French, have been cruising off and refitting there.

"The soil of East Falkland Island has been found well adapted to cultivation, consisting generally of from six to eight inches of black vegetable mould, below which is either gravel or clay. Wheat and flax

were both raised of quality equal, if not superior, to the seed sown, which was procured from Buenos Ayres; and potatoes, cabbage, turnips, and other kinds of vegetables, produced largely, and of excellent quality. Fruit trees were not tried, the plants sent from Buenos Ayres having perished before they arrived.

"The soil also produces different kinds of vegetables wild, as celery, cresses, &c. and many other esculent plants, the proper names of which were not known to the settlers, but their palatable taste and valuable anti-scorbutic properties were abundantly ascertained by them. Among others is one which they called the tea-plant, growing close to the ground, and producing a berry of the size of a large pea, white with a tinge of rose-colour, and of exquisite flavour. A decoction of its leaves is a good substitute for tea, whence its name. It is very abundant.

"No trees grow on the island; but wood for building was obtained tolerably easily from the adjoining Straits of Magellan. For fuel, besides peat and turf, which are abundant in many places, and may be procured dry out of the penguin's holes, three kinds of bushes are found, called fachinal, matajo, and gruillera. The first of these grows straight, from two to five feet high, and the stem, in proportion to the height, is from half an inch to one inch and a half in diameter: small woods of this are found in all the valleys, and form good cover; it bears no fruit. The second is more abundant in the southern than in the northern part of the island; its trunk is nearly the thickness of a man's arm, very crooked, never higher than three feet, and bears no fruit. The gruillera is the smallest of the three, growing close to the ground, and abundant all over the island: being easily ignited, it was chiefly used as fuel when the people were away from the settlement, and to light the peat fires in the houses. It bears a small dark red berry of the size of a large pea, of an insipid taste."—vol. iv, pp. 510, 511.

Herds of wild horned cattle abound; wild horses, hogs, rabbits, geese and ducks.

"Of ducks there are several kinds. The loggerheaded are the largest, and almost of the size of the geese; their flesh is tough and fishy; they cannot fly, and when cut off from the water are easily caught. The next size is also of inferior quality, tough and fishy; but the smaller kinds, which are not larger than young pigeons, are deliciously good, and are found in large flocks along the rivulets and fresh water ponds. Snipes are found so tame that they were often killed by throwing ram-rods at them. In addition to these, a great variety of sea-birds frequent the shores, of which the most valuable to sailors and settlers, from the quantity of eggs they deposit, are the gulls and penguins. These birds have their fixed rookeries, to which they resort in numerous flocks every spring; the gulls generally in green places near the shore, or on the small islands in the bays; the penguins chiefly along the steep rocky shores of the sea. The eggs of both are eatable even with relish, after long confinement on board ship; the penguin's being, however, the best, and less strong than that of the gull. So numerous are these eggs, that on one occasion eight men gathered 60,000 in four or five days, and could easily have doubled that number had they stopped a few days longer. Both gulls and penguins will lay six or eight each, if removed:

otherwise, they only lay two and hatch them. The gulls come first to their hatching-places, the penguins a little later.

"Fish abound in all the bays and inlets, especially in spring, when they come to spawn at the mouths of the fresh water rivulets. They generally enter and retire twice every day, at half-flood and half-ebb; and are in such numbers that ten or twelve men could always catch and salt about 60 tons in less than a month. They were usually caught by a sweeping-net, but they also took the hook, being of a kind between the mullet and salmon. Their flavour was excellent; and when salted, they were considered superior to the cod; many ship loads might be procured annually."—vol. iv, pp. 511, 512.

These extracts must suffice at present to keep awake the interest of our readers in behalf of Mr. Montgomery Martin's great and invaluable work—a work worthy of the mighty and numerous colonial dependencies on the empire of Britain. It has before, as well as now, astonished us how, in such a large and complicated undertaking, the author contrived to steer so clear as he has done of errors of a minor nature. His statistical tables and pages of figures seem, with very slight and few exceptions, as plain and accurate as the simplest lesson in arithmetic, whilst of his style it can seldom be said that it is other than pure, or where description is called for, that it falls short of eloquence of a fine order. The great value of the history, however, must ever lay in the large, nay immense, body of accurate information which has here been for the first time brought together in an accessible and agreeable shape; nor must we forget, when speaking of the services of the author, to mention the sustained tone of Christian feeling which pervades every sentiment and every argument in the work.

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ART. III.—*Novels of the Month.*—1. *Finesse*. 2 vols. London: Saunders and Ottley. 1855.—2. *The Captive*. By the Author of "The Pilgrim Brothers." 3 vols. London: Churton. 1835.—3. *The Student*. By the Author of "Eugene Aram." 3 vols. London: Bentley. 1835.

WERE we anxiously to search among the works of fiction of the day, numberless as they may be said to be, we could not find any three of them more distinct and unlike one another than these we have now named at the head of this paper. The differences in point of style, of subject, and of talent displayed, are as great as can be conceived to exist in the lands which imagination can traverse. *Finesse* is a novel of the domestic class, and attempts to give a picture of every-day life and manners. It is, however, a failure, and scarcely more than readable. Amid a good deal of cleverness, and sometimes amusing caricatures, there is abundance of that sort of vulgarity which the half genteel gossip of a country town may be supposed to be master or mistress of. This vulgarity lays more in the tone of sentiment than in the language, though this last is often characterised by it.

*Finesse* contains nothing amounting to a plot or good story. It

hardly impresses upon the reader the belief that the writer had any fixed plan laid down at the commencement of the work; and certainly there is no moral taught either for the instruction of the old or young, male or female. As the title seems to hint, a crooked policy is pursued by a mother, with the design of obtaining for two daughters advantageous matches in marriage; but that which should not happen in a novel takes place in *Finesse*; for the result of the mother's deceptive dealing is two charming husbands for the girls, and a better one for herself than her first. We shall give a sample of the author's manner, from which a fair estimate may be formed of the merits and the faults of the production. It would be a severe punishment were we obliged to give a sketch of the story: nor do we go farther than the beginning of the first volume for our extracts.

The mother, Mrs. Forrester, was not only of a mercenary disposition, but had laboured hard to instil into her girls the same sentiments, especially in looking out for husbands. Here is an introductory sketch of characters, that seems to us to be about the best portion of the work. It begins with the elder daughter, Ellen, who was in her twenty-second year, "anxious and disappointed in not having yet attained her object,"—a sentiment not remarkable for its delicacy or descriptiveness.

"A few months' introduction into the world had taught her the necessity of concealing her feelings. Paris was the scene of her *début*; it was there she had met with one whom she could have loved, or rather did love, and who sincerely returned her affection:—a sort of cousin, the younger brother of the inheritor of their estate. But, alas! the charming Henry Forrester, like many other charming young men, was poor. He was not to be thought of—so after many sighs and tears, and a good many lectures from her mother (who cordially wished she could have changed the brothers or their sentiments; or that the eldest would only be complaisant enough to die a bachelor, and make haste about it), Ellen smothered the dear remembrance in her breast, and gradually became resigned and indifferent to what she considered her fate.

"On her first intercourse with society she was surprised and disgusted with the duplicity, the insincerity, of all around her; but example is contagious. Many of her flirtations had ended in chagrin and disappointment, and as her mind grew anxious, her heart became callous; yet she was far from devoid of feeling. She doated on her sister with an affection the more ardent, as being an object upon which it could expand with safety, and she was anxious to guard her from the many little annoying vexations she herself experienced and felt more keenly than was suspected.

"Maria, in return, regarded her sister with gratitude and respect. At her age, four years in seniority make a considerable difference, and Maria, only eighteen, was but little initiated in the ways of the world, or rather, the ways of the town of S—. Her mind, not so active as that of her sister, was more sensitively acute, and there was a degree of indolence which rendered her unequal to the exertions of which Ellen was capable. She had great natural wit—Ellen, more satire and observation;—that strong degree of personal likeness so often reigning in families, was

particularly observable in the sisters; the same slightness of figure, and delicacy of complexion, but the features of Ellen were more strongly cast, and her dark hair and eyes conveyed a greater change of expression to her countenance. She had more colour, and was showier looking; but there was a pensiveness in Maria's fine grey eyes, and a grace in the strictly classical contour of her head and features, that rendered her, perhaps, the most attractive, or rather the most dangerous, to an unguarded heart.

“Mrs. Forrester (who was too apt to value what was her own, for the very reason that it was her own) often declared, with an elevation of the head, and depression of the shoulders, she thanked heaven that there was nothing *common* about her girls. She was right there. Decided, indeed, was the difference between the elegant lady-like Miss Forresters, and the nimini-pimini fawn-coloured, swarthy, chalk-looking, red-cheeked, red-elbowed girls of S——. With these last, the Forresters had too much beauty to be popular. There was a composure and dignity in their manner, together with a fashionable air of *insouciance*, of which the inhabitants of S—— greatly disapproved. Particularly was it condemned by the romping, silly, gossiping misses with whom the good town was sadly overstocked. The little congeniality of disposition, and a superiority sufficiently obvious, were felt and regarded as affronts. As the Miss Forresters were handsome, and could not possibly be supposed ignorant of the circumstance, they were concluded vain and conceited; as their manners were correct, and they never *romped*, they were set down as proud and haughty; because they received with easy politeness and good-humour the attentions and civilities of what few beaux the place afforded, they were stigmatized as flirts.”—vol. i, pp. 8—12.

Now for a sample of coarse caricature instead of pointed satire; we may call it disgusting rubbish.

“‘Well, girls, your dresses have only just arrived in time,’ observed Mrs. Forrester, to her daughters, as they lingered over a late breakfast, one fine sharp morning in February. ‘Maria,’ she continued, glancing at the window, ‘mind you take a walk this beautiful day, and try to get a little colour in those pale cheeks, against the ball this evening. Achieve that, and with your ball dress, which is perfect, depend upon it Trevor is taken by a *coup de main*!’

“‘Oh! mamma, don’t be too sanguine,’ said Ellen, ‘remember Major Thornton and me.’

“‘I shall never forget him,’ said Mrs. Forrester, with a husky voice and clenched teeth.

“‘Well,’ said Maria, ‘I will do what I can; but remember *qui veut trop faire, ne fait rien*!’

“‘I wonder,’ exclaimed Ellen, ‘if that arch cockatrice, Miss Mush, means to shed the light, or rather the *gloom* of her ugly countenance upon the ball to-night. What business has she in such a scene? She ought to content herself at home with her rubber and scandal. I did hear she had a sore throat.’

“‘More likely a sore tongue,’ observed Maria.

“‘Sore tongue or sore throat,’ said Mrs. Forrester, ‘I will engage Miss Mush to be there, for I know she hopes to fleece that poor old fool, General Cawdor, of a few more half crowns—I saw her peering over his



each other night. "A girl's quill is a precious thing!" said Maria. "How much might you give for it?" inquired Maria. "Only five and thirty shillings," answered Mrs. Forrester, who was herself considered a knowing hand.

"At this instant, possibly to exemplify the old proverb, the mellifluous name of Miss Mush was announced, and through the widely extended door entered that respectable individual, dressed in a turned, faded, four-years-old, brown silk cloak, illustrated with a dingy blue silk lining, over which was spread a thick Scotch cambric collar; a box of that evil-smelling fur, termed *fitch*, a green velvet bonnet, to which pended a Chanilly veil, purple gloves, and a pair of strong cloth boots, the toes of which were sharp, long, and pointed, as the snout of an ant-eater, completed the costume. In these last were encased feet of triangular dimensions—feet on which a chiropodist would have delighted to lecture. In appearance, Miss Mush was 'long, gaunt, and grim,' with prying, piercing green eyes, a very long greedy-looking nose, and a mouth which a shark might have envied; so closely was it studded with teeth. The *tout ensemble* will be perfected if we add, that in her left hand was grasped a black satin bag, with steel chain and clasp; whilst in her right was cradled a green cotton umbrella—a constant companion in her peregrinations.

"The footman having caught a look of thunder from his mistress, closed the door with a subdued air, whilst Mrs. Forrester, in the twinkling of an eye, summoned up a smile, as she turned to greet her unwelcome visitor, with a 'my dear Miss Mush, this early visit is friendly indeed!'

"Early visit," snorted Miss Mush, "why, my dear madam, it is long past eleven o'clock. Every day I not only have breakfast yet in my fashionable hours, but hope you are better, my dear Miss Forrester. Miss Maslin, my dove, I am sorry to see you looking so ill! Now Maria was in high beauty that morning, and it was many months since she had experienced the slightest ailment."

"The *Captive* is a genuine romance, upon the plan of the old school. The author, whose former work, called 'The Pilgrim Brothers, a Tale of the Baron's Wars,' carried us back to the reigns of Edward the First, and Philip the Fair, deals largely in such chivalrous matters as a young man greatly enamoured of Sir Walter Scott's romances may be supposed familiar with. There is no lack of valourous knights and faithful lady-loves, galli caparisoned steeds, gloomy castles, interminable passages, wainscoated walls, haunted towers, mysterious visitors, lost children, tournaments, &c., and other such genuine and authentic matters. There is a considerable degree of accuracy in the imagery and allusions, skill in concocting the story, and power in painting the scenes. But there is a great want of individuality in the characters; nor have we felt the dialogues to be effective, nor the progress of the longest (and these are not short) distinguished by any thing like that dramatic management which carries the reader's fancy by every speech a degree higher in the perception of that which is announced as a fact.



It would be unpardonable in us, by the author and publisher, were we to lay open to our readers the burden of the plot. We may say, however, that there is as much variety of actors as the average number of romances; belonging to feudal and chivalrous times, exhibit. We have as much wickedness, and beauty, and love, and boasting, and danger, and superstition, as the heart can desire, and all joined together in a way that requires no extravagant stretch of credulity to believe, especially when we are carried back to the 13th century, when crusading adventurers enacted such marvellous parts. The French Knight, Sir Bertrand, is our favourite character, and must be a fine hero in the estimation of the fair. Now for a scene

It was late in the autumn, and the short twilight of evening, which at that period of the year divides day from night, had already become nearly obscured, when a well mounted, and gallantly equipped party, having just descended from one of the most mountainous tracts in Guienne, arrived upon the banks of the Garonne, not many miles from the castle of Buntour.

Their object had evidently been to reach some particular point before night-fall; and as they now drew bridle, it was apparently in disappointment at the failure of their purpose.

The leader was a knight of tall though slight form. He was mounted on a superb destrier or war-horse, and wore a suit of bright steel armour. His visor being raised, and his helmet down, disclosed a set of well formed features, hardly redeemed from the appearance of extreme youthfulness, which was their natural character, by a neatly trimmed beard and moustaches of a light auburn colour. His bore on his shield the somewhat singular device of an extended gauntlet, accompanied by the words *Je l'arraske*; and his lofty crest, importing the same bold threat, was surmounted by an ample plume. On either side rode an esquire; at present, however, the knight carried his own shield and lance, as a man who would keep himself in readiness either for the attack or the defence. — Vol. p. pp. 19—21.

This was Sir Bertrand, who, soon after his first appearance in the story, is made to figure at a tournament; such displays, as every one knows, being high in vogue at the era of the tale, although towards the close of the 13th century the spirit of simplicity that had characterised the early institutions of chivalry had given way to such pageantry as indicated decay rather than vigour. So much the more favourable, however, is this luxurious and splendid age for the romancer's pen. The lady Geraldine, whose charms and virtues this knight maintained at the jousts, is thus elaborately and ornately described.

All her features were beautiful, but that which could not fail of attracting immediate admiration, was her eye. It partook of the peculiar expression which is found in the eye of the gazelle; its hue was of that deep gray, whose glances neither melt with the excess of tenderness supposed to lurk in the soft and heavenly blue, nor rouse the soul of the beholder with a fire akin to that which burns in the piercing black. Yet soulless indeed must he have been who could meet the

Blanche of the Lady Geraldine unmoved. Her sweet voice might have been for ever hushed, and her speech arrested on its very threshold, and still the feelings of her soul would have struggled for utterance, and found it through her eloquent eye. Her form was exquisitely moulded; and every attitude and movement was replete with natural grace. In fine, she was a creature, who, while she failed to dazzle like some more stately beauties, was formed to call forth the most tender sentiments of the heart, and one who could not be seen without being beloved."—vol. i, pp. 83, 84.

The Countess of Flanders, whose fate suggested the title of the romance, is, next to Sir Bertrand, our choice among the actors, and may be taken as a companion-painting to the preceding.

The form of the Lady Blanche was tall and commanding, but moulded with the most exquisite symmetry. You might have discovered a queen-like dignity in her deportment, which, when aroused, could abash the boldest and most shameless; but, upon ordinary occasions, it was subdued into a winning sweetness, that insensibly drew from all love and admiration. Her features were regular, but not more so than was requisite to give a noble cast to her truly feminine beauty. If the majesty of her soul spoke, at times, through her full dark eye, and its bright flashing could betray a feeling of offended dignity, it far more often beamed with melting tenderness and love. If her glowing cheek ever reminded the beholder that he was in the presence of a Countess of Flanders, he might also see that cheek mantling with interest and pity, awakened at the recital of high deeds, and bold achievements, or at a tale of oppression and cruelty. And did the arch of her beautiful lips, at times bespeak anger, and a shade of pride, its wonted expression was smiling and benignant. At the present moment, her countenance was shaded with melancholy, nor was that expression entirely dispelled, by the wonder she experienced at beholding a female of Geraldine's appearance, within her prison walls."—vol. i, pp. 159, 160.

There is an English Knight, called Ranalph of Ravenspurg, who, spurred on by jealousy, jousts with Sir Bertrand. The description of part of the combat we extract.

Fearful was the shock with which the foes encountered, and, though each passed on unhurt, the very ground beneath them shook with the conflict. Both lances had been shivered to atoms, even up to the vamp-lets, and such was the concussion, that you would have looked at the least to see the shields pierced or beaten in. Neither knight, however, evinced a consciousness of his opponent's vigour, by motion of mien, or body.

By the soul of my Sire—they both grow into their saddles, exclaimed the Baron of Pontour, to one of the knights challengers—never seemed two Knights more fairly matched.

From their words, replied the knight addressed, I should judge there is matter of fierce strife between them. It cannot be that they seek the favours of one and the same lady, for they bear different colours on their helms—yet, methinks, a tale was once afloat concerning this English Knight and—

Peace, I pray you, beau Sire, said the Baron, knitting his brow, the heralds have given the signal.

The force with which they met in the second course, even exceeded

that of the first, as was well attested by the distance to which the splinters of the ashen lances flew, and not only did both knights reel in their saddles, but even their horses recoiled backwards till they almost touched the ground with their haunches. Trained, however, to a perfect obedience to the rider's hand, neither one nor the other of these noble creatures lost its balance; and, amid the shouts of the astonished multitude the knights returned, with speed somewhat abated, to their station.

Long and loud rung the cries of the spectators, attesting the deep interest taken in the issue of a combat hitherto so equally maintained. High-born dames and beautiful damsels—ancient knights and youthful aspirants to glory—heralds—pursuivants—men-at-arms—peasants and artisans—raised their voices in aid of the tremendous shout that rent the heavens—and the various cries of ‘Loyauté aux dames!’—‘Brave lance!’—‘Bright eyes behold you, valiant knights!’—‘Honour to the swords of the brave!’—‘Right good stroke!’ and many others, were only to be distinguished by the different keys in which they were pitched.

A considerable pause took place, even after the mingled shout had died away into the silence of anxious suspense, during which the knights eyed one another with looks of fixed determination, and with a sternness that showed how deadly was their quarrel.

‘*Laissez aller*’ was shouted for the third time—and for the third time they met. But each knight had now called in a portion of that skill which dearly bought experience adds to mere weight and strength; for each, as the first fury of his passion subsided, felt that no chance must be thrown away by a needless exertion of his powers.

By a singular coincidence, each combatant had directed his aim at the offensive emblem of defiance, haughtily displayed in his opponent's helmet; and, perhaps, on this account they were both as well prepared for the defence as for the attack of that part. So, at least, it appeared to the beholders.

“Blessed Mother of Heaven!” was the exclamation of Emmeline de Bascombe, a young maiden who formed one of a lovely group, standing near the fair queen of the day. How high they both poised their lances! One would think 'twas by mutual consent, for they appear upon an exact level.

A suppressed shriek, and a shudder, ran through the fair party at the moment of the encounter.

“They have again parted,” exclaimed the bright-eyed Emmeline, and without injury to either.

“Nay, my sweet friend,” passionately exclaimed Geraldine, who, with a pale cheek and a quivering lip, that betrayed the emotion she was unwilling to confess, had hitherto sat silent, “he hath beaten away one of the bars of his foe's visor—Mary, Mother, have mercy, and strengthen his arm!”—vol. ii, pp. 67—72.

There is a good deal of spirit and finish in this description, which puts one in mind of the tournament in *Ivanhoe*. Ere taking leave of this respectable romance, we would inquire of the author, and many other writers of novels, how it comes to pass that they are enabled to give the conversations, and detail the doings so frequently introduced, when, as the tale goes, there have been none to witness or report the amount and nature of such things? We can

very readily allow great license to imagination, and pass over many things that, if followed up closely, would not be a little absurd. But when the thoughts, the words, and the deeds, on which much of the interest of a plot lays, are detailed to us, while, at the same time, we are to conceive these as occurring in the most complete secrecy, and where there was no second person present, a writer should so contrive the matter, that a creditable account might be given of the way in which he has become acquainted with the information he records. We have more than once, in glancing into the pages before us, paused and said, "How does he know?—where got the author all this?"—which must mar greatly the effect sought to be conveyed.

We now come to the last of the works mentioned at the beginning of this paper, which, as will at once be anticipated, claims a more particular review than either of the foregoing, whether we consider the topics discussed, or the talent displayed. When we say, indeed, that even the author of *Eugene Aram* will derive fame from the *Essays and Tales* which go under the name of the *Student*, perhaps it is the highest praise we can bestow upon them. A considerable number of these papers have some time ago been published in the *New Monthly Magazine*, which attracted much notice. They are generally of a grave nature, and though seeming in themselves rather the trifles which an active and powerful mind throws off in its relaxed intervals, they will be found full of profound sentiments, sagacious views, and the results of well-regulated reflection. Being of this serious character, it may be thought that the work has very little affinity to the title at the head of our page. But many of the pieces being in the form of *Tales*, and the author's name being chiefly drawn from achievements in that department of literature, we could not more advantageously place or characterise *The Student*, either in compliment to Mr. Bulwer, or in general description to our readers. A great proportion of the papers, however, are in the shape of *Essays*; yet this garb does not entitle the volumes to a loftier position than what they deserve from the more dramatic speculations they contain in the form of *Tales*; these tales, indeed, partaking as much of the nature of the essays as the essays themselves, according to the estimate of the author, and the apprehension of every reflecting reader.

In characterising the general nature of the various papers in these volumes, we may safely still farther adopt the writer's own estimate of them. He says, they belong rather to the poetical than the logical philosophy; that, for the most part, they address the sentiment rather than the intellect—choosing, for their materials, the metaphysics of the heart and the passions, which are more often employed in the Fiction than the Essay. If the title were not a little equivocal and somewhat presumptuous, I should venture to substitute them *Mind Prose Poems*; they utter in prose what are the ordinary didactics of poetry." He goes on to say, that they



assert rather than prove, and address themselves more to those prepared to agree with the views they embrace, than to those whom it would be necessary to convert.

It cannot be necessary at this time of day to waste a single sentence in characterising the style and talents of the author of *Eugene Aram*. As to the sentiments maintained in the present collection of pieces connected and worked up into a most symmetrical whole, there can be but one opinion as to their graceful and reflective nature. There is doubtless room for difference on some of the points dwelt on, but there can be none as respects the fine flow of generalities communicated throughout, and sustained by every page. Our old favourites, the "Conversations," melt and elevate our hearts by their touching and solemn music.

But to speak more particularly of portions of these charming volumes—what can be more wildly beautiful than the legend, "Monos and Daimonios," from which we select a few passages:

"I said my father lived on a rock—the whole country round seemed nothing but rock!—wastes, bleak, blank, dreary; trees stunted, herbage blighted; caverns, through which some black and wild stream (that never knew star or sunlight, but through rare and hideous chasms of the huge stones above it) went dashing and howling on its blessed course; vast cliffs, covered with eternal snows, where the birds of prey lived, and sent, in screams and discordance, arguable and fleet music to the heavens, which seemed too cold and barren to wear even clouds upon their lean, gray, comfortless expanse. These made the characters of this country where the spring of my life sickened itself away. The climate which, in the milder parts of \* \* \* \* \* relieves the nine months of winter with three months of an abrupt and autumnless summer, never seemed to vary in the gentle and sweet region in which my home was placed. Perhaps, for a brief interval, the snow in the valleys melted, and the streams swelled, and a blue, ghastly, unnatural kind of vegetation, seemed, here and there, to scatter a grim smile over minute particles of the universal rock; but to these touches of the changing season were the summers of my boyhood confined. My father was addicted to the sciences—the physical sciences—much possessed of a moderate share of learning in any thing open to taught men, he showed, and the seat of my education. Nature, in a savage and stern guise, instilled in my heart by silent but deep lessons. She taught my feet to bound, and my arm to smite; she breathed life into my passions, and shed darkness over my temper; she taught me to cling to her, even in her most rugged and unalluring form, and to shrink from all else—from the companionship of man, and the soft smiles of woman, and the shrill voice of childhood; and the ties, and hopes, and necessities, and objects of human existence, as from a torture and a curse. Even in that barren rock, and beneath that ungenial sky, I had luxuries which were the palmed tastes of cities, or to those who would delight in a road of a road in a land of roses. What were these luxuries? They had a myriad of varieties and shades of enjoyment which had not a name. What were these luxuries? They were the wild and unbridled passions of a little education. His father dies when he is eighteen, when the Masnadist died to the

an uncle's care in London. At the age of twenty-one, he demanded his fortune; and unlovely, and unloving, he commenced a pilgrimage to a congenial region.

"I commenced my pilgrimage—I pierced the burning sands—I traversed the vast deserts—I came into the enormous woods of Africa, where human step never trod, nor human voice ever startled the thrilling and intense solemnity that broods over the great solitudes. As it brooded over chaos before the world was! There the primeval nature springs and perishes, undisturbed and unvaried by the convulsions of the surrounding world; the seed becomes the tree, lives through its uncounted ages, falls and moulders, and rots and vanishes; there, the slow time moves on, unwitnessed in its mighty and mute changes, save by the wandering lion, or that huge serpent—a hundred times more vast than the puny boa—which travellers have boasted to behold. There, too, beneath the heavy and dense shade I couched in the scorching noon; I heard the trampling as of an army, and the crush and fall of the strong trees, and saw through the matted boughs the Behemoth pass on its terrible way, with its eyes burning as a sun, and its white teeth arched and glistening in the rabid jaw, as pillars of spar glitter in a cavern; the monster, to whom those wastes only are a home, and who never, since the waters rolled from the dædal earth, has been given to human gaze and wonder but my own! Seasons glided on, but I counted them not; they were not doled to me by the tokens of man, nor made sick to me by the changes of his base life, and the evidence of his sordid labour. Seasons glided on, and my youth ripened into manhood, and manhood grew grey with the first frost of age; and then a vague and restless spirit fell upon me, and I said in my foolish heart, 'I will look upon the countenances of my race once more!' I retraced my steps—I recrossed the wastes—I re-entered the cities—I took again the garb of man; for I had been hitherto naked in the wilderness, and hair had grown over me as a garment. I repaired to a sea-port, and took ship for England."—*vol. i., pp. 33—35.*

This recluse and misanthrope is pestered by a person on board the ship by which he was returning to England, who is described as mean in every thing but fear. The vessel is wrecked, and he is cast upon a lovely and unpeopled shore; but his tormentor is also saved, and thrown upon the same land. After various attempts to rid himself of such a pest, it is agreed mutually that they shall inhabit the opposite side of a stream, and that the squire shall gather a livelihood for the other, provided he preserves his allotted distance.

"Look, then," said I, "look: by that grey stone, upon the opposite side of the stream, I will lay a deer or a kid daily, so that you may have the food you covet; but if even you cross the stream and come into my kingdom, so sure as the sea murmurs, and the bird flies, I will lay you."

"I descended the cliff, and led the man to the side of the stream. I cannot swim," said he; so I took him on my shoulders, and crossed the brook, and I found him out a cave, and I made him a bed and a table like my own, and left him. When I was on my own side of the stream,



again, I bounded with joy, and lifted up my voice; 'I shall be alone again,' said I.

"So two days passed, and I was alone. On the third I went after my prey; the noon was hot, and I was wearied when I returned. I entered my cavern, and behold the man lay stretched upon my bed. 'Ha, ha!' said he, 'here I am; I was so lonely at home that I have come to live with you again!'

"I frowned on the man with a dark brow, and I said, 'So sure as the sea murmurs, and the bird flies, I will slay you!' I seized him in my arms: I plucked him from my bed; I took him out into the open air, and we stood together on the smooth sand, and by the great sea. A fear came suddenly upon me; I was struck with the awe of the still Spirit which reigns over Solitude. Had a thousand been round us, I would have slain him before them all. I feared now because we were alone in the desert, with Silence and God! I relaxed my hold. 'Swear,' I said, 'never to molest me again; swear to preserve unpassed the boundary of our several homes, and I will not kill you!' 'I cannot swear,' answered the man; 'I would sooner die than forswear the blessed human face—even though that face be my enemy's!'

The threat is made good.

"And now," said I, "I am alone at last!" And then the true sense of loneliness, the vague, comfortless, objectless sense of desolation passed into me. And I shook—shook in every limb of my giant frame, as if I had been a child that trembles in the dark; and my hair rose, and my blood crept, and I would not have stayed in that spot a moment more if I had been made young again for it. I turned away and fled—fled round the whole island; and gnashed my teeth when I came to the sea, and longed to be cast into some illimitable desert, that I might flee on for ever. At sunset I returned to my cave—I sat myself down on one corner of the bed, and covered my face with my hands—I thought I heard a noise; I raised my eyes, and, as I live, I saw on the other end of the bed the man whom I had slain and buried. There he sat, six feet from me, and nodded to me, and looked at me with his wan eyes, and laughed. I rushed from the cave—I entered a wood—I threw myself down—there opposite to me, six feet from my face, was the face of that man again!—vol. ii, pp. 43, 44.

There is no getting rid of this unwelcome companion; he is ever by the misanthrope's side, feeds with him, and sleeps with him; and the moral at last is taught him, that "Solitude is only for the guiltless—evil thoughts are companions for a time—evil deeds are companions through eternity—and that crime destroys loneliness for ever."

There is among the many exquisite essays scattered throughout these volumes, a most impressive and instructive one, the very title of which sends an affecting list of feelings and truths to the apprehension. It is on the "Departure of Youth," and begins thus:

"In the seven stages of man's life, there are three epochs more distinctly marked than the rest, viz.—the departure of Boyhood—the departure of Youth—the commencement of Old Age. I consider the several dates of these epochs, in ordinary constitutions, commence at

fifteen, thirty, and fifty years of age. It is of the second that I am about to treat. When I call it the epoch for the departure of youth, I do not of course intend to signify, that this, the prime and zenith of our years, is as yet susceptible of decay. Our frames are as young as they were five years before, it is the mind that has become matured. By youth I mean the growing and progressive season—its departure is only visible inasmuch as we have become, as it were, fixed and stationary. The qualities that peculiarly belong to youth—its "quivering fibres," its exuberance of energy and feeling, cease to be our distinctions at thirty. We are young, but not youthful. It is not at thirty that we know the wild phantasies of Romeo—nearly at thirty that we could halt irresolute in the visionary weaknesses of Hamlet. The passions of youth may be no less felt than heretofore; it is youth's sentiment we have lost. The muscles of the mind are firmer, but it is the nerve that is less susceptible, and vibrates no more to the lightest touch of pleasure or of pain.—Yes, it is the prime of our manhood which is the departure of our youth!

It seems to me, that to reflective and lofty minds accustomed to survey, and fitted to comprehend the great aims of life—this is a period peculiarly solemn and important. It is a spot on which we ought to rest for a while from our journey. It is the summit of the hill from which we look down on two even divisions of our journey. We have left behind us a profusion of bright things—never again shall we traverse such fairy fields—with such eager hopes!—never again shall we find the same

Glory in the grass or splendour in the flowers!

The dew upon the herbage are dried up. The morning is no more. We have aposy while the thine ran by;

But Time did beckon to the flowers, and they  
By noon most cunningly did steal away  
And wither in the hand.  
Flare well, dear flowers, sweetly your time ye spent!—George Herbert.

To us the remembrance of our transition from boyhood to youth is as affecting, and fully as distinctly marked, as that of the departure of youth. It is the period when toys are laid aside, and the serious studies that must serve throughout life are entered upon. The aspirations of the soul take a new flight; an oracular spirit that dreams and resolves for the most distant future is indulged; and that promise which may be gathered of the map, now shoots up as certainly and visibly as do the conformations of the frame, which is to withstand the buffetings of the world. From the tale called *The Law of Arrest*, we have a different style of writing and subject, which Mr. Bulwer, beyond most men, easily commands. Indeed, we have frequently, when I inclined to be dissatisfied with his affectation, been compelled to admire, amidst our ill humour, his amazing versatility, and admit, that in spite of his dandyism of thought and manner, he was exceedingly clever. The wit, the shrewdness, and the truth of the following

passages are striking in no ordinary degree. It outstrips some of the most lengthened and laboured pictures drawn by the "Clergy-man in Debt," whose volumes we lately reviewed. His story commences by telling us, that a certain merchant at Hamburgh had a claim on a captain of an English vessel for five hundred pounds; that on coming to Portsmouth to demand his own, he found that the captain was about to sail for Calcutta on the next day, and becoming therefore extremely urgent, the debtor unceremoniously and wickedly swore a debt against the unsuspecting merchant, whereby he was instantly arrested; instead of either securing the captain or obtaining any part of his five hundred pounds. The officer was kind enough, however, to say, that he might be extremely comfortable in his lock-up-house, at the moderate charge of only a guinea per day, provided he found his own wine. We must allow the author to narrate the rest:—

"In order to while away time, our merchant, who was wonderfully social, scraped acquaintance with some of his fellow-prisoners. 'Vat be you in prison for?' said he to a stout respectable-looking man, who seemed in a violent passion—'for vat crime?'

"Sir, crime! quoth the prisoner; 'Sir, I was going to Liverpool to vote at the election, when a friend of the opposite candidates had me suddenly arrested for 2,000*l*.—Before I get bail the election will be over.'

"Vat's that you tell me? arrest you to prevent you giving an honest vote? is that justice?"

"Justice, my friend, 'tis the Law of Arrest."

"And vat be you in prison for?" said the merchant, pityingly, to a thin cadaverous-looking object, who ever and anon applied a handkerchief to eyes that were wont with weeping.

"An attorney offered a friend of mine to discount a bill, if he could obtain a few names to indorse it—A, Sir, indorsed it. The bill became due, the next day the attorney arrested all whose names were on the bill; there were eight of us, the law allows him to charge two guineas for each."

"There are sixteen guineas, Sir, for the lawyer—but I, Sir—alas! my family will starve before I shall be released. Sir, there are a set of men called discounting attorneys, who live upon the profits of entrapping and arresting us poor folk."

"Mine Gott! but is dat justice?"

"Alas! No, Sir, it is the Law of Arrest."

"But," said the merchant, turning round to a lawyer, whom the Devil had deserted, and who was now with the victims of his profession—

"say me, dat in England a man be called dishonest till he be proved guilty, but here, and, thus, because a man carries on a shaky trade, and he has five hundred pounds taken he hath but six hundred and thirty."

"and here a man, on what should be his single oath, clapped up in a prison!"

"Is this a man's being innocent till he is proved guilty, Sir?"

"Sir," said the lawyer, grimly, "you are thinking of criminal cases; but if a man be unfortunate enough to get into debt, that is quite a different thing—we are harder to poverty than we are to crime."

"But, mine Gott! is dat justice?"

"Justice! poor! it's the Law of Arrest," said the lawyer, turning on his heel.

Our merchant was liberated; no one appeared to prove the debt. He flew to a magistrate; he told his case; he implored justice against Captain Jones.

"Captain Jones?" said the magistrate, taking snuff; "Captain Gregory Jones, you mean?"

"Ay, mine goot Sare—yesh!"

"He set sail for Calcutta yesterday. He commands the Royal Sally. He must evidently have sworn this debt against you for the purpose of getting rid of your claim, and silencing your mouth till you could catch him no longer. He's a clever fellow is Gregory Jones!"

"De teufel! but, Sare, ish dere do remedy for de poor merchant?"

"Remedy! oh, yes—indictment for perjury."

"But vat use is dat? You say he be gone—ten thousand miles off to Calcutta!"

"That's certainly against your indictment!"

"And cannot I get my monish?"

"Not as I see."

"And I have been arrested instead of him!"

"You have."

"Sare, I have only von vord to say—is dat justice!"

"That I can't say, Mynheer Meyer, but it is certainly the Law of Arrest," answered the magistrate; and he bowed the merchant out of the room.—vol. i. pp. 319—322.

ART. IV.—*The Belgic Revolution of 1830.* By CHARLES WHITE, Esq. 2 vols. London: Whittaker & Co. 1835.

Though this may not be a regularly connected history, it is at least an able narrative of the principal events belonging to a most interesting Revolution among nations. Men's feelings in Holland and Belgium are still in too excited a condition, and negotiations are still too incomplete; or the publication of such as are completed would still be too premature, to allow any writer to compile a full and calm historical work, worthy ever after to be referred to for the amount of its information, and the soundness of its deductions. But we repeat that, as a narrative of events of a stirring and involved nature, this is a very able work, characterized by a thorough knowledge of the country and people especially under consideration, as also by a candid and dispassionate spirit, highly necessary and suitable to the historian's office. The style of the author, too, is easy, flowing, and remarkably perspicuous, so that the work is not only extremely valuable, and calculated to be of the greatest service to any more elaborate and ambitious production, but it is, from beginning to end, an engaging and delightful piece of writing. The Belgic Revolution, from the length of time occupied by its progress and approach to the settlement of a new order of things, has been sustained by other nations, and has been sustained by the first

from the number of negotiations, conferences, and protocols that it has called into play, (which, says the author, like the buckets of a well, doomed for ever to pass each other, alternated their position according to the several impulses they received from the different parties), worn out in a great measure the curiosity of strangers, while by no detached feature or occurrence has it ever taken such a strong hold of the imagination as some other popular and sweeping national movements that could be enumerated. The revolution of *three days*, for example, presents a much more dramatic subject, to the apprehension of the majority, than that of Belgium; but as respects its real magnitude and importance, as respects the way in which the historian, the legislator or the philosopher views the two events, the latter is, we conceive, by far the most interesting, when we take into consideration the causes, the progress, and the consequences of each. All these the author of the volumes before us has clearly and forcibly enumerated, nor is there any where else to be found by the English reader such a complete and succinct account of them as is here presented. Indeed, no one who desires an acquaintance with the late affairs of the interesting country and people here treated of, can do so well as to resort to these pages.

The author first sketches the history of Belgium from early times down to its union with Holland, and points out how its nationality and name have been affected by successive conquerors. As he justly states, it seems to have been the study of its successive masters not only to enfeeble that unity of spirit and homogeneity of character which constitute the great mainsprings of patriotism, but to obliterate that which, next to a man's domestic hearth, must be ever dearest to his feelings—his country's name. The name Belgium, every tyro knows, is coeval with the most interesting period of Roman history; but from the time of Cæsar down to the last revolution, during its subjection to Spain, Austria, Napoleon, and Holland, the national name was sought to be lost sight of, under such designations as the Low Countries, Spanish, or Austrian Netherlands, and lastly as the Southern Provinces. But the sketch of all these changes and efforts, with the present condition of the nation, affords a momentous lesson to statesmen and mankind, which political science, according to its present development, must greedily seize upon in the establishment of its principles. But we must very cursorily follow the author from the period when, after the armistice of the Holy Alliance had wrested Belgium from Napoleon, the country came to be united with Holland. Now it is worthy of observation, that though the theory of this union may have been eminently politic, as forming a barrier to resist the ambition of France, the right of Holland to the annexation arose solely from the force of events, by the counteraction of which it has again been deprived of the addition. Nor is the hardship to Holland occasioned by the loss of Belgium, equal to that which has often been sustained by other kingdoms, while the union from the first



was of an ill-assorted character, and laboured under such difficulties and incongruities, as could not but in the nature of things lead to dissension. The theory and professed principles of the union were fair but fanciful.

The treaty of London, confirmed by those of Vienna and Paris, stipulated that the fusion of the two countries should be intimate and complete, and the first article of the act of acceptance of the protocol of the London conference, signed at the Hague on the 21st July, 1814, reproduced this sentence, adding, "so that the two countries should only form one and the same State, to be governed by the constitution already established in Holland, to be modified by common accord." Had this "complete and intimate fusion" been possible, then the projectors would have accomplished an admirable work, offering the surest guarantees for the maintenance of European peace, and the durability of their own fabric. But, unfortunately, the conception was utopian, or at all events, attended by obstacles almost insuperable.

Independent of the allies disdaining to consult the feelings of the Belgic people, they appeared to have lost sight of the moral history of the Netherlands, and to have forgotten these deep-rooted hatreds, jealousies, and dissensions, both religious and political, that had divided the two people, since the time of Philip II. In their eagerness to consummate their work, they overlooked all the discordant elements and jarring interests of which it was framed, and proclaimed fusion and national fusions were to be obtained by the mere diplomatic transfer of one people to the dominion of another.

It is well, says a Dutch author, for the Almighty to say, let there be light; but when men attempt to ape the language of the divinity, they expose themselves to produce the blackest darkness where they hoped to shed floods of light.

Only one of two things could have produced this desirable fusion; that is, that either one or other of the two nations should have renounced its principles and prejudices to embrace those of the other; or, that both, forgetting those commercial rivalries, differences of religion, habits, interests, traditions, and language, which render them absolute antipodes, should have met half way, and endeavoured to bury all individuality in their mutual exertions for the general good.

But this concession could not be expected from Holland, for independent of the tenacity of her national character, the treaty of Paris literally asserted that Belgium was given to her as an extension of territory. This phrase was apparently acted upon in many instances by the government, as if the many had been made over in fee to the few, and as if Belgium was intended to serve as a mere corollary to Holland. On the other hand, who in there, who had studied the Belgian characteristics and considered the preponderating influence of the clergy, the bigotry of the people, the jealous pride of the aristocracy, or the numerical superiority of the population, that could await concession from them without sufficient guarantees being given in return? And, without concession on the one side or the other, all prospects of fusion, or even co-existence was utterly hopeless. In this matter, the numerical disproportion was an invincible obstacle; for history may offer various instances of the gradual amalgamation of inferior with superior bodies,



but it is against all reason and precedent to anticipate success when the proportions are reversed. This disproportion produced another evil that will be shown presently.

"It is not, therefore, too much to affirm that the allies founded their conclusions on false premises—that being impelled by an over-eagerness to re-establish the equilibrium of Europe, and to erect a barrier, they placed too great confidence in the wisdom and influence of the king of the Netherlands; in the security of the restored dynasty in France; in the reciprocal philanthropy of the people whom they were resolved to unite; and in the philanthropic but deceptive hope that time, mutual accommodation, and prudent government would soften the long-existing differences that separated the two nations, and so temper down their animosities as to guarantee the security of an edifice, which the framers looked upon as a model of diplomatic skill."—vol. i. pp. 33—35.

"The union could only exist by a complete similarity of interests and privileges. The fundamental law, that was enacted for these ends, was better adapted to benefit Holland than Belgium in various respects; nor do we see how this could be altogether avoided. As regarded a system of representation, it was reasonable to proportion all civil and military employments to the numerical strength of the respective populations and contingents; but this would have been throwing a large majority into the hands of the Belgians, thus placing the Dutch interests completely at the mercy of the former; for, according to the populations of the two countries at that time, the proportion of deputies would have been 68 to the former, and 42 for the latter. Here, then, was a serious difficulty; and when it was resolved that each should furnish exactly an equal number of representatives, a lasting grievance was established, one half being Protestant, the other half Catholic, not to speak of national partialities, was an insurmountable evil.

"The bad fruits of this system soon betrayed themselves. On referring to the official debates and votes of the second chamber of the States General, it results that almost every legislative or financial project injurious to Belgian interests, that passed the house, was carried by majorities almost exclusively Dutch, whilst all those of a similar nature that were thrown out were supported by Dutch minorities. Again, all propositions tending to benefit Belgium, fell through the influence of Dutch majorities, or, in passing, were strenuously opposed by minorities of the same nation. On the other hand, in every project immediately benefiting Holland at the expense of Belgium, the whole of the Dutch came together, and, allowing for the influence of the court and government over some few Belgian functionaries, majorities were thus generally secured both to the Dutch and ministry. Thus some of the most oppressive and obnoxious taxes and projects passed into law, and thus were engendered many of those grievances, the first effect of which was universal and immediate discontent."—vol. i. p. 58.

"The fundamental code, our author clearly shows, laboured under other evils and errors. It made no provision for the ministerial re-

tribed to the Dutch and ministry. Thus some of the most oppressive and obnoxious taxes and projects passed into law, and thus were engendered many of those grievances, the first effect of which was universal and immediate discontent."—vol. i. p. 58.

responsibility, and it omitted to grant the sovereign the power of dissolving the chambers. It also consecrated a financial abuse, in that the mode of voting the most important items in the estimates was for ten years. There was, in consequence of these and other difficulties and absurdities, an utter hopelessness of all fusion of the two countries. But whilst wisdom and moderation might have modified or removed several of the grievances arising from the circumstances alluded to, many other evils were springing up that were gradually sapping the foundation of the throne and the government, which all but the public authorities perceived and watched; till the mine became to be so well charged that a spark sufficed to cause an explosion. "Instead of a fusion, all the means employed to amalgamate the two people had only served to disunite them still further. This discontent was not the birth of a day: it dates from the first union of the two states." Had the French revolution of 1789 never taken place, that of Belgium might not have occurred so early; but it seems contrary to innumerable facts and many principles to suppose that the two countries could have long hung together. The French revolution was only an accessory not a principal. It was impossible, from the very position and nature of Holland and Belgium, according to the ties imposed on them, to escape the twinship. The Belgic discontents were, from the first of the connexion in existence, and continually gathering strength. "Without previous discontent, a whole furnace would not have caused an explosion."

After noticing, in the conduct of the Prince-Sovereign, the evil effects resulting from his early abolition of trial by jury, which had been established by the French, and from his other changes in the judicial system, the author classes a number of other grievances imposed on the Belgians under the following heads:

1st. The imposition of the Dutch language upon all functionaries, whether civil or military.

2d. The extreme partiality shown in the distribution of all places and employments.

3d. A financial system that pressed heavily and unjustly on Belgium, which was made to contribute to the payment of debts incurred by Holland long prior to the union, and the imposition of sundry oppressive taxes repugnant to the habits and usages of the people.

4th. The establishment of the supreme court of justice (*haute cour*) and all other great public institutions in the north.

5th. The indisposition of the government towards the Catholics, and a real or supposed desire to Protestantize the people; the establishment of a philosophic college at Louvain; the monopoly of education, and the suppression of the episcopal and other national colleges and schools. — vol. i, p. 14.

As to the extreme partiality shewn in the distribution of offices,

Exact data are wanting to show the relative number of civilians of each nation, who were employed; it will suffice to observe, that of the

in the cabinet ministers, there were only two Belgians; of the forty-five army councillors, twenty-seven were Dutch, eighteen Belgian; of thirty-five diplomatists, nine only were Belgian; of the referendaries first class, eight Dutch, five Belgian; of fourteen directors-general, only one Belgian; of the nine directors of the great military establishments, not one Belgian; of the 117 men employed in the home department, eleven Belgian; of fifty-nine in that of finance, five Belgian; and of 102 in that of war, thirty-nine Dutch, and only three Belgian.

But the most striking example of all is to be found in the Netherlands army-list for 1830, where the immense preponderance of Dutch over Belgian officers is scarcely credible; being in the proportion of twelve and ten to one in some branches, and about six to one upon the whole. It is not, therefore, to be marvelled at, that there was a deficit of superior officers, especially in the staff, artillery, and engineers, where fair promotion was denied to them; for of forty-three staff-officers, only eight were Belgian; of forty-three field-officers of artillery, only one Belgian; and of twenty-three field-officers of engineers, not one Belgian; and yet many of the captains had served with honour and distinction under Napoleon; nor can it be a matter of surprise, that there was an utter want of cordiality between the soldiers of the two nations, and a general disgust for the Dutch service, in no way recompensed by the elevated rate of pay. It is said that it was not the fault of government, if there were not more Belgians in the two scientific departments of the army; as the rule of the service required that they should be recruited from the military school, and the Belgian parents declined sending their children to this school. Then, they were so disinclined, but it must be observed in reply, that the governor, officers, and professors, as well as the mode of instruction, were Dutch, the academy was in a Dutch garrison, and the chief tendency of the establishment anti-Catholic; and moreover, that upon every examination or passing of students, the Dutch cadets were promoted over the heads of the Belgians."—vol. i. pp. 50—53.

Besides such most oppressive grievances, which were for the most part opposed in spirit to the treaties of the union and fundamental law, other collateral vexations were in active operation from the first. The ministry was not only enabled, from its construction and its source, to obtain majorities in the States-General, which seemed solely intended for the benefit of the Dutch, but a simple and oppressive cabinet-order was substituted from headquarters, without even the votes of the majority of the representative House. Among these *arrêtés* were the restriction of the liberty of the press—the imposition of the Dutch language—the establishment of the compulsory philosophic college—the suppression of the Catholic seminaries, and forbidding the Netherlands' youth from seeking instruction out of the country—together with various other trammels on public and private instruction. The disunion between the people and the throne grew wider and wider, till a formidable alliance was cemented between the liberals and Catholics, known under the title of "the Union," to which is ascribed the success of the revolution. Our author argues, however, that the primary object of the union was not the subversion of the go-

vernment, but the redress of grievances and an extension of civil liberty and religious tolerance. And if this be true, what a lesson is furnished for the absolute necessity of seasonably yielding to popular demands, when these rest on fair and just grounds! These popular demands, indeed, assume an extravagance, if unreasonably refused, which obscures their just claims, and combines with them such dangerous elements as often to render a tardy and forced acquiescence not less calamitous than the first denial. Let us see what the author says of the source of some such dangers as we now allude to, as illustrated in Belgium.

"The government had in some measure to thank itself for another evil that occurred. In its earnest desire to realize its assertion of the Netherlands being the 'classic soil of liberty,' as well as with a view of attracting foreign skill and industry, the utmost encouragement was offered to strangers of all classes to settle on its hospitable and fertile soil. Thus Brussels became the rendezvous, the representative assembly, of all the discontented spirits in Europe. Regicide conventionalists, called Napoleonists, proscribed constitutionalists, persecuted Carbonari, oppressed Poles, disgraced Russians, radical English, and visionary German students, indiscriminately flocked to the metropolis of Brabant. There, allying themselves with such as might be regarded as the most disaffected portion of society, they not only gave full scope to their animadversions on their own governments, but largely contributed to inflame and excite the imagination of the natives against that of the Netherlands. Of these strangers, many were conscientious, enlightened, and honourable men, victims of the most cruel acts of despotism. But amongst the number there were not a few individuals of broken fortune and desperate character—men whose sole element was commotion and civil discord; who had nothing to lose, but every thing to gain, by convulsion, and who were utterly reckless of the miseries that such convulsions entail on the majority. More dangerous guests could not be harboured in the bosom of any country.

"This was a canker for which there was no remedy, except by adopting arbitrary measures of police, or by obtaining the sanction of the chambers to an alien law, that might give more extensive power to the government. Besides, whatever might have been the proceedings of the latter in regard to three or four strangers, it may be safely affirmed, that it was utterly repugnant to the king's feelings to persecute men, who had no other spot on the continent where they might lay down their exiled heads in safety, or where they could enjoy more uninterrupted freedom, so long as they abstained from any overt act against the state. But, if the exiles had strong claims on the humanity and protection of the government, had the government no claims on the exiles? Were the latter not bound to respect the laws that afforded them protection, no matter how despotic? Was it not their duty to remain passive spectators of all civil discussions, and to abstain from interfering with the legislative proceedings of a country where they had voluntarily sought shelter, and from whence they were at liberty to remove whenever they thought proper? Was nothing due from them to the rights of hospitality and the calls of gratitude? Their residence was not compulsory, but their inaction was obligatory.

"Another concomitant evil remains to be pointed out. In order to give greater extension to the book trade, and to promote the various branches of

industry dependent on this kind of commerce, foreign and native booksellers were encouraged to establish themselves in Brussels; and a system of literary piracy was carried on to an immense extent. Cheap editions of almost every work prohibited in France and elsewhere were reprinted, and thus a multitude of pamphlets were disseminated through the country, containing doctrines most hostile to neighbouring governments, and essentially calculated to prejudice the public against the ruling administration. Here again the ministry were under the necessity of permitting the existence of this evil, or of placing restrictions on a trade which shed lustre on the metropolis, and added to the general commercial prosperity of the state."—vol. i, pp. 85—87.

"We shall not go farther into the history of Belgic grievances and discontents relative to the union with Holland. Enough has been said to show that they were neither few nor trifling. The disruption was at hand—England and the other powers would not interfere to protect the government of the Netherlands against "the sacred right of popular insurrection." "Select what form of government you think proper," said the Duke of Wellington to the Belgian deputation, dispatched to England by the provisional government, "or whatever chief you may consider best calculated to effect the objects you have in view; providing you do not embroil yourself with Europe, we shall not interfere."

We have been pleased and instructed by the author's delineation of the character of William the King of Holland, and the Prince of Orange and Prince Frederic.

"Convinced that the power and grandeur of nations depend in a great measure on the extent of their commercial and industrial activity, and taking as his model '*that people of shopkeepers*,' whose colossal influence is mainly derived from this source, King William devoted the entire energies of his mind to the formation and impulsion of trade, manufactures, and commerce in all their diverse and most extensive branches. The leading object of his ambition—an ambition founded on the most wholesome principles of political economy—was to render the Netherlands as distinguished for its artificial productions, as its soil is pre-eminent for its fertility and the abundance of its natural produce. There was no labour, no expense, no care, no experiment left unemployed, to give life and excitement to this grand object. Project succeeded project, speculation followed speculation with surprising rapidity; and if many of these plans terminated in failure, enough has been already said to prove that two out of three were crowned with success, or promised beneficial results.

"The favourite theories and meditations of the royal mind being, as it were, concentrated upon commercial pursuits and the employment of capital, he was said to display less of elevated sentiments and political grandeur, than of that arithmetical positiveness which is the general result of a constant devotion to the study of the practical branches of political economy. One engrossing topic was uppermost in his mind, which was compared to a vast 'price-current,' the barometer of which was solely influenced by the rise and fall of colonial and indigenous produce, or the fluctuations of the public funds. The inventions of Watt and Bolton stood higher in his estimation than the achievements of Frederick or Napoleon."



and the most insignificant writer on subjects of political economy or practical philosophy, was infinitely more worthy of attention than Byss or Chateaubriand. He protected the arts, not so much from admiration as policy; and he countenanced literature, not from any devotion to letters, but because it created a demand for certain articles of commerce. The rattling, clanging sounds of a Ghent cotton-factory, or the monotonous labrations of a Luxembourg forge-hammer, was sweeter music to his ears than the most melodious strains of Rossini or Beethoven. The gaunt chimneys, vomiting forth clouds of dark smoke above some graceless refectory, were falden objects of architecture to his sight than the splendid columns of the Parthenon or the dome of St. Peter's. In short, there was nothing classic, inspiring, or chivalrous in his bearing; all was material, positive, and mathematical. *ibid.*, pp. 123-125.

Business was his element, his recreation; his companions were practical men.

Early in his career, sober and simple in his habits, an enemy to extravagance and ostentation, punctual in his engagements, and minutely exact in the distribution of his time, he was enabled to perform such a mass of business as would appear incredible to persons who were not witnesses to the amount and diversity of his daily occupations. There was scarcely an affair of the most trifling nature, any way connected with foreign affairs or internal administration, of which he did not take cognizance, and in most cases determine according to his own views. This application was not, however, more remarkable than his intimate acquaintance with the most minute fractions composing the machinery of state, or his perfect familiarity with international law, and the various sources whence other nations derived the sum of their strength and prosperity. His facility of access, the promptitude of his answers, his blunt frankness, and his irreproachable domestic qualities, are admitted by all; still his majesty was generally accused of a phlegmatic coldness of manner, of an overweening fondness for money, of never being able to forget that he was a Dutchman and a Protestant—in fact, of identifying in his own person all the prejudices of his country and faith. Added to this, he evinced a tenacity of opinion, bordering upon obstinacy; so that, having once adopted any system—and he was not prone to decide impetuously—no argument could shake his resolution. Another most striking defect in the royal character was his unreasonable employment of energetic measures. The development of force was said with him to be a constant anachronism. This has been verified in a striking manner, during the different phases of the revolution, from the night of the 26th August, 1830, to the burning of the arsenal and export of Antwerp; and from the invasion of Belgium in 1831, to the retention of Lille and Liekenboek in 1833. The latter has, indeed, been an incompressible stroke of policy, desired by and evidently advantageous to his adversaries. The fact certainly is, that when energetic measures promptly and vigorously applied, might have produced incalculable results, recourse was had to temporization; and again, when the development of force was but a vain waste of blood and treasure, it was then that negotiation was abandoned!

It is incontestable, however, that if the happiness and welfare of a nation depended on the laborious exertions and unremitting devotion of their sovereign to state affairs, then Belgium ought to have been as contented as



it was proposed, and its monarch the most popular sovereign in Europe; more especially as the King could be more fortunately seconded than he was by his queen and her family."—vol. i, pp. 125—127.

The Prince of Orange is justly described as being of a much more courteous and chivalrous disposition, and is defended against some severe accusations that have been industriously spread to his great prejudice in the eyes of the Belgic people and of Europe; while Prince Frederick is drawn as strongly resembling his father in business habits, and remarkable for his morality and integrity. Had not the impolicy of the King, and his own fatal confidence, urged him to take the command of the columns that advanced on Brussels, our author maintains that his name would have been well respected by the Belgic people. But delay or precipitation, and many inopportune steps, are charged against the general members of the royal family, although the gallant bearing of the Prince of Orange seems not in the least to have been unworthy of his exploits when under the English Captain. We have been deeply interested by the following account of his conduct and reception in Brussels, when he adventured to enter the city after it had been, for the first time, barricaded, and the inhabitants were in arms in defence of themselves and their rights. The farther he penetrated into the city, he is said to have been the more astonished at the formidable preparations to oppose any forcible entry.

As the cavalcade advanced, the same silence was maintained. There were no greetings, no hurrahs, no symptoms of loyalty or devotion. There was a buzzing hum, a rushing to and fro, but no acclamations. No flowers were strewn in the streets, no handkerchiefs waved from the windows. Every eye, every countenance seemed to frown upon him. No man cried, "God save him!"

No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home. Although his clenched jaw and expanded nostril more than once bespoke the intensity of his feeling, and a momentary tear did glitter in his eye, he suppressed the emotions of his heart; and, maintaining a gallant bearing, stopped here and there to address persons of his acquaintance—praising some for their good conduct, and assuring others that, if it depended on his exertions, their grievances should be speedily redressed.

On reaching the *Marché aux herbes*, his royal highness expressed a desire to proceed direct to his palace; but, independent of the immense crowds that filled the *rue de la Madeleine*, impassable barricades completely barred the passage. As some discussion took place as to the route to be followed, the populace became extremely clamorous, and with loud shouts exclaimed—"To the Palace of the People!—to the Hôtel de Ville!" whilst an athletic and fierce-looking man, armed with a pike, sprang forward, and brandishing his weapon above the head of the prince's horse, roared out—"Vive la liberté!—to the town hall!" Turning to M. Plaisant, who stood at the prince's stirrup, his royal highness exclaimed—"Cursed liberty, that will not allow a man to go direct to his own house!" The multitude now becoming still more clamorous, and the persons near the prince feeling anxious for their illustrious

charge. M. Plaisant whispered to him—'Quicken your pace, Sir, in God's name; it will be more prudent to proceed to the town-hall.'

"Upon reaching the front of this building, on the perystyle of which the regency was assembled, the prince reined in his horse, and the immense crowd having formed a circle around him, he harangued them in a strain of deep feeling and moderation. He appealed to their loyalty and love of order, and promised to devote himself to their welfare. He told them, although there was no occasion for arming, the troops being come as brethren and not as enemies, that he himself, as colonel-general of the communal guards, was glad to see himself surrounded by the armed citizens. On concluding, he raised his hat, and shouted '*Vive le Roi!*' But these talismanic words, so effective in ordinary times, had lost their charm. They were either feebly re-echoed, or drowned by vociferous shouts of '*Vive la Liberté! Abas Van Maanen!*' whilst even the more popular cry of '*Vive le Prince!*' was accompanied by no enthusiastic marks of devotion.

"It was here that an accident occurred that might have led to most unpleasant consequences. The horse rode by the prince, a beautiful but vicious animal, became frightened and irritated by the pressure of the crowd on his flanks. It had already bitten more than one person, and had kicked Baron Van der Smissen so severely, as to disable him from further duty. An individual having incautiously placed his hand on the fiery creature's crupper, it instantly lashed out, and struck him so severely as to awaken apprehensions for his life.

"The populace, concluding the man to have been killed, broke forth into loud vociferations. Some cried, 'bayonet the vicious brute! Alight! alight! and walk with us;' whilst others roared out, 'On foot, on foot, we are not made to be trampled beneath Dutch hoofs.' In the meanwhile, the prince called to his groom, sprung from the animal he rode to, the back of that of his attendant, and said, 'If the man is injured I will give him a pension of 500 florins; the horse shall be destroyed.' But from the menacing attitude of the crowd, or from some sudden impulse, his royal highness had scarcely uttered these words, ere he put his horse into a trot, and having reached the narrow street leading from the Grande Place to the Palace of Justice, broke into a gallop, followed by his staff and a few mounted burghers.

"His progress was not unattended with peril. Being compelled to urge his charger over one of the barricades, neither his personal attendants or escort could follow, so that he arrived suddenly and alone in the square of the Palace of Justice. Here, from ignorance or malice, an armed burgher rushed at him with fixed bayonet, and the consequence might have been fatal, had not another citizen sprung forward and turned the weapon. Loud and insulting language was now uttered by some of the bystanding rabble; but being joined at length by his suite, and an opening being made in the barricades that barred every issue, the prince proceeded rapidly to his palace, where he arrived in no ordinary state of excitement and displeasure at what had passed.

"Instantly turning round to the citizens that had followed him, he rebuked them in bitter terms for thus permitting him to be insulted. 'As for you, Sir,' said his royal highness to D'Hooqvorst, 'you shall answer

for this on your head. Are these your promises? Was it for this that you entrapped me, the son of your king, into your city? Is this your Belgic faith? The persons present, who were deeply distressed at what had occurred, now stepped forward, and after a short but animated discussion, succeeded in appeasing the prince's wrath, so that he soon recovered his wonted equanimity of temper, and having summoned to his presence several of the most influential citizens, immediately proceeded to hold a conference as to the best measures to be adopted for the restoration of tranquillity. In the course of the afternoon, a proclamation announced to the inhabitants the selection of a commission, charged with proposing measures for the re-establishment of a good understanding between the government and citizens; thanking the latter for their laudable conduct, and assuring them that no troops should enter the city."—vol. ii. pp. 224—228.

The self-possession and affability of the Prince, on this occasion, drew forth the highest tokens of admiration. He encountered danger without glory, for he was in the midst of a revolted population. Those who scowled upon him now, however, had but lately cringed in his presence, which augmented his peril; and therefore the policy of his adventure may be questioned, since, in exceeding his instructions, he only added fuel by a middle course to the people's demands and strength, when one of two alternatives were alone applicable—either undisguised concession and complete pardon, or the strongest measures of force and unmitigated chastisement.

“When the Prince of Orange made up his mind to exceed the letter of his instructions, and in despite of the refusal of his brother and the remonstrances of his suite, resolutely determined to trust himself in the midst of his father's revolted subjects, he should have prepared himself for bold and energetic measures. Knowing, as he must have known, the secret determination of the cabinet, the unbending firmness of the king's character, and the utter hopelessness of inducing him to retract; seeing and hearing that internal war was inevitable, and that in the then state of Europe external aid was improbable, and success consequently extremely problematical; he should have decided on quitting the city the moment he had given to Europe and the Belgians so striking a proof of his devotion; or he should at once have declared himself for the popular cause, and then exclaimed:—

“Belgians! I will despatch messengers to the Hague, I will join my prayers and link my destinies with yours. Will you have me for your advocate, your mediator, your chief? If so, I will remain amongst you. I see that you have been misrepresented. You are neither rebels or revolutionists; but men struggling for the redress of oppressive grievances, and those equal rights and liberties that were guaranteed to you by treaty and constitution. Fear not, I will place myself at your head, and will share your fate. If the troops advance against you, my arm shall carve the road to victory, or my blood shall flow with yours. We will live and die together.”

“Such doctrines may be considered machiavelic and immoral. To preach filial disobedience, or, to advocate the rebellion of a son against a father, would be odious in ordinary life, or in ordinary times; but when

thrones are at stake, when an act of this nature may seem a momentary sacrifice, other considerations ought to give way. Without some such decisive act as this, the dynasty was irrevocably lost; with it, it might have been saved—saved, even without the necessity of a rupture between the father and son. For had the father been politic, he would have yielded to the demands of the son, then become the organ of the people. He might have appointed him his viceroy, and have thus conciliated policy and reciprocal duty.

"This was, perhaps, the only way of securing for one branch that which was likely to be lost to the main stem. Had the Prince of Orange boldly adopted this plan, had the British government urged him to do so, the whole tide of popularity would have turned in his favour; he would have been raised on the bucklers of the people to the very clouds; hearts and hands would have gone with him; and by making himself the firm but respectful interpreter of national demands, by remaining with them until those demands were granted, he would probably have obtained for the Belgians all they wanted, without further anarchy or bloodshed, and would have secured for his dynasty that brilliant jewel, which has now irrevocably passed into other hands. Severe moralists would, perhaps, have raised outcries against such an act of filial disobedience. But Europe, which was eager to see Belgium preserved to the Nassaus, would have applauded a stroke of policy that would have settled the question without the necessity of foreign intervention. Providing there was no absolute restoration, France cared little whether the crown were placed on the head of a Nassau or of any other prince.

"But that filial piety, that profound deference for his father, and that chivalrous sense of honour, for which the Prince of Orange is not less distinguished than for his personal courage, entirely prevailed; and the golden opportunity was lost for ever. The favourable impression made on the public mind by his proceedings on the 1st of September was utterly effaced amidst the subsequent carnage and conflagration." *ibid.* p. 231-233.

We pass over every farther detail connected with the progress of the revolution—its amount, its excesses, and re-established tranquillity. All who wish to have a full and vivid conception of such things must have recourse to the volumes before us. They furnish a most affecting and instructive picture in the page of human history. The Belgic Revolution is so clearly traced by the author, that we see it indeed like a well-defined representation upon a distinct piece of canvas; and to England the work at this period should be precious.

As to the matters stated as facts in these pages, we think the author evinces a familiar acquaintance. He indeed informs us, that he has resided more than four years in Belgium, and attentively watched the various phases of the revolution since its outbreak in August 1830; that he has lived on terms of amicable intercourse with many of the most eminent personages that have figured on the stage, and has had access to a vast mass of oral and documentary testimony on the subject. He has also made it a theme of constant meditation, and of occasional publication. But whilst the work itself shows all this, it is likewise distinguished by



a liberality of criticism respecting public measures and men, and a freedom of sentiment descriptive of a well-equipped writer, steering clear of extreme opinions; so that we cordially recommend it to all who wish to study one of the most recent and affecting revolutions among nations. And while we deplore the moral devastation to be witnessed in the case of such dreadful political throes, it is no small consolation to find a regeneration, according to the following picture:—

But it is time to bring our imperfect labours to a close. This cannot, perhaps, be accomplished in more just or appropriate terms than by stating that Belgium, prospering beneath the influence of regenerated monarchical institutions, and the paternal sceptre of a prince who generously associated himself with her destinies, and exposed his life for her independence, may now boast that the sum of her liberties is complete; and that, whilst commerce and industry only require peace and equitable treaties to restore them to wholesome vigour, the arts and sciences are advancing in a manner not unworthy of their pristine reputation. A progress, that must be principally ascribed to her political emancipation, and to the expanding consciousness of that freedom which is so essential to the development of individual or national resources.

Enchained during a long lapse of years beneath the iron rule of various masters, the Belgians had lost the title, but not the sentiment of nationality. The irresistible outbreathing of the one has obtained for them the enjoyment of the other; and this, under a wise and tolerant sovereign, who not only reigns amongst, but exclusively for them. They may now, therefore, invoke the evidence of ancient times, and dwell with pride upon the memory of those illustrious countrymen, whose names are interwoven with the pages of European history. They may now renew the broken links of national traditions, and shew that they are not without honourable records of the past, nor undeserving of brighter prospects for the future.

And what country has a better claim to retrospect than that which, as early as the fifteenth century, was pre-eminent throughout Europe for its wealth, industry, civilization, and learning?—than that which furnished Charles V. with many of his ablest generals and most valiant soldiers?—than that where Egmont, Horne, and other noble victims fell martyrs to the cause of liberty?—the land that was the birth-place of Scaliger, Ortelius, Lipsius, Van Byck, and Rubens?—the land that nobly struggled for its rights and privileges against the persecutions of Spain, and resisted the encroachments of Austria with equal courage, though perhaps with less justice, than she successfully emancipated herself from the thraldom of Holland?

Content with the luxuriant richness of her soil, and the many natural benefits that Providence has conferred upon her; essentially industrious in her habits, and moral in her disposition; desirous to encircle her territory with a fence of olive rather than with a barrier of steel, that land now craves no other boon of Europe, than the unobstructed enjoyment of her independence, upon terms compatible with her own vitality and the collateral rights of other states. Policy and justice demand the accordance of this concession. Should it be denied, or should any attempt be made to violate her nationality, Belgium will be as ready to court the hand of foreign arms as she is now anxious to cherish the blessing of peace.

She will then be as willing to expend her blood and treasure in defending national liberty against the infringements of despotism, as she is now eager to co-operate with moderate governments in stemming the progress of irrational licence.

"Having reconquered that rank amidst nations which is her just heritage, the ardent vow of Belgium is not to disturb European institutions, but to accommodate herself to them. Passive, but fully armed—patient, but resolute, she is prepared to encounter any political vicissitudes that may assail her from abroad; whilst, with increasing powers, and a prospect of diminished burdens, she tranquilly pursues the work of amelioration at home, and devotes herself to the cultivation of those generous and useful arts that are the glory of all civilized nations."—vol. ii, pp. 417—419.

ART. V.—*Narrative of a Second Voyage in Search of a North-west Passage, and of a Residence in the Arctic Regions, during the Years 1829, 1830, 1831, 1832, 1833.* By Sir JOHN ROSS, C. B., K. S. A., K. C. S., &c. London: Webster. 1835.

THIS long promised and expected narrative has at last appeared. Without inquiring, however, into all the causes of its delay in publication, it is enough for us to say, that from its size and embellishments, we can by no means be astonished that much of the period that has elapsed since Captain Ross's return to this country after his voyage, should have sped ere the contents of this very bulky quarto was laid before the public. At the same time, we fear that the curiosity of people has greatly abated respecting these contents, not merely because the gallant adventurer has already been kept so much before the public, as no longer to be a lion, but because the periodical press has greatly forestalled the matter herein contained. As regards purchasers, we also fear that the magnitude and price of the volume will be a sad detriment to some parties. It certainly is well adapted to make a goodly figure in a library; nor can the precisest book-fancier be but charmed with its clear and beautiful typography, or its spacious margins. But in so far as the scientific reader, or geographer is concerned, it will be severely felt, that the narrative has been spun out to an unnecessary extent, and far beyond what the matter presented warrants or requires. There is one other general complaint to be preferred, rather against the manner than the matter of the writer—and this is, that he is a consummate egotist. It is not only very natural, but perhaps unavoidable, for the master spirit in such an enterprize as a voyage of discovery to the Arctic regions, to keep himself very much in the foreground of any complete and fair account of it; but still, we feel, in going through the book, that whatever the Captain set his hands and countenance to succeed, and that most part of the disasters and errors to be found recounted in the work, was owing to the want of his counsels and superintendence. After all these drawbacks, however, as regards manner and matter, the voyage here



described is a valuable contribution to geography, and other branches of science and natural knowledge; such indeed as, with his former voyage, will hand down Captain Ross's name to posterity, amongst the most daring and patient adventurers on the list of modern navigators and discoverers.

Without detaining our readers with any account of the previous expeditions that have of late years proceeded to the Arctic regions; and in search of a north west-passage, with which the public are already so familiar, we shall now at once take up the present narrative, and accompany the author in it as closely and fully as our limits will permit us to do. In all probability, it may be observed at the outset, this is the last voyage that will be attempted for years to come in search of a north-west passage; for it is at least now fully established that there is none through Prince Regent's inlet, or to the southward of the latitude of 74 deg. north; while every hope of a useful passage, which ought to have ceased long ago, must now be laid aside as regards every neighbouring direction.

It must be known to every one, that it was by the generous and munificent aid of a private individual, at the time Mr. Sheriff, now Sir Felix Booth, that our author was enabled to undertake this voyage. He had long been convinced that the navigation of the Arctic sea would prove more easy to a steam vessel, than to any merely sailing ships. For this purpose the *Victory* was purchased, which after the necessary alterations was capable of carrying a hundred and fifty tons, including the engine, with the necessary complement of provisions. The engine was made by Braithwaite and Ericsson, being a patent contrivance; and the paddle wheels were so constructed that they could be hoisted out of the water in a minute, with other great improvements and conveniences. The other usual necessities which experience had taught as suitable for such a voyage, was also most liberally supplied. Captain Ross, his nephew Commander Ross, who had been on every one of the late northern voyages, and a Mr. Thom, who was third in command, served without pay. There was a surgeon also, and the inferior officers and seamen amounted to nineteen more.

To carry stores and provisions for several years, a whaler, built of teak, with a crew of fifty-four men, was likewise purchased. She was to carry to Prince Regent's inlet whatever was thought necessary, fish by the way, and bring back some of the stores of the *Fury*, which, as our readers all know, was wrecked in the dreary Arctic regions some years before, when a similar expedition was undertaken. A decked vessel of sixteen tons burden was obtained from the Admiralty, named *Krusenstern*, and two boats, that had been used by Captain Franklin in his journeys, were also provided.

In May, 1829, the expedition sailed. But at the very commencement of the narrative a heavy charge is preferred by the author against the engineers of the steam machinery of the *Victory*, which

we observe has led to some keen discussion, that concerns us not. The Captain also acknowledges the acquisition of a gunner and a carpenter, who volunteered their services when he was on the point of departure; but he adds, that he was especially grateful to the Admiralty for the prompt manner in which they were discharged on his application. Indeed Sir John, we doubt not that you have a mind of your own, and cannot well brook any sort of inconvenience. An accident very early in the voyage occurred in the case of the principal stoker, whose arm was sadly shattered by the engine; and as the surgeon had not yet come on board, the Captain operated as an amputator himself, in a manner not worse, he says, than hundreds occurring under better auspices.

We shall pass over several chapters in the early part of the voyage, without any further notice, than that the whaler, which was to accompany the expedition as a store-ship, proved not of the slightest benefit, inasmuch as that, by the vexatious and mutinous conduct of the crew, it was necessary to leave it behind at the very commencement. We at once go forward to the period when the navigators reach the Fury beach. After great exertions, in a great measure charged to the account of the ineffective steam engine, Commander Ross, who had been lieutenant in the *Fury*, recognized a high projecting precipice, as being one which was about three miles to the northward of her wreck, and next the tents that had been erected by the former voyagers, which were objects of the most intense interest and solicitude, as will immediately appear. The *Victory* was then securely moored in a good ice harbour, within a quarter of a mile of the place where the *Fury's* stores had been landed. The men were ordered a good meal, and sufficient rest, whilst the Captain, his nephew Commander Ross, Mr. Thom, and the surgeon, proceeded to the only tent that remained entire; the rest having been common camp tents, displayed only their poles and ropes, with a few tattered pieces of canvass dangling from their tops. We may mention, that previous to this their compasses had ceased to be of any use, and they had consequently been obliged to steer by means of astronomical bearings deduced from the sun.

In proceeding to the only entire tent, they found the coast lined with coal. It was at once also evident, that the bears had been paying the tent frequent visits. There had been a pocket near the door, where Commander Ross had left his memorandum book and specimens of birds; but it was torn down, without leaving a fragment of what it contained. The sides of the tent were also, in many places, torn out of the ground, but it was in other respects entire. We must not abridge such particulars as the following:

Where the preserved meats and vegetables had been deposited, we found every thing entire. The canisters had been piled up in two heaps, but though quite exposed to all the chances of the climate, for four years, they had not suffered in the slightest degree. There had been no water

to rust them, and the security of the joinings had prevented the bears from smelling their contents. Had they known what was within, not much of this provision would have come to our share, and they would have had more reason than we to be thankful for Mr. Denkin's patent. On examining the septima, they were not found frozen, nor did the taste of the several articles appear to have been in the least degree altered. This was indeed no small satisfaction; as it was not only our daily ration, but very existence and the prospect of success, which were implicated in this most gratifying discovery. The wine, spirits, sugar, bread, flour, and cocoa, were in equally good condition, with the exception of a part of the latter which had been lodged in provision casks. The lime juice and the pickles had not suffered much; and even the sails, which had been well made up, were not only dry, but seemed as if they had never been wetted. It was remarkable, however, that while the spun yarn was bleached white, all appearance and smell of tar had vanished from it. — p. 108.

On the beach where the *Fury* had been abandoned, not a trace of her hull was to be seen. But the tent and the stores was a notable prize, not less novel than interesting, in such a dreary region of solitude and ice. It was, indeed, the presumed certainty of this supply, that had formed the foundation of the present expedition. All the materials for which they should have searched in the warehouses of Wapping or Rotherhithe, were there collected in one spot. A list of their wants was accordingly made out, and the crew employed in transporting whatever was to be taken for their use. Yet all that they now used and stowed away, seemed scarcely to diminish the piles of canisters, of which they embarked whatever they could, together with such flour, cocoa, and sugar, as was wanted. This supply was equal to what was considered a sufficiency of stores and provisions for two years and three months. Other articles were also shipped from this most welcome storehouse.

We continued our embarkations this day, including ten tons of coals, and, after allowing the men some rest, we contrived to get these, together with all the provisions and a part of the stores, on board before dinner time. We had found the spare mizen topmast of the *Fury*, and this was selected by the carpenter for a new boom, in place of the one that we had lost. We also got some anchors and hawsers, together with some boatwain's and carpenter's stores to make up our deficiencies. Some of the best of the sails were taken to make housings; having found that belonging to the *Fury* damaged from having been all made up, and from having had in a situation which prevented the melted snow from running off. A skreen made with featherstitch, was also found in tolerable condition, but the bears had overruled the harness cask, and devoured nearly the whole of its contents. We found that some of the candle boxes had been entered either by enemies or omice, one of them being entirely emptied, and the others partially. Though bleached, and especially on the upper side, as I already remarked of the spun yarn, none of the ropes were rotten, the cables seemed perfect, and thence we concluded that the canvass of the tents had more or less been blown away by the wind, after the bears had loosened the cloth at the foot, in attempting an entrance.

"The chain-cable and the carronades were more or less covered by the small stones on the beach; and except being slightly rusted, were just as they had been left. The powder-magazine, detached from the rest of the store, was unroofed, and the waterproof cloth of it in tatters; but the patent cases had kept the gunpowder itself perfectly dry. We selected from it what we thought we should require; and then, in compliance with Sir Edward Parry's request and our own sense of what was right, caused the remainder to be destroyed, lest it should prove a source of injury to any Esquimaux who might hereafter chance to visit this spot. And with this we ended our new outfit: storing ourselves, somewhat like Robinson Crusoe, with whatever could be of use to us in the wreck; yet if thus far greedy, having in view but the execution of our plan, and precluded by our limited means of stowage from encumbering ourselves with superfluities."—pp. 110, 111.

The prize at Fury point was obtained in the month of August. In their progress down this shore, several new discoveries were made and named, the voyage of course acquiring a more decided interest, as it now extended beyond the farthest extremity which had been before discovered. The critical position of the expedition while in the Arctic seas, is sometimes appalling in the sublimest degree. They are sometimes heeled over by the pressure of the ice, or thrown out of the water upon it, or nearly crushed to atoms, or driven by currents at such a tremendous rate, even in description—which the Captain is no mean hand at—as to make the reader shake with dread. Take the following picture, and say, whether it be not on a magnificent scale:—

"For readers, it is unfortunate that no description can convey an idea of a scene of this nature: and, as to the pencil, it cannot represent motion, or noise. And to those who have not seen a northern ocean in winter—who have not seen it, I should say, in a winter's storm—the term ice, exciting but the recollection of what they only know at rest, in an inland lake or canal, conveys no ideas of what it is the fate of an arctic navigator to witness and to feel. But let them remember that ice is stone; a floating rock in the stream, a promontory or an island when aground, not less solid than if it were a land of granite. Then let them imagine, if they can, these mountains of crystal hurled through a narrow strait by a rapid tide; meeting, as mountains in motion would meet, with the noise of thunder, breaking from each other's precipices huge fragments, or rending each other asunder, till, losing their former equilibrium, they fall over headlong, lifting the sea around in breakers, and whirling it in eddies; while the flatter fields of ice, forced against these masses, or against the rocks, by the wind and the stream, rise out of the sea till they fall back on themselves, adding to the indescribable commotion and noise which attend these occurrences.

"It is not a little, too, to know and to feel our utter helplessness in these cases. There is not a moment in which it can be conjectured what will happen in the next: there is not one which may not be the last; and yet that next moment may bring rescue and safety. It is a strange, as it is an anxious position; and, if fearful, often giving no time for fear, so unexpected is every event, and so quick the transitions. If the noise, and

the motion, and the hurry in every thing around, are distracting, if the attention is troubled to fix on any thing amid such confusion, still must it be alive, that it may seize on the single moment of help or escape which may occur. Yet with all this, and it is the hardest task of all, there is nothing to be acted, no effort to be made: and though the very sight of the movement around inclines the seaman to be himself busy, while we can scarcely repress the instinct that directs us to help ourselves in cases of danger, he must be patient, as if he were unconcerned or careless; waiting as he best can for the fate, be it what it may, which he cannot influence or avoid."—pp. 152, 153.

The author speaks in high terms of his ship, and argues strongly in favour of small vessels, in preference to large ones, for the Arctic seas. But the engine was their great incumbrance; for it was not merely useless, but occupied, with its fuel, two-thirds of their tonnage in weight and measurement. It was therefore hoisted out of the ship upon the ice, and thus the *Victory* was little better than a jury-rigged vessel. And as in future it was to be a sailing ship, and nothing more, the voyagers may well have felt their situation worse than that of any previous adventurers in these regions, in so far as their home upon the deep was concerned. Under all her own disadvantages, she had also the duty of towing a boat of eighteen tons to perform; so that we may well believe that the engineers of the steam apparatus came in for many a loud and hearty accusation. About the same period that the engine was hoisted out, they took up, close to the land, their winter quarters for the first year. This was during the month of October. The author enters, at this part of the narrative, into some speculations regarding the actual temperature they experienced, and on that of sensation. He says, if the reader is sometimes puzzled to explain the apparent contradictions in the reports on the actual heat, and on that of sensation, they who feel that of which others read, are often not less puzzled themselves. After a variety of suggestions and hypotheses, he adds:—

“The conclusion therefore in which I wish to rest, willingly as I would have extended these remarks, and perhaps then extending them so as to produce the greater conviction, is this; namely, that in every expedition or voyage to a polar region, at least if a winter residence is contemplated, the quantity of food should be increased, be that as inconvenient as it may. It would be very desirable indeed if the men could acquire the taste for Greenland food; since all experience has shown that the large use of oil and fat meats is the true secret of life in these frozen countries; and that the natives cannot subsist without it; becoming diseased, and dying under a more meagre diet. Nor do I know that this is impossible; since it is notorious that where the patients in English hospitals have been treated with fish oil for the cure of rheumatism, they not only soon learn to like it, but prefer that which is strongest and most offensive. I have little doubt, indeed, that many of the unhappy men who have perished from wintering in these climates, and whose histories are well known, might have been saved if they had been aware of these facts, and



had conformed, as is so generally prudent, to the usages and the experience of the natives."—pp. 201, 202.

He says afterwards, that although every expedient in the way of clothing should be adopted for resisting the impressions of external temperature, nothing will compensate for the want of the heat-generating energy, but external heat; and that this is in fact too often an imperfect expedient. It is of little use to clothe him who will not, in himself, produce heat—being little better than the attempt to warm a piece of ice by means of a blanket; and which can only preserve heat is incapable of producing it. From the various curious and judicious reasonings of a sanatory kind introduced, we have been the less astonished at the many ingenious contrivances employed by the Captain for the comfort of those under him. He must have employed much of his latter life in studies bearing upon these questions, as well as upon those that immediately belong to the mental and moral constitution of man. In justice to such a philanthropic and philosophic character, we quote part of his winter arrangements. We have in a preceding paragraph been told that the use of spirits was stopped—a regulation which the author says was not only necessary, as he believed, for the prevention of scurvy, but which was received by the men without remonstrance.

"The men slept in hammocks, which were taken down at six in the morning, and hung up at ten at night, being also aired twice a week. The lower deck, being the dwelling floor, was covered with hay every morning, and scrubbed with sand till eight, when the men breakfasted. Monday was settled in future as the washing day; and this operation being finished by noon, the linen was dried at the stove. The upper deck having been at length covered with snow two feet and a half in thickness, it was trod down till it became a solid mass of ice, and was then sprinkled with sand, so as to put on the appearance of a rolled gravel walk. Above this, was the roof already mentioned, of which the sides were continued so low as to cover those of the ship. The surrounding bank of snow, being completed, reached to the ship's gunwale, so that the union of this with the roof formed a perfect shelter from all wind, and thus excluded, very materially, the impressions of the external cold. In the same manner there was a covering of snow to the cabin deck, while the skylight was fitted with double sashes: but the way from the cabin to the deck was not closed, since the frost was not yet so intense as to render that necessary: the inner doors were merely fitted with ropes and pulleys."—pp. 211, 212.

There were a great many other admirable regulations established below decks. We quote the following:—

"The breakfast, of which the hour has been already mentioned, consisted of cocoa or tea; and the dinner was at noon. When the weather permitted any thing to be done outside of the ship, the men worked, after that meal, till three or four o'clock: while, when that was impossible, they were obliged to walk for a certain number of hours on deck, beneath the roof. Their tea was at five o'clock; and, after this, they attended an



evening school, commencing at six, and lasting till nine; which being closed, and the hammocks slung, they retired to bed at ten.

On Sunday, no work was allowed. The men were mustered, and inspected in their best clothes, by ten o'clock, after which there were prayers and a sermon. To occupy the remainder of the day, there was a collection of tracts which had been presented to us by Mrs. Bunderby, of Blackheath.

well as a useful gift. But, as there was a Sunday on this evening being the reading of portions of scripture. The day was concluded by psalms and by the lessons. Of the good effect of this system of religious instruction, I could entertain no doubt; for the men seemed all belonged to one family; evincing mutual kindness and tranquillity of behaviour which are not very ship. — pp. 213, 214.

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side society would become the more external circumstances that drove the wonder then, that the day, which is ap- which the elements above seemed to glorify, should have been spent with unusual feelings of satisfaction and welcome?

It was Christmas day. There are few places on the civilized earth in which that day is not, perhaps, the most noted of the year; to all, it is a festive holiday; and there are many to whom it is somewhat more. The gentlemen themselves seemed to have determined that it should be a special day to us; for, it commenced with a most beautiful and splendid service, occupying the whole vault above. At first, and for many hours, it displayed a succession of arches, gradually increasing in altitude; as they advanced from the east and proceeded towards the western side of the horizon; while the succession of changes were not less brilliant than any that we had formerly witnessed. The church service allotted for this peculiar day was adopted; but, as it is the etiquette of the naval service, the holiday was also kept by an unusually liberal dinner, of which, roast beef, from our Galley was, not yet expended, formed the essential and orthodox portion. I need not say that the rule against grog was suspended for this day, since, without that, it would not have been the holiday expected by a seaman. The stores of the *Fury* rendered us, here, even more than the reasonable service we might have claimed; since they afforded us indeed beer, and what would have been more appropriate elsewhere, though abundantly natural here, iced cherry brandy with its frosty matters, however, of amusement, when we recollected that we were sitting in the luxuries of a hot London June, without the heat of a wall in Grosvenor Square to give them value, and really without any especial desire for sweetmeats or so cooling a nature. I believe that it was a

happy day for all the crew: and happy days had a moral value with us, little suspected by those whose lives, of uniform ease, peace, and luxury, one or all, render them as insensible to those hard-won enjoyments, as unobservant of their effects on the minds of men. The display all our flags (as shown in the engraving) was a matter of course, and the brilliancy of Venus was a spectacle which was naturally contemplated as in harmony with the rest of the day."—pp. 231, 232.

With the coming in of January, 1880, the incidents which befell our voyagers vary and acquire additional interest. On the ninth of the month, strangers were seen from the temporary observatory that had been erected. Our author accordingly proceeded towards them, Commander Ross and some of the *Victory's* men keeping at a distance behind. On advancing within a hundred yards of these natives, it was perceived that each was armed with a spear and a knife; but knowing that the form of salutation between meeting tribes was *Timo tima*, the captain hailed in these words, and was answered by a general shout of the same kind. He then, along with his followers, who had hastened forward, threw away his gun, crying *Aja tima*, which he had learned was the usual method of opening a friendly communication. On this they threw their knives and spears into the air in every direction, returning the shout *Aja*, extending their arms, to show that they were without weapons. Hereupon our voyagers advanced, the natives keeping their places, and embraced in succession all those in the front line, smacking down their dress, and receiving in return the same ceremony.

Commander Ross's experience was here of great use; and being informed that we were Europeans (*Kablunæ*), they answered that they were men *Inuit*. Their numbers amounted to thirty-one; the eldest called *Idiota*, being sixty-five years of age; six others between forty and fifty, and twenty of them between forty and twenty; the number being made up by four boys. Two were lame, and, with the old man, were drawn by the others on sledges; one of them having lost a leg, from a bear as we understood, and the other having a broken or diseased thigh. They were all well dressed, in excellent deerskins chiefly; the upper garments double, and encircling the body, reaching in front from the chin to the middle of the thigh, and having a cape behind to draw over the head, while the skirt hung down to the calf of the leg, in a peak not unlike that of a soldier's coat of former days. The sleeves covered the fingers; and, of the two skins which composed all this, the inner one had the hair next the body, and the outer one in the reverse direction. They had two pairs of boots on, with the hairy side of both turned inwards, and above them trousers of deerskin, reaching very low on the leg; while some of them had shoes outside of their boots, and had seal-skins instead of those of deer, in their trousers.

With this immense superstructure of clothes, they seemed a much larger people than they really were. All of them bore spears, not much unlike a walking-stick, with a ball of wood or ivory at one end, and a point of bone at the other. On examining the shafts, however, they were

found to be formed of small pieces of wood, or of the bones of animals, joined together very neatly. The knives that we first saw, consisted of some caribou's horn, without point or edge, forming a very inoffensive weapon; but we soon discovered that each of them had, hanging at his back, a much more effective knife pointed with iron, and some also edged with that metal. One of them proved also to be formed of the blade of an English claspknife, having the maker's mark on it, which had been so fixed as to be converted into a dagger. — pp. 243, 244.

The appearance of these natives is represented as very superior to that of our voyagers. They were at least as well clothed, as respected the dress necessary for those regions, and far better fed. They were also a cleaner people than the author had seen in his former voyage, while their hair was cut and arranged in no careless manner. They never once shewed a desire to possess themselves of any thing, receiving whatever was offered in the way of presents or kindly treatment, with signs of thankfulness. But they did not relish the preserved meat given them, though they drank oil with much satisfaction. Thus admirably, remarks the author, are the tastes of such tribes adapted to their compulsory food, and their views of happiness to the means provided. Their blubber, their oil, and their villainous smells, were preferred by them to what the refined tables of the south present. There is a great deal more said of the tribe above spoken of — of their habitations, their wives, their children, and their habits. We can only tarry to mention regarding the oil and blubber-loving individuals that were first seen, that the carpenter of the *Victory* did such notable service, in behalf of the man who was minus a leg, by making a wooden one for him, as could only be estimated duly by the receiver of the restored limb, who was once more rendered an efficient member of his community.

Regarding the fishing, hunting, and exploring efforts of our voyagers, we cannot find room to speak. We must jump forward. In September, 1830, after having been eleven months fixed to one spot, they moved out of their first winter's harbour in these regions, but at a rate not very encouraging — only making, in the course of two days, eighteen feet way through the ice. Another winter's harbour, was not far off. The feelings of the voyagers, however, are thus expressed, on finding themselves once more in motion:

Under sail, we scarcely knew how we felt; or whether we quite believed it. He must be a seaman, to feel that the vessel which bound beneath him, which listens to and obeys the smallest movement of his hand, which seems to move but under his will, is a thing of life, a mind conforming to his wishes; not an inert body, the sport of winds and waves. But what could we feel this as we did, when this creature, which used to carry us so gently over the ocean, had been during our whole year immovable as the ice and the rock around it, helpless, disobedient, dead? It seemed to have revived again to a new life; it once more obeyed us, did whatever we desired: and in addition to all, we too were free.

It was the first burst of enjoyment on the recovery of our liberty; but we were not long in finding, as other pursuers of other liberty have found, that it was a freedom which was to bring us no happiness. — p. 470.

But by the end of the very same month in which they moved, they were again frozen and looked up as before, for at least nearly one twelvemonth more, when they found it difficult to cherish hope anew, as they had before done. A number of expeditions during this second winter were undertaken upon ice and land. Among these one was by Commander Ross, to ascertain the place of the North Magnetic Pole. We shall quote part of what is here said of the results of that expedition.

But it will gratify general curiosity to state the most conspicuous results in a simple and popular manner. The place of the observatory was as near to the magnetic pole as the limited means which I possessed enabled me to determine. The amount of the dip, as indicated by my dipping needle, was  $89^{\circ} 59'$ , being thus within one minute of the vertical; while the proximity at least of this pole, if not its actual existence where we stood, was further confirmed by the action, or rather by the total inaction of the several horizontal needles then in my possession. These were suspended in the most delicate manner possible, but there was not one which showed the slightest effort to move from the position in which it was placed; a fact, which even the most moderately informed of readers must now know to be one which proves that the centre of attraction lies at a very small horizontal distance, if at any.

As soon as I had satisfied my own mind on this subject, I made known to the party this gratifying result of all our joint labours; and it was then, that amidst mutual congratulations, we fixed the British flag on the spot, and took possession of the North Magnetic Pole and its adjoining territory, in the name of Great Britain and King William the Fourth. We had abundance of materials for building, in the fragments of limestone that covered the beach; and we therefore erected a cairn of some magnitude, under which we buried a canister, containing a record of the interesting fact; only regretting that we had not the means of constructing a pyramid of more importance, and with strength sufficient to withstand the assaults of time and the Esquimaux. Had it been a pyramid as large as that of Cheops, I am not quite sure that it would have done more than satisfy our ambition; under the feelings of that exciting day. The latitude of this spot is  $70^{\circ} 5' 17''$ , and its longitude  $96^{\circ} 46' 45''$  west. — pp. 556, 557.

The chief object of the present voyage was thus accomplished in a manner even more satisfactory than had been anticipated; and at length their ship had the signs of life again, and moved on the face of the deep, but only, ere a few weeks had elapsed, to be ensnared for the third time, towards the close of September, 1831. The little enthusiasm which we threw off regarding their first winter's quarters soon any longer had scope after years upon years of the same thing; accordingly, we now fully sympathize with the following deep and affecting expressions of longing, weariness, exhaustion of spirit, and the misery of hope deferred.

"Is there anything that can convey in a stronger manner our utter destitution of all that can interest men, whether in occupation or amusement, than to confess that we found a relief from the self converse of our own minds, and the society of each other, from the eternal wearisome iteration of thermometrical registers and winds, and tides, and ice, and boats, and rigging, and eating, in the converse of these greasy gormandizing specimens of humanity, whose language we could scarcely comprehend, yet whose ideas were, I believe, more than sufficiently comprehended without any language at all. Let no one suppose that we had not felt all this, during months, first, and during years, afterwards, if I have not told it, if I have passed it all by, as if we had never felt it. There were evils of cold, and evils of hunger, and evils of toil; and though we did not die nor lose our limbs, as men have done in those lands, we had to share with the rest of the world, those evils of petty sickness which are sufficiently grievous while they exist, though they make but a small figure in the history of life, and would make a much smaller one in that of such an expedition as ours. Had we not also undergone abundances of anxiety and care; of the sufferings of disappointed hope; of more than all this, and not of less than all, those longings after our far-distant friends and our native land, from which who that has voyaged far from that home and those friends has ever been exempt? And who more than we, to whom it could not but often have occurred, that we might never again see those friends and that home? Yet was there a pain even beyond all this; and that grievance seldom ceased. We were weary for want of occupation, for want of variety, for want of the means of mental exertion, for want of thought, and (why should I not say it?) for want of society. To-day was as yesterday, and as was to-day, so would be to-morrow: while if there was no variety, as no hope of better, is it wonderful that even the visits of barbarians were welcome, or can anything more strongly show the nature of our pleasures, than the confession that these were delightful; even as the society of London might be amid the business of London?" —pp. 589, 590.

It is affecting to note, towards the close of the volume, how little variety there is in the subjects dealt with, and the meagreness of the materials. A glance at the comparison between the situation and condition of the voyagers, for instance during the ten or eleven months of 1829, 1830, and 1831, is sufficient to call for, from the most rapid reader, the ejaculations of "poor fellows!" "sad condition!" In April, 1832, they commenced the operation of carrying forward boats, sledges, and provisions, with the view of abandoning the ship. In May the ship is abandoned. Months previous to this, the health and strength of every one had been affected; one was very lame, three were very poorly, and one was blind. Nor need we say that the storms, the toils, and the disheartening circumstances connected with their journey, after abandoning the ship, when they had to journey with sledges and boats over rocks of ice, and among deep snow, must have been on a scale unimagined by all who partook not of the same. At length they gain Fury Beach.

"We were once more at home, for a time at least, such home as it was,"



and however long or short was the time that we were destined to occupy it, still there was the feeling of home at least, and that was something which had been once the home of us, since it had been our storehouse; and it had twice been that of Commander Ross. The men I doubt not, felt this most after all their fears, and the pleasure was little diminished to them by any anticipations of what might yet be to come. The first measure which I adopted, was to send them all to rest for the night, that we might once more bring back the regularity of our days; and after this we proceeded to take a survey of the stores. Being scattered in every direction, it was, however, difficult to prevent the starved men from getting access to them; in consequence of which, and in spite of all orders and advice, many suffered smartly for their impudence. Excepting the damage done by the high rise of the sea, formerly mentioned, the only important one we discovered was the loss of candles, by the foxes, which had opened some of the boxes and devoured the contents.

As soon as the men were rested, they were appointed to their several tasks. The first thing to be done, was to construct a house, which was planned at thirty-one by sixteen feet, and seven feet in height, to be covered with canvass; and, by evening, the frame was erected, while we ended this noted day with a luxurious supper, from the stores which had been left when we first supplied ourselves from this deposit. pp. 651, 652.

It was on the second of July that this asylum was gained. Several attempts during the ensuing months were made to leave the beach in their boats, which were baffled; and in October they were obliged to return from some advance made towards the south, to their home at Fury Beach once more, which they designated Somerset House. They found their house occupied by a fox.

The month of October in this year surpassed all others for cold and stormy weather; there being only six days moderate. Our journey from Batty bay, which was accomplished in four days, was exceedingly laborious, and from the nature of the weather, very trying to all the men; but had we been obliged to walk all the way from our furthest position, the journey would have been fatal to some, if not to all of us, since we should have been overtaken by the storm of the ninth. We therefore felt very thankful that we had been so mercifully permitted to reach even this cold and dreary spot in safety.

Having constructed our house previously, was also a very providential circumstance; for, defective as it was, it could not have been nearly so well done at this season; and indeed before it could have been done at all, we must have suffered severely; but what we had most reason to be thankful for is the store of provisions still left, now sufficient to last and maintain us for another season; and when we reflect on the various circumstances which have as it were exerted themselves to prolong our lives, we cannot but offer up our humble acknowledgments to the Great Disposer of events.

First, I may enumerate the loss of the *Fury*, by which accident the stores and provisions were left. Next, the mutiny of the *John's* crew; for if that ship had come with us, we intended to have cleared Fury beach. Thirdly, the engine boilers, without which, we might have got so far that we could not have returned. Fourthly, the *Fury's* return, after

spring been carried off in the storm of the winter; having been most on  
 shore was the same place; without any material damage; and lastly,  
 the construction of a habitation in winter, to which men were not  
 usually permitted to submit. . . . Their Christmas dinner for this year (1833) was a far; but  
 there was nothing to drink but snow-water. . . .  
 of 1833, was like that of the Christmas be-  
 fore of February, the carpenter died, and the  
 some reason to suppose, that he himself might  
 able to surmount all the circumstances he had,  
 neither was so severe, that the men for weeks  
 confined; there was also a short allowance of fi-  
 his weakness of spirits, which reduced the whole crew to a state of  
 very indifferent health. In July, they left once more their winter  
 house, under many hopes and fears, laden with the sick.

"To have been able, confidently, to say, *Adieu for ever*, would have been  
 suited to render this a delightful parting; when even the shelter which  
 we had received was insufficient to balance all the miseries which we had  
 suffered; miseries to have extinguished every sense of regret that we could  
 have felt in pronouncing those two words, which, it is said, have never  
 yet, under any circumstances, been pronounced without pain. This may  
 be true; I almost believe that it would have been true even in our case,  
 though in parting from our miserable winter house of timber and snow,  
 we left nothing behind us but misery and the recollection of misery;  
 since, in comparison with what might have been, it was, heaven knows, a  
 shelter from evils far greater, from death itself; and, such home as it was,  
 a Home; that strange entity from which man never parts, bad as it may  
 be, without reluctance, and never leaves but with some strange longing  
 to see it again. . . . But true as may be the pain of an *adieu*, or the fancy of  
 leaving for ever a home, or true as may be, reversely, the pleasure of quit-  
 ting for ever the scene of past miseries, neither the pleasure nor the pain  
 was ours. . . . Scarcely a feeling of farewell, for hope or regret, for pain or  
 for pleasure, was in any mind, when we coldly departed in the evening  
 with our three sledges, to encounter such fate as Providence might have  
 in store for us. . . . p. 109.

By the 26th of August, they had run a great distance along  
 coast, and amid innumerable dangers and doubts, but on that  
 day a ship was sighted, and then another, which, at  
 length seemed to be a vessel of war. . . .  
 was necessary, however, to keep up the courage of the men, by ap-  
 pearing about from time to time, that we were coming up with her; when,  
 almost fortunately, it fell calm, and we really gained so fast, that, at eleven  
 o'clock we saw her bows to, with all sails aback, and lower down a boat,  
 which rowed immediately towards our ship.

"She was soon alongside, when the mate in command addressed us, by  
 presenting that we had met with some misfortune, and lost our ship. This  
 being answered in the affirmative, I requested to know the name of his  
 vessel, and expressed our wish to be taken on board. I was answered that  
 it was the *Arcturion*, and that it was commanded by Captain Hall, on which  
 I stated that I was the identical man, in question, and my people the crew

of the *Victory*. That the mate, who commanded this boat, was as much astonished at this information as he appeared to be, I do not doubt; while, with the usual blunderheadedness of men on such occasions, he assured me that I had been dead two years. I easily convinced him, however, that what ought to have been true, according to his estimate, was a somewhat premature conclusion; as the bear-like form of the whole set of us might have shown him, had he taken time to consider, that we were certainly not whaling gentlemen, and that we carried tolerable evidence of our being true men, and no impostors, on our backs, and in our starved and unshaven countenances. A hearty congratulation followed of course, in the true seaman style, and, after a few natural inquiries, he added that the *Isabella* was commanded by Captain Humphreys; when he immediately went off in his boat to communicate his information on board, repeating that we had long been given up as lost, not by them alone, but by all England. — pp. 721, 722.

We need not trace the Captain's narrative farther, nor waste words expressive of admiration at the perseverance and sustained energy of the adventurers—the master-spirit of Sir John, of course being entitled to the greatest share of honour; nor can there be a doubt that his name will go down to posterity as a navigator to the Polar seas, who has enhanced the fame of his country for enterprise and geographical skill. The discoveries made in this voyage, consist in that of King William's land; the isthmus and peninsula of Boothia Felix; the gulph of Boothia; the western sea of King William; and the true position of the northern needle. The chief value of the voyage, however, seems to have been of a negative kind, as proving, beyond all question, how fruitless must every attempt be, that is made to navigate the Polar seas, or to establish any trade in those regions.

As respects the literary merits of the Captain's journal, we cannot speak in the highest terms. There is very frequently a great effort made to be eloquent, learned, or witty. But like the size of the book, these sallies are generally heavy and clumsy. Our great objection to the production, however is, that it is extended to twice or thrice the length that there was any occasion for. We think, indeed, that a clever abridgment might bring the whole of its riches into a neat duodecimo, and that then the reader would be equally instructed, without that fatigue which its present form entails. The illustrations and embellishments are striking, and the navigator himself appears as the artist. A parting word regarding the steam engine, which the Captain so often goes out of his way to denounce, that the reader cannot help feeling that there is more of temper than of truth in his invectives. We of course cannot and wish not to decide between the parties. We have quoted some of the author's charges on the one hand, and might now call attention to a counter statement put forth in answer, by the celebrated engineers, whose character as men of science and mechanical skill is so severely assailed. But this would lead us beyond the province which we study to occupy. We only add, therefore, that while Sir

John exhibits himself as a great egotist; the other party stands as fair in the estimation of the public as he can do; and in the absence of other proof, their assertions and allegations will go quite as far as his.

**Ann. VI.—*Abbotsford and Newcastle Abbey.* By the Author of "The Sketch-Book." London: Murray. 1835.**

PLEASE, if light reading never was entered upon than the contents of this volume. It is impossible to think of a more popular subject than Scott and Byron, or of a more graceful and attractive writer than Irving. The writer's style, as all the world knows, is beauty itself, and that which is wanting in vigour and originality, is rendered most attractive by its delicate and flowing structure, its elegant sentimentality, its amenity of feeling, and its gentle humour. Were it not for these lovely attributes, the matter of this volume would be meagre indeed. Especially as regards Abbotsford, there is scarcely a circumstance mentioned that has not again and again been narrated, and cleverly too. But still, the subject is so agreeable, and the author is so polished, that it is one of the most delightful and refining employments than can be named, to run over the pages row before us. There is one quality which the author possesses in an eminent degree, which confers upon all his writings a higher worth than beauty and grace merely. He is a master in perceiving and delineating human character; his pictures are as correct, individual, and full, as they are minutely touched, and wrought up. Scott, to be sure, possessed such a breadth and strength of mental features, that the most careless or most clumsy decipherer could not miss discerning and exhibiting. But we do not recollect meeting with such a perfect and fine picture as is here presented. It in truth shows us the great minstrel as he really was, and brings fully out his characteristic genius, which was that of sound common sense. It was the strength of this most valuable endowment, that carried Scott far above all affectation and jealousies. It was this which, and his constant flow of discourse, and universal knowledge, made every auditor love whilst he admired the man. This, together with his quiet quaint humour, which was also a conspicuous attribute of his genius, the author has exquisitely brought out; so that, whoever has had the good fortune to associate with the illustrious architect of Abbotsford's fame, must at once feel that these pages contain a perfect full length portrait of him.

It was at the close of August, 1816, that the author, after an early breakfast at the little border town of Selkirk, proceeded to Abbotsford, carrying with him a letter of introduction from the poet Thomas Campbell. Scott had not yet been made a baronet, and Abbotsford mansion house, as it now exists, was only then in the course of being built;—nothing more than a snug gentleman's cot-



images with something picturesque in its appearance, as yet served the purposes of hospitality, which, after the huge baronial pile was completed, were on such a generous scale, as poets and authors have seldom the power to display. By the time Mr. Irving reached the gate, and sent the postilion to the house with the letter, the quiet of the establishment had been disturbed.

Out sallied the warder of the castle, a black greyhound; and, leaping on one of the blocks of stone, began a furious barking. His alarm brought out the whole garrison of dogs:—

Both mongrel, puppy, whelp and bound,  
And curs of low degree;

all open-mouthed and vociferous. I should correct my quotation: not a cur was to be seen on the premises. Scott was too true a sportsman, and had too high a veneration for pure blood, to tolerate a mongrel.

"In a little while the 'Lord of the Castle' himself made his appearance. I knew him at once by the descriptions I had read and heard, and the likenesses that had been published of him. He was tall, and of a large and powerful frame. His dress was simple, and almost rustic. An old green shooting-coat, with a dog-whistle at the buttonhole, brown linen pantaloons, stout shoes that tied at the ankles, and a white hat that had evidently seen service. He came limping up the gravel walk, aiding himself by a stout walking-staff; but moving rapidly and with vigour. By his side jogged along a large iron-gray stag-hound, of most grave demeanour, who took no part in the clamour of the canine rabble, but seemed to consider himself bound, for the dignity of the house, to give me a courteous reception.

Before Scott reached the gate, he called out in a hearty tone, welcoming me to Abbotsford, and asking news of Campbell. Arrived at the door of the chaise, he grasped me kindly by the hand: "Come, drive down, drive down to the house," said he; "Ye're just in time for breakfast, and afterwards ye shall see all the wonders of the Abbey."

I would have excused myself on the plea of having already made my breakfast. "Hut, man," cried he, "a ride in the morning in the keen air of the Scotch hills is warrant enough for a second breakfast."—pp. 5—7.

Scott, with his lady and their family, were the only persons present, and in a very short time the author found himself at home. He had thought of making a mere morning call, but found his was not to be let off so lightly—a discovery, we ventured to affirm, which was heartily longed for. "You must not," said Scott, "think our neighbourhood is to be read in a morning, like a newspaper; it takes several days of study for an observant traveller that has a relish for anti-warld trumpery." After breakfast, accordingly, the author was put under the charge of Scott's youngest son, Charles, and directed to visit Melrose Abbey, some household matters preventing the minstrel from accompanying him on that occasion. The custodian of the ruin was Johnny Bower, who was characterized by Scott as one who would tell the whole truth of a curious nature that was known about the Abbey, with a great deal more, while visits were planned to a variety of places, which would keep the



stranger, somewhat shaggy, and in that respect, like the great  
Scottish character, with bit off, thus the following description will  
show the man. He was a stout, decent-looking little old man, in a blue coat  
and red waistcoat. He received us with much greeting, and seemed well  
pleased to see his young compatriots, who were full of merriment and bo-  
gery, drawing out his pipe and tobacco for my amusement. The old man was  
one of the most authentic and particular of collectors. He pointed out  
every thing in the altar that had been described by Scott as his lay of the  
Last Minstrel, and would repeat, with broad Scotch accent, the passage  
which celebrated it.

“ Thus, in passing through the cloisters, he made me remark the beautiful carvings of leaves and flowers, wrought in stone with the most exquisite delicacy, and, notwithstanding the lapse of centuries, retaining their sharpness as if fresh from the chisel — rivalling, as Scott has said, the real objects of which they were imitations : —

He pointed out also, among the carved work, a man's head of much beauty, which, he said, Scott always stopped to admire, 'for the Shiras' had a wonderful eye for all nice matters.

I would observe that Scott seemed to derive more consequence in the neighbourhood from being sheriff of the county, than from being post.

In the interior of the abbey, Johnny Bower conducted me to the identical stone on which stout William of Deloraine and the monk took their seat on that memorable night when the wizard's book was to be rescued from the grave. Nay, Johnny had even gone beyond Scott in the minuteness of his antiquarian research; for he had discovered the very tomb of the wizard, the position of which had been left in doubt by the poet. This he boasted to have ascertained by the position of the oriel window, and the direction in which the moonbeams fell at night, through the stained glass, casting the shadow of the red cross on the spot, as had all been specified in the poem. 'I pointed out the whole to the Sherry,' said he, 'and he couldn't deny it, but it was all verri clear.'

I found afterwards that Scott used to amuse himself with the simplicity of the old man, and his zeal in verifying every passage of the poem, as if it had been a historic story, and that he always expressed in his deductions.

new" his board should be the "any other proposition of real: goods should be  
 the other way in the way of the board — I think, really, he is the one who  
 the whole of the goods is thing to be sold, but I have written him at the moment.

phoned and told him what our church  
- St. John's, was doing in his prayers at  
sometimes said he would give  
spot of it as hearing by voice.  
When I go out, I'm sure to be in  
- That if stand and crack all night &  
that of a town that has such an  
- One of the three best device

—One of the ingenious device — a worthy little man from  
-Middletown to make a visitor opposite to the study, with his "hat" to it,  
and bid him bend down and look at it between his legs. "This," he said, "gives  
me quite different advice to the man." "Folk" addressed the him amusingly;

but as to the 'leddies,' they were dainty on the matter, and contented themselves with looking from under their veils.

"As Johnny Bower piqued himself upon showing everything in the poem, there was one passage that perplexed him sadly. It was the opening of one of the odes:

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,  
Go, visit it by the pale moonlight;  
For the gay beams of lightsome day,  
Gild but to flout the ruin gray."

"In consequence of this admonition, many of the most devout pilgrims to the ruin could not be contented with a daylight inspection, and insisted it could be nothing, unless seen by the light of the moon. Now, unfortunately, the moon shines but for a part of the month; and, what is still more unfortunate, is very apt, in Scotland, to be obscured by clouds and mists. Johnny was sorely puzzled, therefore, how to accommodate his poetry-struck visitors with this indispensable moonshine. At length, in a lucky moment, he devised a substitute for the moon. This was a great double tallow candle stuck upon the end of a pole, with which he would conduct his visitors about the ruins on dark nights; so much to their satisfaction, that at length he began to think it even preferable to the moon itself. 'It does na' light up a' at once, to be sure,' he would say, 'but then you can shift it about, and show the auld abbey, bit by bit, whilst the moon only shines on one side.'—pp. 10—16.

"We have several anecdotes, which evince Scott's remarkable favour for the society of domestic animals, and how he amused himself with the peculiarities of his canine tribe. His celebrated staghound Maida, comes in for a prominent share in these accounts. He was in truth for a number of years the comrade and friend of the Great Unknown, who would frequently pause in his walks and speak to him as to a rational companion. Maida's gravity and size were remarkable. "As he jogged along," says the author, "a little distance a-head of us, the young dogs would gambol about him, leap on his neck, worry at his ears, and endeavour to tease him into a gambol. The old dog would keep on for a long time with imperturbable solemnity, now and then seeming to rebuke the wantonness of his young companions. At length he would make a sudden turn, seize one of them, and tumble him in the dust; then giving a glance at us, as much as to say, 'You see, gentlemen, I cannot help giving way to this nonsense.' I have no doubt," said Scott, "when Maida is alone with these young dogs, he throws gravity aside, and plays the boy as much as any of them; but he is ashamed to do so in our company, and seems to say, 'Ha! done with your nonsense, youngsters; what will the laird and that other gentleman think of me, if I give way to such foolery?'" This description is not more faithful, as respects the canine race, than it is of the habits of the late laird of Abbotsford. His treatment was not only tender and humorous towards his domestic animals, but that which does not always hold true in the case of great men who stomp bearded.

playfulness towards dogs; every one of his dependants seemed to rejoice in the light of his countenance. I had occasion to observe this particularly in a visit which we paid to a quarry whence several men were cutting stone for the new edifice; and all paused from their labour to have a pleasant crack with the laird. One of these was a burghess of Selkirk, with whom Scott had some joke about the old song—

‘Up with the Goutest o’ Selkirk,

An’ down with the Earl of Home!’

Another was precentor at the kirk, and, beside leading the psalmody on Sunday, taught the lads and lasses of the neighbourhood dancing on week days, in the winter time, when out-of-door labour was scarce.

Among the rest was a tall straight old fellow, with a healthful complexion and silver hair, and a small, round-crowned white hat. He had been about to shoulder a hod, but paused, and stood looking at Scott, with a slight sparkling of his blue eye, as if waiting his turn: for the old fellow knew himself to be a favourite.

Scott accosted him in an affable tone, and asked for a pinch of snuff. The old man drew forth a horn snuff-box. ‘Hoot, man,’ said Scott, ‘not that old mull. Where’s the bonnie French one that I brought you from Paris?’

‘Troth, your honour,’ replied the old fellow, ‘sic a mull as that is nae for week days.’

On leaving the quarry, Scott informed me that when absent at Paris he had purchased several trifling articles, as presents for his dependants, and among others, the gay snuff-box in question, which was so carefully reserved for Sundays by the veteran. ‘It was not so much the value of the gifts,’ said he, ‘that pleased them, as the idea that the laird should think of them when so far away.’

The old man in question, I found, was a great favourite with Scott. If I recollect right, he had been a soldier in early life, and his straight erect person, his ruddy yet rugged countenance, his grey hair, and an ardent gleam in his blue eye, reminded me of the description of *Edie Ochiltree* in that the old fellow has since been introduced by *William* in his picture of the *Scott family*.

With a due enthusiasm, our author visited many of the scenes in the south of Scotland, rendered classical by the pastoral music, such as *Cowden Knowes*, *Edrick Vale*, *Gala Water*, and the *Brigs of Yarrow*—every turn bringing to his mind some household air, some almost forgotten song of the nursery. But thank who was the author’s guide, nothing less than he who has thrown the rich mantle of his poetry over the whole land, and lent us in perishable and transitory glory to the empire.

Scott went on to expatiate on the popular songs of Scotland. ‘They are a part of our national inheritance,’ said he, ‘and something that we may truly call our own. They have no foreign taint, they have the pure breath of the heather and the mountain breeze. All the genuine legitimate notes that have descended from the ancient Britons—such as the *Scotch Air*, the *Waulker*, and the *Irish*—whose national airs. The English have none, because they are not natives of the soil, or, at least, are mongrels. Their

music is all made up of foreign scraps, like a harlequin's jacket, or a piece of mosaic. "Even in Scotland we have comparatively few national songs in the eastern part, where we have had most influx of strangers. A real old Scottish song is a cairngorm, a gem of our own mountains; or rather, it is a precious relique of old times, that bears the national character stamped upon it, like a cameo, that shows what the national visage was in former days, before the breed was crossed."—pp. 27, 28.

We may be sure that not only was Scott's love of his native land honestly stated, but that it formed a controlling portion of his noble nature.

He went on thus to call over names celebrated in Scottish song, and most of which had recently received a romantic interest from his own pen. In fact, I saw a great part of the border country spread out before me, and could trace the scenes of those poems and romances which had in a manner bewitched the world.

"I gazed about me for a time with mute surprise, I may almost say with disappointment. I beheld a mere succession of grey waving hills, line beyond line, as far as my eye could reach, monotonous in their aspect, and so destitute of trees, that one could almost see a stout fly walking along their profile; and the far-famed Tweed appeared a naked stream, flowing between bare hills, without a tree or a thicket on its banks; and yet, such had been the magic web of poetry and romance thrown over the whole, that it had a greater charm for me than the richest scenery I had beheld in England. I could not help giving utterance to my thoughts.

"Scott hummed for a moment to himself, and looked grave; he had no idea of having his muse complimented at the expense of his native hills. 'It may be pertinacity,' said he, at length; 'but to my eye these grey hills and all this wild border country have beauties peculiar to themselves. I like the very nakedness of the land; it has something bold and stern and solitary about it. When I have been for some time in the rich scenery about Edinburgh, which is like ornamented garden land, I begin to wish myself back again among my own honest grey hills; and if I did not see the heather at least once a year, I think I should die!'—pp. 29—31.

He uttered these last words, continues Mr. Irving, with an honest warmth, accompanied by a thump on the ground with his staff, that showed his heart was in his speech. The author took occasion to plead his own associations of early life for his disappointment in respect of the surrounding scenery; for his ideas of romantic landscape were apt to be well wooded. "You love the forest as I do the heather," cried Scott, "but I would not have you think I do not feel the glory of a great woodland prospect. There is nothing I should like more than to be in the midst of one of your grand wild original forests, with the idea of hundreds of miles of untrodden forest around me."

"The conversation here turned upon Campbell's poem of 'Gertrude of Wyoming,' as illustrative of the poetic materials furnished by American scenery. Scott spoke of it in that liberal style in which I always found him to speak of the writings of his contemporaries. He cited several passages of it with great delight. 'What a pity it is,' says he, 'that Campbell



does not write more, and oftener, and give full sweep to his genius! He has wings that would bear him to the skies; and he does, now and then, spread them grandly; but folds them up again, and resumes his perch, as if he was afraid to launch away. He don't know, or won't trust, his own strength. Even when he has done a thing well, he has often misgivings about it. He left out several fine passages of his *Lochiel*, but I got him to restore some of them. Here Scott repeated several passages in a magnificent style. 'What a grand idea is that,' said he, 'about prophetic boding, or, in common parlance, second sight.'

Coming events cast their shadows before. It is a noble thought, and nobly expressed. And there's that glorious little poem, too, of *Hohenlinden*; after he had written it he did not seem to think much of it, but considered some of it 'd—d drum and trumpet lines.' I got him to recite it to me, and I believe that the delight I felt and expressed, had an effect in inducing him to print it. The fact is," added he, "Campbell is, in a manner, a bugbear to himself. The brightness of his early success is a detriment to all his further efforts. He is afraid of the shadow that his own fame casts before him." —pp. 32—34.

The report of a gun changed the current of discourse, and brought out another portion of Scott's peculiarly plain and sensible ways. The shot led him to speak of his son Walter.

I inquired into the nature of Walter's studies. 'Faith,' said Scott, 'I can't say much on that head. I am not over bent upon making prodigies of any of my children. As to Walter, I taught him, while a boy, to ride and shoot, and speak the truth; as to the other parts of his education, I leave them to a very worthy young man, the son of one of our countrymen, who instructs all my children.' —pp. 34, 35.

We had intended to have had done with the quadruped portion of the Abbotsford household; but the notice of one member, hitherto unmentioned, forms an excellent companion to that of Maida's conduct towards the youngster dogs.

Among the other important and privileged members of the household, who figured in attendance at the dinner, was a large grey cat; who, I observed, was from time to time regaled with tin-bits from the table. This sage grimalkin was a favourite of both master and mistress, and slept at night in their room; and Scott, laughingly observed, that one of the least wise parts of their establishment was, that the window was left open at night for puss to go in and out. The cat assumed a kind of ascendancy among the quadrupeds, sitting in state in Scott's arm-chair, and occasionally stationing himself on a chair beside the door, as if to review his subjects as they passed, giving each dog a cuff beside the ears as he went by. This clapperclawing was always taken in good part; it appeared to be, in fact, a mere act of sovereignty on the part of grimalkin, to remind the others of their vassalage, which they acknowledged by the most perfect acquiescence. A general harmony prevailed between sovereign and subjects, and they would all sleep together in the sunshine. —pp. 39, 40.

Numberless little stories and anecdotes, as the author truly remarks, abounded in Scott's conversation; and yet they always rose



naturally out of the subject. When, a reference on one occasion happened to be made to the sage grimalkin, as he sat as if listening to the minstrel reading from the old romance of Arthur, the following theory and story was offered by way of explanation.

"Ah!" said he, "these cats are very mysterious kind of folk. There is always more passing in their minds than we are aware of; it seems, no doubt, from their being so familiar with witches and warlocks. He went on to tell a little story, about a gentleman who was returning to his cottage, one night, when, in a lonely out-of-the-way place, he met with a funeral procession of cats, all in mourning, bearing one of their race to the grave, in a coffin covered with a black velvet pall. The worthy man, astonished and half-frightened at so strange a sight, hastened home, and told what he had seen to his wife and children. "Beats me," he finished, "when a great black cat that sat beside the fire raised himself up, and said, 'Then I am king of the town!' and vanished up the chimney. The funeral poem by the gentleman was one of the cat system."

"Our grimalkin, here," added Scott, "sometimes retired out of this story, by the art of sovereignty which he possesses; he did not seem to treat him with respect, from the idea that he may be a great prince indeed, and may sometime or other come to the throne." — pp. 40-41.

This mode of making the habits of dumb animals the subjects of whimsical remarks and humorous stories, was as descriptive of the cheerfulness and equanimity of his nature, as of his wonderful facility at weaving little dramatic tales. It has been said, thousands of times of him, that his ordinary flow of conversation was as good as the average of his written narratives. There were, no doubt, frequently coined on the suggestion of the moment, and then upon some funny circumstance which received all its wish from the narrator's talent. We remember hearing a person, who had been on a visit to Abbotsford, that one of Scott's most amusing and wonderful displays on that occasion, was to take from his collection of old prints, by random, any one, and lengthened story, weaving into the tale every

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Scott related the story of a picture hanging in the room, which had been drawn for him by a lady of his acquaintance. It represented the doleful perplexity of a wealthy and handsome young English knight of the olden time, who, in the course of a border foray, had been captured and carried off to the estate

of a hard-headed and high-handed old baron. The unfortunate youth was thrown into a dungeon, and a tall gallows erected before the castle gate for his execution. When all was ready, he was brought into the castle hall, where the grim baron was seated in state, with his warriors armed to the teeth around him, and was given his choice—either to swing on the gibbet or to marry the baron's daughter. The last may be thought an easy alternative; but, unfortunately, the young lady was hideously ugly, with a mouth from ear to ear, so that not a suitor was to be had for her, either for love or money, and she was known throughout the border country by the name of Muckle-mouthed Meg.

The picture in question represented the unhappy dilemma of the handsome youth. Before him sat the grim baron, with a face worthy of the father of such a daughter, and looking daggers and ratsbane. On one side of him was Muckle-mouthed Meg, with an ambrosious smile across the whole breadth of her countenance, and a leer enough to turn a turn to stone; on the other side was the father-confessor, a sleek friar, jogging the youth's elbow and pointing to the gallows, seen in perspective through the open portal.

The story goes, that, after long balancing in mind between the altar and the halter, the love of life prevailed, and the youth resigned himself to the charms of Muckle-mouthed Meg. Contrary to all the probabilities of romance, the match proved a happy one. The baron's daughter, if not a beautiful, was a most exemplary wife; her husband was never troubled with any of those doubts and jealousies which sometimes mar the happiness of connubial life, and was made the father of a fair and undoubtedly legitimate line, that still flourishes on the border.

"I give but a faint outline of the story, from vague recollection: it may, perchance, be more richly related elsewhere, by some one who may retain something of the delightful humour with which Scott recounted it. When I retired for the night, I found it almost impossible to sleep: the idea of being under the roof of Scott; of being on the borders of the Tweed; in the very centre of that region which had, for some time past, been the favourite scene of romantic fiction: and, above all, the recollections of the ramble I had taken, the company in which I had taken it, and the conversation which had passed; all fermented in my mind, and nearly drove sleep from my pillow."—pp. 49—51.

The author rose at an early hour next morning, and on looking out between the branches of eglantine which overhung the casement of the window, was surprised to see Scott seated on a fragment of stone, chatting with the workmen. Indeed, he appeared to be a man of leisure, who had nothing to do but bask in the sunshine and amuse himself, or to lavish his time and conversation on those around him. This devotion to the entertainment of his guests may be exemplified by the selection of a dinner party whilst our author was at Abbotsford. A testimony worthy of the writer who has charmed the world with his *Jeanie Deans*, will be found in the following sketch. The Mr. Laidlaw spoken of in the extract, was Scott's steward, a gentleman who had been reduced, through misfortune, from a competency to the situation of taking charge of Abbotsford; at the same time he was a man of education and sterling moral worth.

"That day at dinner we had Mr. Laidlaw and his wife, and a female friend, who accompanied them. The latter was a very intelligent & respectable person, who richly merited our attention with particular attention & courtesy by Scott. Her husband was a most agreeable man, & his conversation was most interesting & instructive. He was a Scotchman, & of the most distinguished family in the country. He was a gentleman, and a lady, for such you may call them, they are everywhere the same. The chance to be learnt from its fine folks."

With a particular eulogium on the lady, who had so compassionated the Laidlows. She was the daughter, he said, of a pious & virtuous clergyman, who had died in debt, and left her an orphan and destitute. Having a good plain education, she immediately set up a child's school, and had soon a numerous flock under her care, by which she earned a decent maintenance. That, however, was not her main object. Her first care was to pay off her father's debts, that no ill-worth might rest upon his memory. Thus, by dint of Scotch economy, backed by filial reverence and pride, she accomplished, though in the effort she subjected herself to every privation. Not content with this, she in certain instances refused to take pay for the tuition of the children of some of her neighbours, who had befriended her father in his youth, and had since fallen into poverty. "Is a word," added Scott, "she's a fine old Scotch girl, and I delight in her more than in many a fine lady I have known, and I have known many of the finest." — pp. 107, 108, 109, 110, 111.

The parting scene between our author and Scott — for Scott it may be called, thanks to the taste of the former, who confers on it, by the style of his account, the most effective simplicity, and to the tender and universal genialities of the latter's nature — need not be withheld in our selections from these notices of what seemed the most descriptive particulars.

As he accompanied me on foot, by way to a small gate on the summit of his premises, I could not refrain from expressing the enjoyment of his domestic circle, and naming some warm recollections from whom I had just parted. "I shall never have kind good hearts," said he, "and that is human happiness. They love one another, & are living in domestic life. The best wish I can make is, saying his hand upon my shoulder, 'I wish you may get married, and have a son. If you are happy, there they are to share you; if otherwise, there they are to comfort you.'"

He then opened the gate, where he halted, and took my hand, and said he, for it is always a painful word, but I will say, come again. When you have made your tour to the Highlands, come here, and give me a few more days. But come when you please, you will always find Abbotsford open to you, and a hearty welcome. — pp. 111, 112, 113.

Mr. Irving remarks that his details are meagre, scattered, and colourless, compared with the subject he deals with; nor is it possible



no ordinary degree, and which yet, notwithstanding all this, was not so much as to excite any extraordinary expectation, turned out to be fully gratified by almost every new addition to his already unparalleled popularity. We are delighted to find that the present author has, as a tribute of gratitude for Scott's friendship, and a veneration for his memory, thrown this volume upon his canal, which will, no doubt, continue to be enlarged by many future contributions by other hands. The second paper in this volume is engaged with notices connected with Newstead Abbey, gathered during a three weeks' sojourn in the ancestral mansion of the late Lord Byron. We shall confine ourselves to the last distinct sketch under the above head, which may be taken as closely connected with the memory of the noble poet, while it furnishes in itself one of the most pathetic stories ever verified in real life. The sketch is called, "The Little White Lady." Colonel Wildman, who purchased the estate from Byron, and who was our author's host, furnished him with the particulars of the story.

Not long after the purchase of Newstead, the Colonel, one day, when riding about the Abbey lands, encountered in some of the prettiest little wild woods imaginable, a small female figure in a white dress, who, without speaking a word, or in any way appearing to notice him, slipped by. On coming to an old mill in front of the Abbey where he presumed this figure must have passed, he inquired if any one had been seen by its inmates, or the description above given, and was told that the Little White Lady had passed not long before; that she lived in the Wen Mill farm-house, down in the hollow of the wood: that she came to the Abbey every morning, stopping about half a day; but that she never spoke to any one she met. She sought no companion but the Newfoundland dog that had belonged to the poet, and, unless when she read, or sometimes wrote with a pencil on a small slate, her time was in her wanderings spent in a land of reverie.

The people about the place gradually became accustomed to her, and suffered her to wander about unnoticed. Their distrust of her subsided on discovering that most of her peculiar and lonely habits arose from the misfortune of being deaf and dumb. Still she was regarded with some degree of shyness; for it was the common opinion that she was not exactly in her right mind.

Colonel Wildman's sister was informed of all these circumstances by the servants of the Abbey, among whom the Little White Lady was a theme of frequent discussion. The Abbey and its monastic grounds being haunted ground, it was natural that a mysterious visitant of the kind, and one supposed to be under the influence of mental hallucination, should inspire awe in a person unaccustomed to the place. As Colonel Wildman's sister was one day walking along a broad terrace of the garden, she suddenly beheld the Little White Lady coming towards her; and, in the surprise and agitation of the moment, turned and ran into the house.

"Day after day now elapsed, and nothing more was seen of this singular personage. Colonel Wildman at length arrived at the Abbey, and his







Thine image haunted me like a past vision,  
It hath enshrined itself in my heart's core;  
'Tis my soul's soul—it fills the whole creation—  
For I do live but in that world ideal  
Which the Muse peopleth with her bright fancies;  
And of that world thou art a monarch real,  
Nor ever earthly sceptre ruled a kingdom,  
With sway so potent as thy lyre the world's dominion.'—

P. 270.

Her mind now seemed to be in danger of mania, of which she was herself afraid. She said, "A strange idea has long haunted my mind, that Swift's dreadful fate will be mine." Months passed away, without any answer to Colonel Wildman's inquiries relative to her brother's affairs. A deep gloom gathered around her, and she began to talk of leaving Newstead for London, in the vague hope of obtaining redress by some legal process. She paid a farewell visit to the Abbey, and placed in the hands of Mrs. Wildman a sealed packet, earnestly requesting that she would not open it until after her departure. On retiring to her room that evening, the lady could not refrain from opening it. Amongst a number of fugitive pieces, there was a voluminous letter, from which a number of extracts are furnished by the author. One or two of these we shall select.

" 'The last time,' says she, 'that I had the pleasure of seeing you in the garden, you asked me why I leave Newstead; when I told you my circumstances obliged me, the expression of concern which I fancied I observed in your look and manner would have encouraged me to have been explicit at the time, but from my inability of expressing myself verbally.'—pp. 274, 275.

" 'Pardon me, madam, for thus giving trouble where I have no right to do—compelled to throw myself upon Colonel Wildman's humanity, to entreat his earnest exertions in my behalf, for it is now my only resource. Yet do not too much despise me for thus submitting to imperious necessity—it is not love of life—believe me it is not, or anxiety for its preservation. I cannot say. There are things that make the world dear to me; for in the world there is not an object to make me wish to linger here, could I find that rest and peace in the grave which I have never found on earth, and I fear will be denied me there.'—p. 277.

" 'I am now coming to take a last, last view of scenes too deeply impressed upon my memory ever to be effaced even by madness itself. O, madam, what you never knew, nor be able to conceive, the agony I endure in tearing myself from all that the world contains of dear and sacred to me—the only spot on earth where I can ever hope for peace or comfort! May every blessing the world has to bestow attend you, or rather, may you long, long live in the enjoyment of the delights of your own paradise, in sweet seclusion from a world that has no real blessings to bestow!—Now I go—but Oh! might I dare to hope that when you are enjoying these blissful scenes, a thought of the unhappy wanderer might sometimes cross your minds, how soothing would such an idea be, if I dared to indulge it.—Could you see my heart at this moment, how need-



intimate as intellectual development, of high promise, which has been still more splendidly displayed in the volumes before us; nor can we wish to see any better ordering or appropriate monument which a parent could wish for his darling, and such an achievement.

We are informed that the young man was for a time of an unsteady and vacillating disposition. Among his pursuits were thought of an engineering, as a profession for life, without having his tastes perfectly studied. Engineering was his first experiment, but his vision was disappointed, and he in that direction. Architecture was next contemplated, but here it is delightful to read the following statement, which shines in the memory. The parent consulted Mr. Telford and Mr. Nash on the subject, and the latter of these gentlemen said, "I do not know, Mr. Godwin, exactly what may be your thoughts in doing so (I meant to both gentlemen, without any other introduction than my name), but if you would wish to place your son in a path with me, I will only say that my wish is to have him in the future. To the contrary, I feel that respect for your character, that I will willingly receive your son, to give him the same advantages without a fee." No comment can be made, the testimony which this anecdote presents in honour of that gentleman.

Of the author of *Annals*, as a writer, the least thing that can be said is, that had he been allowed to fulfil his career, agreeably to the ordinary duration of human life, he would have been a worthy successor of the author of *St. Leon*. Besides the remarkable fervour and mastery displayed in the development of the characters and scenes introduced, the original and ordinary. We are not going to take the heart of man, at any such inadequate attempt as an epic, but we may say that the performance holds that order of inversions and fictions, which all such other members of his family have, as epic and so powerfully executed. Superstition, the fancies that some minds indulge, and a faith in the materials and the agents employed in such terrible and subtle workings of morbid, as also religious, are the groundwork of the most affecting descriptions and developments of character. In the so much of what is most striking in the work, we can get over the fancies of a diseased mind that they can have been the motives of action, and are as natural and probable enough.

Although we by no means undertake, or will rest of the story, by going over the plot, and must with the view of making the few extracts that are to follow intelligible, give a key to some of the actors that figure in it. Two orphans, a sister, and a brother, the latter, perfectly deaf, are left upon the care of an elderly gentleman, who is at first supposed



to her mother's brother. The girl, Madeline, who is some two years senior to the lad Albert, is between virgin seventeen and eighteen at the opening of the tale. She is of a stout and vehement temper, but her mind and feelings are equally deep and powerful. Her extravagant whims have their guardian from them, and the regularity of her feelings is so resolved that they shall search for him without ceasing, till he is found; although his letter to them, immediately after his departure, declares that never more shall they see him. The scenes are laid in Switzerland, and they set out for Geneva from their rural cottage, in hopes of finding Beaton, the uncle, or hearing of him there from an old female friend of his. On their way, however, they fall in with Count de Mara, who from that moment commences a deep and series of intrigues whereby to ruin the beautiful but inexperienced and rash girl.

A great, and indeed the most powerful, portion of the story belongs to Albert, who at Geneva obtains the use of his ears. He is one of the most amiable as well as imaginative of human beings. And after being carried beyond himself at a concert of the most exquisite music, his reveries proceed from one stage to another, and he acquires the wondrous secret, viz. that of the Transfusion of Souls. But we give no farther insight into the plot, and proceed to our extracts, from which the originality, the grasp, and the splendid colouring of the author will at once be apparent. The contrast between the profligate Count and the anxious Madeline's feelings on their separate journeys to Geneva is thus drawn.

What a strange contrast between her journey and that of the Count! He, in the midst of night, with the heavy shade of indistinguishable crags overhanging him, had galloped along, light of heart—hot-blooded and eager in the furtherance of his desire; and that desire, most sensual, selfish, and unholy. Madeline, on the other hand, had the blithe sun to guide her on the way; while the precipices, that in night's darkness were the parents of terror and dismay, had, by the light of day, softened into the originators of wonder and admiration; and yet, with these differences in her favour, her course was heavy and grievous. Was it then that her desire was still more selfish and unholy than that of the Count? Oh how contrary was it to every thing either selfish or unholy! Love for Albert—love for Beaton—sorrow for her fault—anxiety to amend it—were the sole occupants of her heart; and though she travelled with the commission of an error weighing heavily upon her soul, how venial, how trifling—how less than nothing would it appear when set against that which was in the imagination of De Mara, and which, to him, was his pride, his glory, and his triumph! Compare De Mara's self-willed and determined prosecution of his greedy passion with the poor maiden's self-repentant fault, and the one was

Almost as infinite as all.

The other blank as nothing.

And yet Madeline was the child of sorrow—De Mara the guest of joy—a true but painful illustration that happiness is not always within virtue's

command, and that command—their own. The Duke and the Duchess, they said, were as a slave as a tyrant. —pp. 202—204.

The Count, after what he considered an most judicious introduction to the young travellers, described their journey, and the history of Madeline's unsuspecting visit to the city, and the subject of their search, lost to sight, and hastening forward to the city with the purpose, as he pretended, of finding out the lady, they were intent on seeing, who, although a stranger to them, they doubted not, should be able to direct them to their excellent but offended guardian and supposed uncle, De Mara, however, was thus active merely to engage their attention in a female of the name of Deboos, who was to sustain the part and character of the personage whom the orphans were desirous to visit and consult. Deboos and the Count enacted their parts dexterously. Madeline was introduced to a round of elegant amusements, the influence of which is thus happily depicted:

“Enlightened music, poured forth by a well-trained orchestra—thrilling songs from the lips of grace and beauty—the scenic illusion of a well-imagined drama, man's glorious transfer of Nature's purest excellences to the imitative canvass—all took possession of her soul—all stirred up the seeds of wonder, admiration, and delight, that till now had lain dormant in her composition, and gradually roused her thoughts from that cloudy tinge of melancholy which her disappointed inquiries after Seaton had imposed upon them.

But this was not the only advantage that De Mara reaped from this introduction of a continual round of amusement. It not only roused Madeline from her feelings of discomfort, but gave her an enjoyment for the society of her companions. It is difficult to be continually happy in company with a certain set of individuals, without imbibing a kindly feeling towards the individuals themselves; they become identified with our content of mind, and their presence adds to their own self-complacency. Pleasure is not only pleasurable in itself, but receives a fresh accession of the same sensation from anticipation and retrospection, and no circumstance gives more immediate rise to this ‘first and last,’ than the presence of those with whom we have enjoyed, or are to enjoy, any given amusement. The heart is filled at such an epoch, and runs over at the tongue; notes are compared, impressions are balanced, images and feelings are developed, and every moment something new, or hitherto unperceived, is added to what was formerly supposed to be the *summum bonum* of the pleasure capable of being produced by the stated enjoyment.

Madeline felt all this with an uncommon keenness of perception, for while she was the child of nature, and only gave utterance to those first impressions which the higher works of art will produce on the simple imagination, De Mara and Deboos, who were her chief companions, supplied her active spirit with quaint allusions, apt illustrations, or better supplies, drawn from education and a knowledge of the world, which taught her first to pause at her own ignorance, and then eagerly to pursue the subject to the very uttermost of their information.” —vol. i, pp. 222—

Albert, in spite of the ignorance which his deafness imposed, had

early and nicely taken a dislike to the Count, which was mutual; while the arts of Deboos had secured his partiality. The two frigates on one occasion fell out in presence of the deaf father, and although he could not hear what they said, he was quick enough to perceive that there was a quarrel, when he unceremoniously threw himself between them, to the disadvantage of the Count. We think that there is in the passage we are about to extract a fine and beautiful delineation of feelings.

The Count, though his dignity as well as his person was somewhat overbalanced by Albert's unceremonious move, perceived in an instant that he had made a false step, and hastened to retrieve it. Indeed, at the moment of the action, which had excited the reprobation of the orphan, he had quite forgotten his presence in the room, and consequently had not calculated the effect that it would produce upon him.

It is unnecessary, however, to pursue this scene further. It is sufficient to remark that this transaction was the parent of two effects. The one was, that the mutual suspicion of the Count and of Albert was increased;—the former feeling that there was something extant in the youth's spirit, of which he had not formerly been aware, but which appeared to be of a nature formidable and difficult to be managed;—while the latter (with all his mind set upon an action of which his whole previous life of monotony could not furnish the parallel) perceived that something now existed and was on record, tangibly expressive of the sense he had always entertained of Deboos. The other effect that here took its origin was that produced in the mind of Deboos. Albert's little action in her behalf had penetrated her dry heart. The husk of her time-worn feelings fell away before it, and was destroyed for she acknowledged in it the first overt act that for many and many a year had been done to redeem her from among the neglected of the world. Hitherto, though her heart had been gradually yielding, she had looked with jealousy on the movements of Madeline in her favour, and even on those of Albert; she had endeavoured to steel herself against them. She had said, "These are pleasant, but they are fallacious; anon they will fall off, and be as nothing; and Deboos in her old age must take care that she is not again the victim of sympathy and girl-headedness." But this little act of Albert had caused a total revolution in her thoughts. It was now she who sought the youth, and not he; and she became as attached to him, as devoted to his wishes, and as anxious of his movements, as if she really had been the chosen and confidential friend of his mother, or even that mother herself.

Madeline and Albert's mutual love was equal to any exerted by twin sisters. We may easily conceive that the solicitude experienced by this high-souled girl, on the arrival of the moment when a surgical operation was to be performed on the ear of her brother, was of the most enchainning nature. She is not admitted to the apartment where the operator has just declared the moment has arrived for the application of his apparatus:—

But whose footsteps were that so hasty and so anxious as Madeline's, as she stole to the corner that had been assigned her, how stealthy is care—how strangely tact in all its attributes! Madeline

been more resolute than the elephant as he rams along the scorching plain of Asia—had the faint sigh, half-suppressed and half-uttered, that forced its way through her lips, been more turbulent than the angry roaring of Africa's fiercest lion, he to whom both her silence and her sighs were dedicated, would have been equally unconscious of her victim. The one feeling of her soul was so predominant, that memory played her false, and allowed her to forget the individual peculiarities of him for whom the feeling existed.

She is hidden in her solitary station; she has that attitude—flat of the profoundest listenings she has, and gaze—that towards the chamber where the scene in which her soul is present is enacting: feet fixed, eyes unmoved, nostrils dilated, lips compressed—all show the one purpose of her spirit; and, but for the heavy breath that, against her will, forces its way into air and utterance, he who should gaze upon her, might believe that she was one of the most beautiful of the daughters of that famous city of the dead, where every expression of the soul has its statue, and the suddenness of the change has modelled Nature in all her universality of shapes.

But why does she hear no sound? Why is there no stir in the chamber—when to her, at that moment, is all the world? Has she lost her faculty? Is the Albert, and Albert she, and is hearing a sense no longer belonging to her? Not a sound! not a murmur! not a whisper! not even the whisper of a whisper whereon to found the dream of one to her awakened and agitated mind!

Each moment becomes more unbearable, and she has that within her which would hurry her like a whirlwind to the spot where her soul dwells. But there is a spell upon her;—she dare not—she cannot break the weight of silence that presses her down, and institutes a want of motion over each limb and action of her frame: Could she but hear a whisper, she would go—the moving of a chair, or the opening of a window, would unchain her from her attitude; but the grave was never more silent, or vacant more motionless, than that which imbeds her in the lap of torture.

There is a moment beyond which the mind cannot endure the horror of suspense—that moment is arrived with Madeline—her soul sickens for want of food: It has been panting and yearning for some guidance to instruct it to a conclusion of what the next room beholds. Food there is none, and the wearied spirit can no longer hold out against the faintness and atrophy that is upon it. A moment, and she sinks to the earth.

But a sound—a strange, stirring, spirit-stirring sound is heard—the long-looked for nourishment. Is it too late?—a moment must decide. It hurries over her soul, which may be pictured as the sail that impels the graceful structure of her body. For an instant the fair maid stoops as the long hull of the ship gives way when first she feels her sails filling with the unexpected gale; but, as with that hull, the impression is but momentary. She rights—she rights—Madeline rights herself! and another moment conveys her to the chamber where Albert's fate has been decided. —vol. II, pp. 27—30.

She enters the apartment, but though steady be her gaze, it sees nothing and no one but her brother, in whose eyes a strange light gleams, and his ears contract and expand as if under the move-



ments of some new dilation of the organs—he hears. The concert which had such wondrous effects over the almost regenerated youth, as we have already hinted, followed soon after he obtained his hearing. The whole is described with a sustained and elaborate power. The first little tap of the maestro of the performers, a token of the commencement, and the start in one grand crash from the orchestra have been spoken of, with all their awakening power on the young auditor and enthusiast. “The detail proceeds.”

“The first bar, had its effect upon Albert with a convulsive grasp his hand clenched the seat on which he sat, though some great exertion of animal strength was necessary to keep him in his place. Reason and reason— and the swelling sound, full of majesty and grace, takes possession of all the vacant air. Albert is in ecstasy, but it is that sort of ecstasy which seems by its very virtue to threaten to overwhelm the patient; it is too essential for man to endure.

The spirit of the composition somewhat subsides. Gently, and in a soothing measure, it seeks to diffuse itself through the soul that a moment before it was taking by storm. The heart of Albert melts within him; and big hot tears rush from nature’s sluices down his conscious cheeks. Still more and more the measure urges him: he would conceal the deep sobbing of his breast, but cannot.

“Again the measure changes, and again it takes all Albert with it. A strange concord of sweet sounds now rushes through the room—not the bold and overwhelming summons of the first, nor the gentle insidious magic of the second, but a mingling of both.

The force of Nature could no farther go; To make a third, she joined the former two.

For a while—For a short while, Albert listens to the strain; but it was with a sort of ecstatic agony that must be relieved, or give way before the effort. No relief comes. It seems as though the great master, whose work it was, had been foretold the purpose to which it would that evening be applied; and, vain of his power, had put it forth to the utmost of his genius. The youth gasps and pants for want of very breath; still no release from the sweet agony that thralls him; and then, as if in act of mere self-preservation, he rushes from the room he knows not whither.

Which way he moves, he heeds not. The penetrating sounds he has just quitted still vibrate in his ears, and he hurries on as though the swiftness of his motion might serve to cool the transports of his brain. By degrees his rhapsody subsides, and he finds himself, he knows not how, on the banks of that mighty lake that is the pride of Switzerland, and the admiration of the world. With easier pace, and more considerate tread, he moves along the shore. The dulcet sound of the flowing waters, as they meet the land, is a gentler music, and softens the fiery spirit awake within him. He awakes from the trance which has come upon him like an incubus of imploring torture; as mighty over him in its sway as Alcyon’s Dream to the soul of the hero, and is able to take survey of each surrounding object. The whole scene that thus in a moment breaks upon his view is suited to allay the fierce ferment he had undergone; while his eye fastens on the tranquil music of the waters, his eye receives alike



delight from the high moon of heaven, that silvers all the wave, and by its sparkling reflection picks out the snow-capt apex of some great mountain from the distant obscurity. As he looks around him, he feels that the new-born impressions of his soul are as capable of affording pleasure as pain. The first breaking-in upon his unprepared sensory has lost its irritating influence; and what remains is of that elastic and joy-exciting kind in which the mind delights to revel, and which gives it tone and feeling to imbibe the most refreshing delights from all that nature and the world offer to its survey."—vol. ii, pp. 48-50.

But we must hear something more of Madeline, who has, with all the strength of her nature, become enamoured of the Count, while he, from a careful study of her character, finds, that to complete his mastery over her soul, the excitement of her jealousy will be a notable measure. Accordingly, at a ball to which he conducts her, he takes care to bestow all his attentions upon another, and even to leave his confiding partner to be stared at, as destitute of a beau, while he dances with the new favourite. A very pretty lover's quarrel arises out of this, which, however, upon the sensitive and high-spirited Madeline, threatens to exceed the effects anticipated by the intriguing Count. She leaves the ball-room for her lodgings, and the first time he calls upon her afterwards, he is bold enough to bring with him the very lady who seemed to have transplanted Madeline. Now for a specimen of female vituperation:—

“*Dear Mademoiselle—but not alone!*” For a moment there is a dizzy something before her eyes that prevents her recognition of his companion. He speaks, and her ear and eye at the same moment make her acquainted with the intruder.

“It is our dear Mademoiselle Basault,” said he, not without a denial, but insisted on her coming to make your better acquaintance. It was indeed she. But what could her presence mean? was it not enough that this intruder had been forced by the Count’s behaviour into the chamber of her soul, but must she also be made privy to the politics of her agony?

De Mara himself, full of resolution as he was to go through with the scene, quailed before the sudden change of aspect in Madeline. On his entry he found her countenance tutored by a meek and candid breathing of the soul, as if willing to hear aught that should extendate the cruel course he had pursued. But the introduction of Mademoiselle Basault had lighted the torch of war through her whole frame, and fearfully did it blaze a thousand beacons from her flashing eye.

The tempest scarcely threatened, ere it burst. “Is this well!” cried Madeline, and as she spoke, her voice proclaimed a fellow-feeling with the spirit that was rife in every trait of her countenance. “Is this well!—or is it not soul-less and most pitiful to crush the victim, and then bring your agent to feast upon her struggles. Henceforth you will do well to forget that you are a man; for the rest of mankind, when the tale is known, will register you with those prowlers of the desert that steal through the mists of night to dart upon their helpless prey. Heavens, Madeline!” cried De Mara, “you do not understand.” Madeline interrupted him, “Too well I understand! Oh, that these

gifts of Heaven which enable me to do so, were extinct within me, that I might lie down, and know not what thought or recollection was. Is this the battle you wage with a poor unprotected girl? or will not mere war satisfy you, that you must thus creep in ambush upon the innocent, and, taking advantage of her simple faith, make her fall before your ruthless ally?"

"Believe me, dear Madam," cried the astonished Mademoiselle Ba-sault, "I am no party to this; I do not even understand what it means."

"Madeline looked in her face, and her tone altered. 'I do believe you,' at length said she, in a solemn voice; 'and I pity you the more. Beware in time of his voice of poisoning music, dread his blandishments, more treacherous than the snake's dread rattle, with which he fascinates his victim. You have known him but a short time, and may throw off his unholy charms; I have been the betrayed of a season, and am fast locked to my mistake.'

"Believe me, Madeline," cried De Mara, offering to take her hand—

"Do not touch me," said she, and she spoke with a wild vehemence of gesture; 'you have touched my soul, and it is withered. Would you also unnerve my corporeal frame? I confided in you, and you have betrayed me. My heart believed in your love, and was proud to love in return. Alas, its pride is humbled;—its spirit is entombed in the den of despair!—and then, as if unable longer to endure the feeling that was upon her, she rushed from the apartment, and sought the seclusion of her own chamber.'—vol. ii, pp. 127—130.

The plot deepens; it becomes more intricate and arresting. Madeline's heart, by every new excitement, is only the more sustained. But we must return to a notice of the absorbed and dreaming Albert, whose reveries are gathering strength and compass, and who is swayed by a superhuman secret, which so colours and affects the deepening destiny of the tale, that the reader, through the skill of the author, sympathises in fancies and feelings, which in coarser hands would be repulsive and unnatural. The secret, though incomprehensible by ordinary mortals, amounted to this, that Albert could say, "Here stands the man that possesses the secret of the soul's transfusion—that can change his own mind with that of any other, or can pour that which is in one man's brain, into another's, and reverse the operation as long as life endures." He discloses it to his sister. She cares for nothing, but to ascertain beyond doubt the real tenour of the Count de Mara's feelings towards her. His soul must be probed by the infallible and mysterious test, which she had now within her controls, and for this purpose she requires the content of Albert. It is impossible to form any thing like a just conception of the delicacy and power with which the story is now wrought out, by any broken portions of it. But spectators we shall nevertheless offer. He has just said that he will acknowledge no principle which has not honesty of intention for its beginning and its finish.

"What means my brother?"

"I mean," replied Albert, "an apology to my sister for what may have appeared strange, but was not intended so. When the mystery, of which

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of the globe! Rather would she penetrate the entanglements of some unexplored forest, till she arrived where man's foot never yet trod, frightening the solitude of unnumbered ages with her exclamations, 'I have no brother!—I have no friend! Albert, farewell!' and with disappointment in her manner, and anger deeper-seated on her brow, she quitted the room.

The youth looked after her with astonishment. He would have stopped her; but he knew not with what words, or with what comfort. To risk the possibility of De Mara being a sharer in his discovery, his every feeling forbade:—to persuade his sister under the present vehement impulse of her spirit to give up the proposition, was hopeless and not to be entertained. Albert, therefore, though he would have stopped her, could not: all he might do was to watch her hasty but deep-resolved steps; and as she closed the door he felt his heart sink within him. It was not in his nature to refuse any thing to Madeline; and thorough conviction informed him that in being thus determined he had adopted the more judicious course; he felt as if his conscience half reproached him for having so perseveringly withstood her prayer. What had passed was a sad and grievous prelude to the all-relying confidence which but half an hour before he had been proposing to his sister; and though he stole forth again to seek his late prized solitude, he could not help doubting whether he should now reap from it that single and entire enjoyment, which for the last month it had bestowed on his delighted feelings.

vol. iii, pp. 65—67.

Our readers will hence see, in some measure, how the plot deepens; but the result we must not disclose. Now, while it would not be difficult to point out very serious objections to certain principles involved in fictions of this class—which indeed have often been urged against the Godwin school—we rather close our review by saying, that *Transfusion* will take a high stand among the number, and become a standard novel in British literature.

Art. VIII.—*Specimens of the Table Talk of the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge*. 2 vols. London: John Murray. 1835.

COLERIDGE stands in the foremost rank among men of genius. Whether we consider his early promise or his matured achievements, he is one of the most extraordinary and worthy even of that small phalanx. What a lovely and noble object for our contemplation and instruction does he appear! To the loftiest poetic temperament, and metaphysical acumen the most refined, soaring, and original, he joined all the beauties of humanity and a Christianized spirit. He appears still greater and lovelier than can belong even to these rare qualities; for he was the object of unceasing obloquy through life, cast mercilessly upon him by the narrow-minded or the vindictive, and a martyr to mental and bodily suffering of no ordinary amount. Indeed there was nothing ordinary about him. He was only the more sublimated and purified by affliction, while he gathered glory from the malignity of his enemies; so that as long



as the light of cultivated genius and true religion dwells upon the earth, Coleridge's name will command the love and veneration of mankind.

We cannot here enter into any particular consideration of Coleridge's extraordinary features of character and genius. These, which have for many years been the subjects of wonder to the comparatively few who had access to his retirement, are now rapidly and firmly taking hold of an empire's admiration. Neither can we speak particularly of his system of philosophy, which he never himself fully developed. Its groundwork, however, consisted in the difference between reason and understanding, which he said was pre-eminently the *gradus ad philosophiam*, and when taken more in detail, combined physiology and metaphysics. Of this theory it has been said, that though its aims are great and noble, yet it never advances beyond a few steps in a direct flight towards its object; and we must admit, as indeed was admitted by himself, that his works in this department are merely a preparation for the full development of his "System for a Christian Man." But we are greatly mistaken if this preparation, consisting as it does of innumerable fragmentary links, is not destined (to use the language of the editor of his "Table Talk"), to shew itself to be the day's-work of a giant. "He has been melted into the very heart of the rising literatures of England and America; and the principles he has taught are the master-light of the moral and intellectual being of men, who, if they shall fail to save, will assuredly illustrate and condemn the age in which they live. As it is, they 'hide their time.'" Of his philosophical writings we have, when speaking generally, only farther to observe, that not only were his works, which are properly so called, portions and specimens, but the whole of his poetry, even the seemingly most disjointed fragments, belong to a general system, as was also the constant current of his oral discourse in his "Table Talk." Indeed Coleridge, whether in his books, his words, or his life, taught constantly a systematic philosophy, and unless when the abstruse nature of the subject, or the very subtle perceptions or glorious illustrations of this wonderful man, removed it from common minds, so as to forbid them to pass judgment thereon, it was uniformly beautiful, simple, and essentially of the same spirit that pervades the Bible.

Not only in writing but in speaking, Coleridge was a consummate master. He possessed not merely every quality of high scholarship, of universal knowledge, gained from reading, society, and travel—of an unsurpassed imagination as respected beauty and original boldness—and of a splendid fluency of diction, together with all the charms of an almost matchless voice; but he was distinguished just by so much eccentricity of life, feeling, and manner, as to confer an indescribable air and flavour to his common-place talk. There was something greater and worthier than any or all of these accomplishments and peculiarities about him. We allude to what



amounted to a mighty phenomenon in his nature and character, and adopt the words of the editor of his "Table Talk" when he says, "He was, indeed, more distinguished from other great men of letters by his moral thirst after the truth—the ideal truth—in his own mind, than by his merely intellectual qualifications."

—As an introduction to Coleridge's "Table Talk" we gladly avail ourselves of a few notices furnished by the editor in his elegant and affectionate preface to the work: a tribute honourable to the writer as it is to the memory of his illustrious relative. We could have no patience with any one who either bestowed a reluctant or qualified praise upon the author of "The Friend"—who found pleasure in detecting defects, or sought distinction by pecking at such a noble and valuable character, and who derived not a dignity of feeling and purpose from the reflection of having lived a contemporary with the deceased poet. It was a privilege of no calculable kind to have access to such a Christian philosopher and poet's presence. One cannot conceive of listening to the magical wisdom and elevation of Coleridge's spirit, without gathering a portion of its genius; and who but the most ungrateful would be niggard of acknowledgment and admiration? It is not the editor and collector of the riches contained in these volumes that deserves any blame in the respect alluded to. He tells us, that nearly fourteen years since, he became a frequent visiter in Mr. Coleridge's domestic circle, and that on the very first evening which was thus spent, he committed to writing, as correctly as he could, the principal parts of his admired friend's conversation. What was thus begun was continued to be done, till these occasional notes grew to a large mass, of which the volumes before us contain a specimen, such indeed as seemed fit for present publication. No doubt, these notes, owing to various assignable causes, must be very imperfect accounts and pictures of the living stream that flowed so copiously and brilliantly to the admiration of the youthful disciples. But he hopes that all is not lost—that the fame of the loved and lamented speaker will lose nothing thereby, and that the cause of truth and goodness will be every way a gainer. "This sprig," says the editor, "though slight and immature, may yet become its place, in the poet's wreath of honour, among flowers of graver hue."

The editor characterises a day spent with Coleridge as a Sabbath, past expression deep, and tranquil, and serene.

You came to a man who had travelled in many countries and in critical times; who had seen and felt the world in most of its ranks, and in many of its vicissitudes and weaknesses; one to whom, all literature and genial art were absolutely subject, and to whom, with a reasonable allowance as to technical details, all science was in a most extraordinary degree familiar. Throughout a long-drawn summer's day would this man talk to you in low, equable, but clear and musical, tones, concerning things human and divine; marshalling all history, harmonizing all experiment, probing the depths of your consciousness, and revealing visions of

glory and of terror to the imagination; but pouring withal such floods of light upon the mind, that you might, for a season, like Paul, become blind in the very act of conversion. And this he would do, without so much as one allusion to himself, without a word of reflection on others; save when any given act fell naturally in the way of his discourse—without one anecdote that was not proof and illustration of a previous position;—gratifying no passion, indulging no caprice, but, with a calm mastery over your soul, leading you onward and onward for ever through a thousand windings, yet with no pause, to some magnificent point in which, as in a focus, all the party-coloured rays of his discourse should converge in light. In all this, he was, in truth, your teacher and guide; but in a little while you might forget that he was other than a fellow-student and the companion of your way—so playful was his manner, so simple his language, so affectionate the glance of his pleasant eye!

“There were, indeed, some whom Coleridge tired, and some whom he sent asleep. It would occasionally so happen, when the abstruser mood was strong upon him, and the visiter was narrow and ungifted. I have seen him at times when you could not incarnate him—when he shook aside your petty questions and doubts, and burst with some impatience through the obstacles of common conversation. Then, escaped from the flesh, he would soar upwards into an atmosphere almost too rare to breathe, but which seemed proper to him, and there he would float at ease. Like enough, what Coleridge then said, his subtlest listener would not understand as a man understands a newspaper; but upon such a listener there would steal an influence, and an impression, and a sympathy; there would be a gradual attempering of his body and spirit, till his total being vibrated with one pulse alone, and thought became merged in contemplation;—

And so, his senses gradually wrapt  
In a half sleep, he'd dream of better worlds,  
And dreaming hear thee still, O singing lark,  
That sangest like an angel in the clouds!”

We are here told that it would be a great mistake to suppose that the general character of Mr. Coleridge's conversation was abstruse or rhapsodical. We agree with the editor in thinking that the specimens now published prove that his ordinary manner was plain and direct enough. Unlike some illustrious men who were great talkers, he was a discourses, and by no means dramatic or graphic. How unlike Scott in this respect, whose representations walk amongst us as plainly as flesh and blood can appear, instead of flashing, in their meteor-like speed over head, a supernatural beauty and effulgence. He took a large and cyclical scope, unfit for the dinner-table, and too long-breathed for the patience of a chance visiter, but which, to those who knew for what they came, was the object of their profoundest admiration, as it was the source of their most valuable instruction.”

“The more time he took, the better pleased were such visitors; for they came expressly to listen, and had ample proof how truly he had declared, that whatever difficulties he might feel, with pen in hand, in the

expression of his meaning, he never found the smallest hitch or impediment in the utterance of his most subtle reasonings by word of mouth. How many a time and oft have I felt his abstrusest thoughts steal rhythmically on my soul, when chanted forth by him! Nay, how often have I fancied I heard rise up in answer to his gentle touch, an interpreting music of my own, as from the passive strings of some wind-written lyre!

Mr. Coleridge's conversation at all times required attention, because what he said was so individual and unexpected. But when he was dealing deeply with a question, the demand upon the intellect of the hearer was very great; not so much for any hardness of language, for his diction was always simple and easy; nor for the abstruseness of the thoughts, for they generally explained, or appeared to explain, themselves; but pre-eminently on account of the seeming remoteness of his associations, and the exceeding subtlety of his transitional links. Upon this point it is very happily, though, according to my observation, too generally, remarked, by one whose powers and opportunities of judging were so eminent that the obliquity of his testimony in other respects is the more unpardonable. Coleridge, to many people—and often I have heard the complaint—seemed to wander; and he seemed then to wander the most, when, in fact, his resistance to the wandering instinct was greatest—viz. when the compass and huge circuit, by which his illustrations moved, travelled farthest into remote regions, before they began to revolve. Long before this evening round commenced, most people had lost him, and naturally enough supposed that he had lost himself. They continued to admire the separate beauty of the thoughts, but did not see their relations to the dominant theme. \* \* \* However, I can assert, upon my long and intimate knowledge of Coleridge's mind, that logic the most severe was as inalienable from his modes of thinking, as grammar from language. pp. 111-112

The quotation in the above extract is taken from Tait's Magazine, and may be considered the more just and valuable, inasmuch as the writer from whom it is borrowed has imposed upon himself the ungracious labour of detracting from what we consider to be an unquestionable feature in Coleridge's literary works and conversation: we allude to the charge of plagiarism brought against him. Now, if ever there was an independent and original thinker, that man was Coleridge; this feature essentially belonged to his nature, and it was his ambition to exhibit himself in its cultivation. It seems to us a paltry as well as unfounded charge. If Coleridge ever stole, we firmly believe it was, as we once heard Scott say of himself, when in the course of one of his graphic and curious stories, a listener exclaimed, "Why, that is one of my stories, though so altered as to seem original!" "Dear me," quoth the quaint and calm humourist, "do you think I wad tak' your hat and coat without putting a rich band upon the one, and a silver button on the other?" In this way William Shakspeare was a reckless plagiarist, for even he did not think himself debarred from appropriating other people's goods to his own use, by displaying them to infinitely greater advantage by his style of setting.

But the accuracy of the writer in Tait's Magazine, when he

speaks of Coleridge's visitors admiring the separate beauty of his thoughts, without seeing their relations to the dominant theme; might be corroborated by the general experience of mankind, who have for a time been carried beyond their own sphere, by the power of another's oratory over abstruse subjects, in his soaring flights. Coleridge's expositions of metaphysical theories were so attractive and dazzling, that many, we doubt not, have fancied they have discovered the links of his system, or the entire scope of his elucidation, when they were transported with an undefined delight, rather than vouchsafed an access to the sanctuary in which he was at home. The editor of these volumes felicitously refers to this sort of dreamy conception of the great discoverer's philosophy, and in a satisfactory manner explains how the art of summing up its truth might be cultivated.

"I can well remember occasions, in which, after listening to Mr. Coleridge for several delightful hours, I have gone away with divers splendid masses of reasoning in my head, the separate beauty and coherence of which I deeply felt, but how they had produced, or how they bore upon each other, I could not then perceive. In such cases I have mused sometimes even for days afterwards upon the words, till at length, spontaneously as it seemed, 'the fire would kindle,' and the association, which had escaped my utmost efforts of comprehension before, flash itself all at once upon my mind, with the clearness of noon-day light."

"It may well be imagined that a style of conversation so continuous and diffused as that which I have just attempted to describe, presented insurmountable difficulties to a mere reporter by memory. It is easy to preserve the pithy remark, the brilliant retort, or the pointed anecdote; these stick of themselves, and their retention requires no effort of mind. But where the mildest angles are comparatively few, and the object of attention is a long-drawn subtle discoursing, you can never recollect, except by yourself thinking the argument over again. In so doing, the order and the characteristic expressions will for the most part spontaneously arise; and it is scarcely credible with what degree of accuracy language may be thus preserved, where practice has given some dexterity, and long familiarity with the speaker has enabled, or almost forced, you to catch the outlines of his manner. Yet with all this, so peculiar were the flow and breadth of Mr. Coleridge's conversation, that I am very sensible how much those who can best judge will have to complain of my representation of it."—vol. i, pp. xxiii—xxv.

It has been said, that criticism with Coleridge was a science, and that perhaps he is the first English man who scientifically pursued it. His discernment of the laws and their application to the productions of genius, is clear, directly and consistently, so as also to throw upon his path, to the immediate perception and instruction of his disciples. He says, that he "laboured at a solid, which permanently to ground his opinions in the constitution of the human mind itself, and their comparative importance." The result of his labour, he has app

authors; and to Shakspeare among the rest. We give a specimen from his Table Talk; which is in perfect harmony with his criticisms elsewhere upon the same master dramatist.

"Othello must not be conceived as a negro, but a high and chivalrous Moorish chief. Shakspeare learned the spirit of the character from the Spanish poetry, which was prevalent in England in his time. Jealousy does not strike me as the point in his passion; I take it to be rather an agony that the creature, whom he had believed angelic, with whom he had garnered up his heart, and whom he could not help still loving, should be proved impure and worthless. It was the struggle not to love her. It was a moral indignation and regret that virtue should so fall.—But yet the pity of it Iago!—O Iago! the pity of it, Iago! In addition to this, his honour was concerned: Iago would not have succeeded but by hinting that his honour was compromised. There is no ferocity in Othello; his mind is majestic and composed. He deliberately determines to die; and speaks his last speech with a view of shewing his attachment to the Venetian state, though it had superseded him.

"Schiller has the material sublime; to produce an effect, he sets you a whole town on fire, and throws infants with their mothers into the flames, or locks up a father in an old tower. But Shakspeare drops a handkerchief; and the same or greater effects follow.

But *Hamlet* is the most tremendous effort of Shakspeare as a poet; *Hamlet* as a philosopher or meditator; and *Othello* is the union of the two. There is something gigantic and unformed in the former two; but in the latter, everything assumes its due place and proportion, and the whole mature powers of his mind are displayed in admirable equilibrium.

"I have often told you that I do not think there is any jealousy, properly so called, in the character of Othello. There is no pre-disposition to suspicion, which I take to be an essential term in the definition of the word. Desdemona very truly told Emilia that he was not jealous, that is, of a jealous habit, and he says so as truly of himself. Iago's suggestions, you see, are quite new to him; they do not correspond with anything of a like nature previously in his mind. If Desdemona had, in fact, been guilty, no one would have thought of calling Othello's conduct that of a jealous man. He could not act otherwise than he did with the rights he had; whereas jealousy can never be strictly right. See how utterly unlike Othello is to Leontes, in the *Winter's Tale*, or even to Leonatus, in *Cymbeline*. The jealousy of the first proceeds from an incident, a trifle, and something like hatred is mingled with it; and the conduct of Leontes in accepting the wager, and exposing his wife to the trial, denotes a jealous temper already formed.

"Hamlet's character is the prevalence of the abstracting and generalizing habit over the practical. He does not want courage, skill, will, or opportunity; but every incident sets him thinking; and it is curious, and, at the same time, strictly natural, that Hamlet, who all the play seems beset by himself, should be impelled, at last, by mere accident to effect his object. I have a smack of Hamlet, myself, if I may say so.

—A Maxim is a conclusion upon observation of matters of fact, and is merely retrospective: an Idea, or, if you like, a Principle, carries knowledge within itself, and is prospective. Polonius is a man of maxims. Whilst he is descanting on matters of past experience, as in that



excellent speech to Laertes before he sets out on his travels, he is admirable; but when he comes to advise or project, he is a mere dotard. You see, Hamlet, as the man of ideas, despises him.

"A man of maxims only is like a Cyclops with one eye, and that eye placed in the back of the head.

"In the scene with Ophelia, in the third act, Hamlet is beginning with great and unfeigned tenderness; but, perceiving her reserve and coyness, fancies there are some listeners, and then, to sustain his part, breaks out into all that coarseness.

"Love is the admiration and cherishing of the amiable qualities of the beloved person, upon the condition of yourself being the object of their action. The qualities of the sexes correspond. The man's courage is loved by the woman, whose fortitude again is coveted by the man. His vigorous intellect is answered by her infallible tact.

"Measure for Measure is the single exception to the delightfulness of Shakspeare's plays. It is a hateful work, although Shaksperian throughout. Our feelings of justice are grossly wounded in Angelo's escape. Isabella herself contrives to be unamiable, and Claudio is detestable."—pp. 1—3 and 67—72.

In one of Coleridge's published works, he states the two following critical aphorisms to have been abstracted from his reading and meditation at an early age, which shew how he laboured at a solid foundation. He says, "First, that not the poem which we have read, but that to which we return with the greatest pleasure, possesses the genuine power, and claims the name of *essential poetry*. Second, that whatever lines can be translated into other words of the same language, without diminution of their significance, either in sense or association, or in any worthy feeling, are so far vicious in their diction." In his *Biographia Literaria*, he has this striking aphorism;—"Our genuine admiration of a great poet, is a continuous, *undercurrent* of feeling; it is everywhere present, but seldom anywhere as a separate excitement." The sententious and convincing character of his dicta, is also everywhere powerfully shewn in his *Table Talk*.

Many of Coleridge's discourses relate to religious topics, in which he introduces freely his biblical criticisms. It may be said, that in these he embraces extremes; but it cannot be added that they do not generally adhere to the doctrines of the English Church, of which he was a staunch friend; and yet some of his opponents in religious and political sentiments, admit that his creed was formed on no sectarian prejudices. We quote what he says in one section, of the prophecies of the Old Testament—of Messiah—the Jews—and the Trinity:—

"If the prophecies of the Old Testament are not rightly interpreted of Jesus our Christ, then there is no prediction whatever contained in it of that stupendous event—the rise and establishment of Christianity—in comparison with which all the preceding Jewish history is as nothing. With the exception of the book of Daniel, which the Jews themselves never classed among their prophecies, and an obscure text of Jeremiah,

there is not a passage in all the Old Testament which favours the notion of a temporal Messiah. What moral object was there, for which such a Messiah should come? What could he have been but a sort of virtuous Socrates or Buonaparte?

"I know that some excellent men—Israelites without guile—do not in fact expect the advent of any Messiah; but believe, or suggest, that it may possibly have been God's will and meaning, that the Jews should remain a quiet light among the nations, for the purpose of pointing, at the doctrine of the unity of God. To which I say, that this truth of the essential unity of God has been preserved, and gloriously preached by Christianity alone. The Romans never shut up their temples, nor ceased to worship a hundred or a thousand gods and goddesses, at the bidding of the Jews; the Persians, the Hindus, the Chinese, learned nothing of this great truth from the Jews. But from Christians they did learn it in various degrees, and are still learning it. The religion of the Jews is indeed a light; but it is as the light of the glow-worm, which gives no heat, and illumines nothing but itself.

"It has been objected to me, that the vulgar notions of the Trinity are at variance with this doctrine; and it was added, whether as flattery or sarcasm matters not, that few believers in the Trinity thought of it as I did. To which again humbly, yet confidently, I reply, that my superior light, if superior, consists in nothing more than this—that I more clearly see that the doctrine of Trinal Unity is an absolute truth transcending any human means of understanding it, or demonstrating it. I may or may not be able to utter the formula of my faith in this mystery in more logical terms than some others; but this I say; Go and ask the most ordinary man, a professed believer in this doctrine, whether he believes in and worships a plurality of Gods, and he will start with horror at the bare suggestion. He may not be able to explain his creed in exact terms; but he will tell you that he *does* believe in one God, and in one God only—reason about it as you may.

"What all the churches of the East and West, what Romanist and Protestant believe in common, that I call Christianity. In no proper sense of the word can I call Unitarians and Socinians believers in Christ; at least, not in the only Christ of whom I have read or know anything."—vol. i. pp. 91—94.

It is well known that Coleridge's political opinions were of an extreme order, throwing their weight into the Tory or Conservative scale, for these two reasons, says the editor: "First, generally, because he had a deep conviction, that the cause of freedom and of truth is now seriously menaced by a democratical spirit, growing more and more rabid every day, and giving no doubtful promise of the tyranny to come; and secondly, in particular, because, the national Church was to him the ark of the covenant of his beloved country, and he saw the Whigs about to coalesce with those whose avowed principles lead them to lay the hand of spoliation upon it." But we shall let this subject alone, and extract in preference a few specimens of criticism on other subjects which are distinguished by infinite taste and nicety of perception. Literature is a field where he is quite at home, whether ancient or modern.

"Rabelais is a most wonderful writer. Pantagruel is the Reason; Panurge the Understanding—the polluted man, the man with every faculty except the reason. I scarcely know an example more illustrative of the distinction between the two. Rabelais had no mode of speaking the truth in those days but in such a form as this; as it was, he was indebted to the King's protection for his life. Some of the commentators talk about his book being all political; there are contemporary politics in it of course, but the real scope is much higher and more philosophical. It is in vain to look about for a hidden meaning in all that he has written; you will observe that, after any particularly deep thrust, as the Paphnagoria, for example, Rabelais, as if to break the blow, and to appeal unconsciously of what he has done, writes a chapter or two of pure buffoonery. He, every now and then, flashes you a glimpse of a real face from his magic lantern, and then buries the whole scene in mist. The morality of the work is of the most refined and exalted kind; as for the manners, to be sure, I cannot say much.

"Swift was *anima Rabelaisii habitans in sicco*—the soul of Rabelais in a dry place.

"Yet Swift was rare. Can any thing beat his remark on King William's motto—*Recepit non repuit*—that the Receiver was as bad as the Thief?"

"Galileo was a great genius, and so was Newton; but it would take two or three Galileos and Newtons to make one Kepler. It is in the order of Providence, that the inventive, generative, constitutive mind—the Kepler—should come first; and then that the patient and collective mind—the Newton—should follow, and elaborate the pregnant queries and illuminating guesses of the former. The laws of the planetary system are, in fact, due to Kepler. There is not a more glorious achievement of scientific genius upon record, than Kepler's guesses, prophecies, and ultimate apprehension of the law of mean distances of the planets as connected with the periods of their revolution round the sun. Gravitation, too, he had fully conceived; but, because it seemed inconsistent with some received observations on light, he gave it up, in allegiance, as he says, to Nature. Yet the idea vexed and haunted his mind; *Vixit in ætate et successit*, are his words, I believe.

"We praise Newton's clearness and steadiness. He was clear and steady, no doubt, whilst working out, by the help of an admirable geometry, the idea brought forth by another. Newton had his ether, and could not rest in—he could not conceive—the idea of a law. He thought it a physical thing after all. As for his chronology, I believe, those who are most competent to judge, rely on it less and less every day. His lucubrations on Daniel and the Revelations seem to me little less than mere raving."—pp. 177—179 and 216, 217.

"There are many opinions in these volumes, from which we must dissent. There is also querulousness, owing, no doubt, to the distemperer's bodily infirmities and his frequent rejection of mind. But one cannot read and examine any considerable portion of his Talk, without admiring and loving the man—without desiring to read more, and without feeling enlightened either by some discovery or warmed by a kindred glow of zeal, imagination, or piety.

Our reader's may be curious to learn how one great talker judged of others celebrated for the same talent.

Dr. Johnson's fame now rests principally upon Boswell. It is impossible not to be amused with such a book. But his ~~low, idle~~ manner must have had a good deal to do with the effect produced;—for no one, I suppose, will set Johnson before Burke—and Burke was a great and universal talker;—yet now we hear nothing of this except by some chance remarks in Boswell. The fact is, Burke, like all men of genius who love to talk at all, was very discursive and continuous; hence he is not reported; he seldom said the sharp short things that Johnson almost always did, which produce a more decided effect at the moment, and which are so much more easy to carry off. Besides, as to Burke's testimony to Johnson's powers, you must remember that Burke was a great courtier; and, after all, Burke said and wrote more than once that he thought Johnson greater in talking than in writing, and greater in Boswell than in real life.”—pp. 216—218.

The only other passages we shall extract, are from Recollections of Coleridge, written by the editor's brother, Mr. Justice Coleridge, dated, 21st April, 1811—Richmond. The extract forms a suitable conclusion to our paper:—

“Before breakfast we walked into Mr. May's delightful book-room, where he was again silent in admiration of the prospect. After breakfast, we walked to church. He seemed full of calm piety, and said he always felt the most delightful sensations in a Sunday church-yard—that it struck him as if God had given to man fifty-two springs in every year. After the service he was vehement against the sermon, as common-place, and invidious in its tone towards the poor. Then he gave many texts from the lessons and gospels of the day, as affording fit subjects for discourses. He ridiculed the absurdity of refusing to believe every thing that you could not understand; and mentioned a rebuke of Dr. Parr's to a man of the name of Frith, and that of another clergyman to a young man, who said he would believe nothing which he could not understand:—“Then, young man, your creed will be the shortest of any man I know.”

“As we walked up Mr. Cambridge's meadows towards Twickenham, he criticised Johnson and Gray as poets, and did not seem to allow them high merit. The excellence of verse, he said, was to be untranslatable into any other words without detriment to the beauty of the passage;—the position of a single word could not be altered in Milton without injury. Gray's personifications, he said, were mere printer's devils' personifications—persons with a capital letter, abstract qualities with a small one. He thought Collins had more genius than Gray, who was a singular instance of a man of taste, poetic feeling, and fancy, without imagination. He contrasted Dryden's opening of the 10th Satire of Juvenal with Johnson's:—

Let observation, with extensive view,  
Survey mankind from Ganges to Peru,  
Which was as much as to say—  
Let observation, with extensive observation observe mankind.  
After dinner, he told us a humorous story of his enthusiastic fond-

ness for Quakerism, when he was at Cambridge, and his attending one of their meetings, which had entirely cured him. When the little children came in, he was in raptures with them, and descanted upon the delightful mode of treating them now, in comparison with what he had experienced in his childhood. He lamented the haughtiness with which Englishmen treated all foreigners abroad, and the facility with which our government had always given up any people which had allied itself to us, at the end of a war; and he particularly remarked upon our abandonment of Minorca. These two things, he said, made us universally disliked on the continent; though, as a people, most highly respected. He thought a war with America inevitable; and expressed his opinion, that the United States were unfortunate in the prematurity of their separation from this country, before they had in themselves the materials of moral society—before they had a gentry and a learned class—the former looking backwards, and giving the sense of stability—the latter looking forwards, and regulating the feelings of the people.

“Afterwards, in the drawing-room, he sat down by Professor Rigaud, with whom he entered into a discussion of Kant’s System of Metaphysics. The little knots of the company were speedily silent: Mr. C.’s voice grew louder; and abstruse as the subject was, yet his language was so ready, so energetic, and so eloquent, and his illustrations so very neat and apposite, that the ladies even paid him the most solicitous and respectful attention. They were really entertained with Kant’s Metaphysics! At last I took one of them, a very sweet singer, to the piano-forte; and, when there was a pause, she began an Italian air. She was anxious to please him, and he was enraptured. His frame quivered with emotion, and there was a titter of uncommon delight on his countenance. When it was over, he praised the singer warmly, and prayed she might finish those strains in heaven!”—vol. ii, pp. 352—356.

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ART. IX.

1. *A Pilgrimage to the Holy Land.* By M. DE LAMARTINE. Poetry metrically rendered by Miss LONDON. 8 vols. post 8vo. With a Portrait. London: Richard Bentley. 1835.

2. *Notices of the Holy Land, and other Places mentioned in the Scriptures,* edited in 1832-33. By the Rev. R. SPENCE HART. London: Smith, Elder, & Co., 1835.

It is hardly possible to conceive of two works on the same subject more unlike one another than these. The first named is truly French in its egotism and sentimentality, its enthusiasm and poetry; the second is as truly English in its modesty, sobriety, and religion. M. de Lamartine has here poured out his soul, so to speak, upon that hallowed territory where the Saviour of mankind sojourned, and where so many sacred monuments abound—where our earliest, deepest, and it may be said our immortal thoughts find an unparalleled scope. It would appear that from the age of eight years the enthusiast whose work stands first upon our paper, has burned with the desire of making a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; that is, of



visiting and wandering among its renowned scenes, carrying with him the feelings that had been in his early boyhood awakened to a pitch such as might be expected from his poetic temperament, by the pictures which a family Bible contained, the texts and the prints being elucidated by a loving and accomplished mother.

x. In this country, where Bibles are so abundant, and where so many religious mothers are to be found, the enthusiasm and piety awakened by the circumstances in the author's early life alluded to, will be generally appreciated. We well remember and cherish the continuance of that devotional state of mind, that was strengthened and purified under the priesthood of a mother, when even the coarsely engraved and miserably designed plates that figured in an early edition of Scott's Commentaries, held our religious feelings in such mute wonder and homage, that they might almost be called the *golden images* before which we bowed. How oft have we listened to a mother's paraphrase with that thrilling earnestness that might be discerned in the sigh responsive to hers, as the narrative drew its force by its pathetic or awful representations of heavenly truth! Alas to our own feelings, but we are willing to suppose to a more intense degree, was the Frenchman's early piety excited in similar circumstances. He tells us that his mother's "beautiful, noble, and benign countenance, reflected in its radiant physiognomy all that glowed in her heart," when she taught him the lessons contained in the sacred volume, and that "the silvery, affectionate, solemn, and impassioned tone of her voice added to all she said an accent of strength, grace, and love, which still sounds in my ear after six years of absence."

xi. The sight of engravings, the explanations, and the poetical commentaries of my mother, inspired me, from the most tender infancy, with a taste and inclination for biblical lore. From the love of the things themselves to the desire of seeing the places where these things had occurred there was but a step. I burned, therefore, from the age of eight years, with the desire of going to visit those mountains on which God descended—those deserts where the angel pointed out to Hagar the hidden spring, whence her banished child, dying with thirst, might derive refreshment—those rivers which flowed from the terrestrial paradise—the spot in the firmament at which the angels were seen ascending and descending Jacob's ladder. This desire grew with my growth, and strengthened with my strength; I was always dreaming of travelling in the East; I never ceased arranging in my mind a vast and religious epopee, of which these beautiful spots should be the principal scene. It seemed to me also, that here the doubts of the mind and religious perplexities might be solved and explained. In fine, I should from hence derive the colours of my poem; for life in my mind was always a great poem, as in my heart it was the breath of love. God, Love, and Poetry, are the three words which I should wish engraved on my tomb—If I ever merit a tomb. Thence arose the idea which impels me, at present, towards the shores of Asia. This brings me to Marseilles at this moment.

This is certainly an over-laboured attempt to impress the weight

and extent of his early religious enthusiasm, and is by no means a favourable specimen of the work, loaded as it is with such stiff-feebling extravagancies. For the author is constantly a considerable way above the earth in his flight; he never descends to our common level, but against his will, and that is, when by a multitude of swelling words over a small idea, he is borne down, and in an exhausted state has nothing for it but such bathos as we have now quoted. The work, however, is entertaining, and often charming; there are many fine intellectual pieces in it, distinguished by a very rare assemblage of the riches of a lofty imagination and the most tender sensibility.

We shall not follow the pilgrim by any thing like a continuous or regular course; nor notice him except in his description of one or two singular personages—singular on account of the vicissitudes of their lives or the eccentricities of their characters. The story of the author's Arab cook is marvellous indeed.

He was a young intelligent Christian, who had opened a small trade at Aleppo for the stuffs of the country; and he went about, mounted on an ass, selling his stuffs to the tribes of wandering Arabs, who come, during the winter, to encamp in the plains near Antioch. His trade had become prosperous, but as his character of an infidel gave him some uneasiness, he thought it an act of prudence to connect himself with a Mahometan Arab of Aleppo. The business grew more flourishing in consequence, and Aboulias found himself, at the end of a few years, one of the most reputable merchants of the country. But he had fallen in love with a young Syrian Greek; the condition of his obtaining her hand was, that he should quit Aleppo and come to settle in the neighbourhood of Saïde, where resided the family of his intended lovely bride. It becoming necessary to arrange and close his pecuniary affairs, a general quarrel arose between the two partners respecting the division of the wealth they had acquired in common. The Mahometan Arab laid a snare to entrap the ill-fated Aboulias; he suborned concealed witnesses, who heard him, in a dispute with his partner, blaspheme the name of Mahomet; this crime in an infidel was punishable with death. Aboulias was brought before the pacha, and condemned to be hanged. The sentence was carried into effect, but the rope broke; the unfortunate Aboulias fell at the foot of the gallows, and was left for dead at the place of execution. The parents, however, of his intended bride having permission from the pacha, that his body should be delivered up to them for the purpose of its being interred according to the forms of their religion, they removed it to their house, and perceiving that Aboulias gave some faint signs of life, they revived him, kept him concealed in a cellar for some days, and interred an empty coffin to elude the suspicion of the Turks. The Turks, nevertheless, had received some intimation of the deceit, and Aboulias was again arrested at the moment of his effecting an escape by night through the gates of the town. Conducted to the pacha, he related how he had been saved, independently of any effort on his part. The pacha, in consideration of a text of the Koran, which favoured the account, offered him the alternative of either being hanged a second time, or of turning Turk. Aboulias preferred the latter, and, for some time, pro-



round the neck by a clasp of pearls. Turkish yellow morocco boots, embroidered with silk, completed this beautiful Oriental costume, which she wore with that freedom and grace, as if she had never used any other from her youth. "You have come a long way to see a hermit," said she to me; "you are welcome. I receive but few strangers, scarcely more than one or two a year; but your letter pleased me, and I wished to know a person who, like me, loves God, nature, and solitude. Besides, something told me that our stars were friendly, and that we should suit each other. I see with pleasure that my presentiment has not deceived me; your features, which I now see, and the very noise of your footsteps, as you came along the passage, teach me enough respecting you, to prevent my repenting this wish to see you. Sit down, and let us talk; we are already friends." "How, my lady! can you honour so soon with the appellation of friend, a man whose name and whose life are entirely unknown to you? You know not who I am." "It is true," she replied, "I know not what you are according to the world, nor what you have done, while you lived amongst mankind; but I already know what you are before God. Do not take me for a mad woman, as the world often calls me; but I cannot resist the wish to open my heart to you. There is a science at present lost in your Europe—a science which, cradled in the East, has never perished here, but still exists undistinguished. I possess it—I read in the stars—we are all children of some one of those celestial fires which presided at our birth, and of which the happy or malignant influence is written in our eyes, on our foreheads, in our fortunes, in the lines of our hands, in the form of our feet, in our gesture, in our walk. I have only seen you for a few minutes, yet you are known to me as well as if I had lived all my life with you. Shall I reveal you to yourself? Shall I predict your destiny?" "Beware of that, I entreat you, my lady," I replied with alarm. "I do not deny what I do not know; I will not affirm that, in nature, visible and invisible, in which all is connected and sustained, beings of an inferior order, like man, may not be under the influence of superior beings, such as angels or the stars; but I have no need of their revelation to know myself—corruption, infirmity, and misery; and as to the secrets of my future destiny, I should think that I profaned the Greater, who conceals it from me, if I demanded it from the creature. With respect to destiny, I believe only in God, in liberty, and virtue." "No matter," said she, "believe what you please; I see evidently that you are born under the influence of three good, powerful, and potent stars; that you are endowed with corresponding qualities; these will lead you to an end, which, if you desired it, I would at present point out to you. It is God who brings you here, to enlighten your soul; you are one of those hopeful and benevolent men whom he needs as instruments, for the wonderful works which he will soon accomplish amongst mankind. Do you believe that the sign of the Messiah is arrived?"

She went on to declare that the author was one of those men whom she expected; whom Providence sends to her; and who have to great part to play in the drama which is preparing. She not only assured him of the accuracy of her past predictions on this head, but went on to prophecy farther. Nor was it strange that the effect produced upon our imaginative and sensitive Frenchman by the extraordinary bearing and the mysterious language of this Circe of

the desert, should bear some measure akin to her own wild enthusiasm in her mind. If I am to step out of the gates of Jerusalem, I believe as you think proper, I shall say to you, do not let the idea of those men whom I expected, whom I confided in, and who I have a great part to play in the drama which is preparing. You will soon return to Europe, but it is all over with Europe. France alone has a great mission still to accomplish, in which you will participate. I do not yet know how, but I can tell you to-night, if you wish it, when I have consulted your stars. I do not know the names of all; I at present see more than three, I perceive four, perhaps five, and, who knows, perhaps still more. One of them is certainly Mercury, which gives clearness and colour to intelligence and speech. You must be a poet: I read it in your eyes, and in the upper part of your countenance; lower down you are under the empire of wholly different and almost opposite stars: there is the power apparent of energy and action. The sun, also, I said, and, indeed, it has its influence upon you. I see it by the position of your head, and the manner in which it is thrown on your left shoulder. Return thanks to God! There are few men born under more than one star; few of whom that one is fortunate; fewer still, whose star, even when favourable, is not counterbalanced by the malignant influence of an opposite planet. You, however, have several; they all combine to serve you, and all aid each other in your favour; what is your name? I told her, I never heard it before, she replied, with the accent of truth, 'My lady, see what glory is! I have composed some verses, in my life, which have caused my name to be repeated a million of times, by all the literary echoes of Europe—but this echo is too feeble to traverse the ocean and your mountains; and here I am a new man—a man completely unknown. My name even has never been pronounced! I do not know the name, but I do know the beautiful kindness with which you have honoured me, and I know it is only to you and not to myself.' 'Yes,' said she, 'poet or not, I love you, and I hope in you we shall see each other again, be it never. You will go back to Europe, but you will not long delay your return to the East. It is your country.' 'It is, at least,' I replied, 'the country of my imagination.' 'Do not laugh,' she said, 'it is your country; it is the country of your forefathers; I am sure of it as I look at your feet.' 'I see nothing there, my lady, but the dust of your path, which covers it, and of which I should be ashamed in a drawing-room of old Europe.' 'That is not it,' she answered hastily, 'look at your feet! I noticed it not myself before. Look! your instep is very high; there is space between the heel and the toe, when you place your foot on the ground, sufficient to let the water flow through it without wetting you. It is an Arabian foot—it is the foot of the East: You are a child of those climates, and we approach the day when each man will retire to the land of his fathers! We shall see each other again.' A black slave entered at this moment, and prostrating himself before her, with his forehead on the carpet and his hands on his head, said a few words to her in Arabic. 'Go,' said she to me, 'dinner is served; dine quickly and return again. I will study you, and endeavour to see more clearly, than in the first confusion of my ideas, into your person and your future destiny. As for me, I never eat with any one; I live very abstemiously; a little bread and fruit, when I feel hungry, are all I take; but I must not subject my guest to my regimen.'



Our author was conducted through a bower of roses, laurel, and jessamine, to the gate of the gardens. He dined in haste, yet Lady Stanhope did not wait till he had risen from table, but sent to say that she was expecting him. When he returned to her, she was smoking a long oriental pipe, and ordered one for him. "I was," says he, "accustomed to see the most elegant women of the East smoke, so that I found nothing to shock me in that nonchalant and graceful attitude, nor in the odoriferous fumes which escaped in any column so often from the lips of beauty, interrupting conversation without suffering it to slacken." Her ladyship's conversation was always on the same theme.

She then showed me, as she sent you higher, and such an astonishing sympathy between our two parallel worlds to confide to you what I would conceal from the profane world; come, and you shall see with your own eyes, a prodigy of nature, of which the destination is only known to me and my adepts. The prophecies of the East had announced it for many ages; and you shall yourself be the judge whether these prophecies are accomplished. She opened a gate of the garden which led to a small inner court, where I perceived two magnificent Arab mares of the purest race and of a rare perfection of form. "Approach," said she to me, "and examine this bay mare; see if Nature has not accomplished in her all that is written of the mare which is to carry the Messiah; and which is to be born ready saddled." I saw, in fact, on this fine animal, one of those sports of nature, sufficiently rare to serve as an incitement to vulgar breeding among our half-barbarous people. The mare had, behind the shoulders, a cavity so large and deep, and imitating so completely a Turkish saddle, that one might say with truth she was foaled saddled: and for the want of stirrups, one might mount her without requiring an artificial saddle. This beautiful animal seemed accustomed to the adoration and respect which Lady Esther and the slaves evinced for it, and seemed to feel the dignity of its future mission. No one had ever mounted it. Lady Esther did not tell me, but she gave me to understand, that although the destiny of this mare was less holy, she had yet a mysterious and important one assigned her also; and I fancied that Lady Stanhope reserved the white one for herself, to mount on the day on which she should make her entry, by the side of the Messiah, into conquered Jerusalem.

All this is wild, startling, and picturesque, as heart of poet can desire, and were it not that the theme of the crazy enthusiast is of a nature too solemn for dramatic entertainment, or for idle embellishments, there is in *Monsieur Lamartine's* sketches materials enough to set off a highly wrought tale. Indeed, taking the whole of his wanderings and pictures as thrown together in these volumes, a great deal of excitement will be found in store for the imagination. Nor, however much a plain reader and thinker may be now and then offended by the high strutting Frenchified sentiment that our pilgrim to the Holy Land gives himself up to, can he do otherwise than desire to become acquainted with every page of the work, from

the moment that the poetic fervour and intellectual metal discovered able throughout, have been perceived.

We come now to Mr. Hardy's volume, which, to very many English readers, possesses an interest far surpassing the Frenchman's work. It is as sober, plain, and evangelical as the other is gaudy, sentimental, and egotistic. The author, at once into advances that is entirely with much diffidence that he conceals his former world as an author, but that his volume lays no claim to depths of thought, and but little to originality of illustration. In the preface he goes on to say, that he is a Wesleyan Missionary, and that having received permission to return to England from Ceylon, which was the field of his labours, he took what is called the overland passage—the extra expense above the sum usually granted to Missionaries returning from the East, being defrayed from his own resources. During his travels homewards he kept a journal for the use of his personal friends, from which the present work has been taken. The descriptions and reflections, he goes on to say, are principally in the exact form in which they appear in his journal, written many times under most unfavourable circumstances. This form, taking, of course, its style from the habits and character of the author, is characterised by a verisimilitude which we like, and sentiments that are uniformly instructive. His principal aim is to illustrate the Bible. He begins with India, which receives a very cursory notice, because the name occurs only once in the Old Testament; and in their order treats of Arabia, Abyssinia, Egypt, the Holy Land, the Isles of the Mediterranean, Greece, and Italy, under subordinate divisions. Our first extract shall be from what our author communicates regarding Caesarea.

It was with difficulty we could keep on our horses at the time we left Caesarea, the wind blew with so much violence. We then entered a beautiful plain. We saw the village of Syra in a break in the chain of mountains to the left. There is a ridge of rocks between the road and the sea, and in many places there are ruins. At one point the road is cut through them, and there are yet the ruts in the stone made by the ancient wheeled carriages. It opens upon a magnificent view of considerable extent, upon which the rays of the declining sun were falling from a dark cloud, which added to the interest of its appearance. It is called Acre by the natives, a few of whom find shelter near it. There are the remains of a strong castle, an extensive church, and many other buildings. The walls of some of them 15 feet thick. Its history is not known, but it is supposed to have been erected under the Greek emperors. I have seldom been more powerfully struck than I was by the first sight of this place. The much of the impression may have arisen from the peculiar character of the evening, as it threatened a thunder-storm, the force of which was gathering in dark masses round the tower, whilst the sun shone out its glorious ray upon the venerable pile that had braved the shocks of so many centuries, and now appeared as if devoted to sudden and complete destruction. The soldiers were desirous to remain here for the burning of the pile, for their animals, but as there was not a little to be seen from the tower, we went up to it. The view of Acre is a most

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palaces are decorated. The aqueduct is nearly buried in the sand. pp. 122—125.

We could not contrast the sentiments and manner of Mr. Hardy with those of M. de Lamartine more strongly than in what they say when treating of the Holy City. The former quotes the just remark of an eloquent writer, that "never was subject less known to modern readers, never was subject more completely exhausted, than Jerusalem." The author professes his full conviction of the truth of this remark. It had, however, been the wish of many years that he might visit the Holy City. "When I first offered myself as a Missionary," he proceeds to state, "it was with a desire to be sent to this place; I had read much about its localities, and tried as far as possible to realise them in my mind; yet after all that I had read, and thought, and dreamed on the subject, the city that I pictured in my imagination was entirely different to Jerusalem as it really exists." He then attempts to give some idea of what he saw of it, although he does not anticipate being more successful than his predecessors, but fears that, with all these warnings before him, he may still produce many erroneous impressions. We might follow out a single observation here; but as it will readily occur to any person, and may be considered at greater length, and to better effect, according to the facts and reflections which must be familiar to every one, than we can possibly elucidate, it is unnecessary to do more than allude to what we mean. The observation is, that just as truly as pictures and prints have excited and directed our youthful imaginations, so the self-denial, enthusiasm, and matchless philanthropy of very many of our Missionaries have been begotten and strung into activity by some early direction given to the imagination, and the associations it has woven respecting some individual scene or object. The history of Jerusalem most appropriately became the inspiring theme for Mr. Hardy's thoughts, and seems to have helped to sustain him in his arduous employment and pious ambition.

"In the time of our Saviour, Jerusalem must have presented one of the most magnificent sights ever seen upon earth. The most favourable situation for viewing this prospect with effect would be from the mount of Olives, and at the very place where Jesus, on beholding the city, wept over it. At one sudden turn in the road from Bethany, the city comes at once into sight. Between this mountain and the city was a deep and contracted ravine, then as now used as the place of burial, studded with the whitened walls of the sepulchres erected to the prophets, and referred to by Christ as emblems of the Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, who indeed appear beautiful outwardly, but are within full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness. The city was defended in the weaker parts by a triple wall, and towers, monuments, and palaces, proudly presented themselves in every direction. On the opposite side of the valley, the hill of the city rose perpendicularly near 500 feet, and was built up with immense stones, some of which measured 23 yards square. The temple

stood upon the summit of this precipice, and our Saviour being raised a little above it, would be able to look over its walls into the courts by which it was surrounded. We are told that Herod had employed 10,000 men during the space of eight years to strengthen, restore, and enlarge it. It was at this time of greater extent, though perhaps of less exquisite workmanship, than it had presented at any earlier period. It had a pavement of white marble, the columns of which were each of one stone, and a feet long. It had also gates covered over with silver and gold, and another that was still more precious, made of Corinthian brass. The parts that were not gilded were beautifully white, so that it appeared at a distance like a mountain of snow. It was covered in front with plates of gold, and when the sun shone upon it, and lighted it up into glory, it was impossible to look at it from its brightness, and it then shadowed forth the Deity that was worshipped within, whom no man hath seen, nor can see. — pp. 139—141.

Every one knows that the magnificence of *that* Jerusalem has departed, and that the modern city is not the same with the one mentioned in Scripture, any farther than that it is built near or upon the same spot. The public buildings, says the author, are not now numerous; nor are any of them, except the mosque of Omar, very magnificent. Nor are there many mosques, in proportion to the celebrity of the place even in the Mussulman estimation. It is usual with English travellers to remain at the Latin convent, but some of our countrymen are said to have died there, and others to have been taken ill, which has excited suspicion against the monks. Our author, however, had no intercourse with them, as they are declared enemies of the Missionary cause. The account given of the superstition of these monks is affecting and striking.

The different orders of monks, for many centuries the only representatives of the Christian church near the spot where the divine Victim was sacrificed for the sins of the world, awaken feelings that are not without interest, though connected with much of melancholy and sorrow. I am not so uncharitable as to suppose that some of them may not have had the love of God in their hearts, and have obeyed in sincerity the Saviour whom they ignorantly worshipped. They have suffered much from the oppression of the Turks, but though persecuted and exposed to death, they have been firm in their posts, and when one has perished, another has always been found ready to stand up and supply his place. Their principal employment is the chanting of the appointed services, the song of which is heard without ceasing in the church of the Sepulchre, at all hours of the day and night, and a more unfavourable situation can scarcely be conceived for the keeping alive of the spiritual affections. It is affecting to witness the rude zeal of the deluded pilgrims; but I have felt far more when I have seen the priests and monks, in some of whose countenances a beam of intelligence seemed to shine, bowing down before a picture or stone, and appearing to pay it adoration. — p. 143.

There are other devotions, and other traditions, that must fill the breast of an enlightened traveller with inexpressible emotions. Not far from the Jaffa gate is a pool of water which dries up in summer. There is always to be seen a number of Jews, particularly females,





hierarchies of heaven. The cry of the mouzzin is always affecting, but when heard in Nazareth it passes from minaret to minaret, at the hour of prayer, and enters a loud accents through every part of the city, and is repeated from spots where he once taught, who spoke as never man spoke, there is no soul that can listen to it without tears. — pp. 177, 178.

The mere sound of the names of places visited by the author carries with it an emotion which is difficult to enhance to the reader by any laboured description or sentiments. We therefore admire him the more, since he abides by a statement of simple facts and reflections, chiefly in the spirit and phraseology of Scripture, which alone can be well tolerated. But if the simple utterance or sound of a locality so affect us, what must have been the experience of such a traveller as Mr. Hardy, when he looked upon the identical scenes where the Saviour must have wandered and meditated? For whatever errors may have been spread by the ignorant, the credulous, or the designing, as to relics, and the identity of many objects, we may be sure that the relative situation of valleys, seas, and mountains, have not been changed. These remarks are naturally suggested by the account here given of Nazareth.

Nazareth may at present contain about 3,000 inhabitants, a great number of whom are Christians of the Greek church. The shops are well supplied, especially with articles of clothing, though they are scattered in different places, and there does not appear to be any regular bazaar. The houses stand upon the declivity of a hill, and overlook a small valley, the beauties of which have been much exaggerated. We all agreed in one opinion, that the females were the best looking, both in figure and face, that we had seen in the country, and we several times expressed to each other our admiration of the grace and dignity with which they moved as they passed us on their way to the well of water.

The Latin convent, a massy structure, is built over the reputed dwelling of Joseph and Mary, which is of course a cave. The present edifice is about a century old, but remains of a building much more ancient may be observed. The church is highly ornamented, and contains an organ, and the walls are hidden by hangings of silk presented by some of the monarchs of Europe. It has the appearance of one vast altar, divided into three compartments, the middle one even with the ground. The cave of the Annunciation contains the very spot where the foot of the Virgin rested, when the Ave Maria was first pronounced, that has since been so often repeated by other than angel lips. From hence we were led to the kitchen and bed-room of Mary, both caves, and without any apertures for the admission of light. The monks, who are generally from Spain, were performing service at the time we visited the place, their voices were good, particularly that of the bass, and the effect would have been delightful to our minds, could we have hoped that the truth revealed to a woman of Samaria by Jesus Christ was remembered. The house of the Virgin, or *santa casa*, is said to have been miraculously transported through the air, in the 13th century, from Nazareth to Balnearia, and thence to the forest in the neighbourhood of the position now occupies in which it several times changed its place, and was at last fixed in Loreto, in Italy. Afterwards visited the church at Loreto.

The generated chamber appeared to me to be much larger than the place whence it is said to have been taken at Nazareth, though there are tablets hung up in different languages, which attest that persons were sent into Palestine on purpose to make admeasurements, and that they found the size of the two places to be exactly the same.

In other parts of Nazareth are shown Joseph's work-shop, the synagogue in which Jesus preached, and a large round stone, upon which our Lord was accustomed to dine with his disciples, both before and after his resurrection, according to regular tradition, never interrupted, and known to all the nations of the east. There are many other places shown to the pilgrims, but my faith was already taxed far beyond its capacity. The Greeks have built a church over the spring, whence the village is supplied, as they say that the Virgin was drawing water at the time of the annunciation. It is not improbable that this well was frequented by Mary, as the distance is convenient, and our Saviour and his disciples may have refreshed themselves from its stream. The hill shown as that whence the people vainly endeavoured to cast Jesus down headlong, is too far from the city, and there are brows of the hill whereon the houses now stand that would be equally eligible for their wicked purpose, one of which was no doubt the identical spot, but which of them cannot now be ascertained with exactness.

After all that the old empress Helena, and the equally credulous, but more crafty monks, have done to take off the mind from the truths that would amply repay its attention, Nazareth is still a place of great interest to the true Christian pilgrim. We know little of the early life of our Saviour, but that little brings to us sources of profitable reflection, and as we look upon the hills where he walked, and meditated, and prayed, and held communion with the Father, the wish to examine these things more closely than is possible with our present means of information may perhaps be pardoned. The district of Galilee was favoured above all others with the presence of the Saviour during his residence among men. It might be that there was something in the disposition of the people, or in the political state of the country at that period, congenial with the interests of his divine mission. — pp. 228—231.

The author had an opportunity of visiting a great number of places enshrined in the heart of every Christian, by the most interesting associations which humanity can sustain: but with a notice of two more we shall close the volume; which we heartily recommend, especially to those for whom it was particularly intended by Mr. Hardy, viz. such persons who have few opportunities of acquiring information on the subjects here embraced, on account of the expensiveness and size of the works in which notices are to be found of the places mentioned in the Scriptures. The author was an author to be envied, and is a scholar which the Christian must ever think of with the tenderest and most grateful emotions.

We were close in with the isle that is called Patmos several hours, and I had a good opportunity of examining its appearance, so far as it presented from the sea. It is about 20 miles in circumference, and its appearance is forbidding and cheerless. The shores are in most places steep and precipitate, and from our vessel it appeared as if the mountains

would be in constant danger of rolling down into the sea. The highest part of the island is surmounted by a monastery, dedicated to St. John, round which are built the houses of a respectable town. We could discover very few trees. The sailors were lavish in their praises of the inhabitants.

It was with unutterable feelings I gazed upon this dreary rock. The situation of the weeping exiles was before me, who were banished from the pleasures and applauses of imperial Rome, and were sent to inhabit this dull and distant region, with none to converse with but sufferers in the same calamities, whose very attempts at consolation would only add still deeper sorrow. What must they have felt, and how must they have wept, when they beheld from the horizon the little speck that was to constitute their world? There was one among these exiles that I seemed to know, whose brow was calm, whose eye was bedimmed by no tear, and from whose countenance seemed to beam the serenity of a spirit in bliss. It was the beloved disciple of the Lord. The banishment of the venerable apostle was from a cause perhaps different to that of any of the exiles who had preceded him, as it was for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ. Standing upon one of the eminences of the island, and turning towards the continent, St. John would be able to distinguish mountains that might also be seen from the whole of the seven churches of Asia; and as he had planted some of them with his own hand, and probably visited all of them, can we doubt he often would stand thus, and looking towards these interesting spots, lift up his hands to heaven, and pour out his soul in prayer, that he who walked among the golden candlesticks would continue to visit them in mercy, and save them from the power of the antichrist that was to come. It is one of those thoughts upon which the mind so much delights to dwell, that from this rock, surrounded only by other similar rocks, and looking out upon distant mountains, there should have been an insight given into futurity, further and clearer than in any other place that was ever afforded unto mortal man. — pp. 302—304.

The author's sketch of Rome is, as the whole of the volume, unaffected, striking, and such as well becomes the pen of a minister of religion. His sympathy with Catholic doctrine and forms of worship is very different from that which an adherent would feel. Still he is honest, free, and generous in his descriptions. Of the city he says, the mind experienced a difficulty in grappling with the spot, that is not felt to the same degree in any other city of the world, but that this arises not so much from the indistinctness of the impression, as from its extent, and the diversity of its character. The Church of St. Peter is of itself theme enough for one volume, were an author to attempt its minute history, but this is not the way with Mr. Hardy; and although the following sketch contains nothing new, it is effectively and pleasantly conceived, while it presents such a contrast to the picture given in the preceding extract, as to have a suitable place in our pages.

The church of St. Peter is the most magnificent shrine erected by man for the worship of Christ. It was commenced in 1506, gradually increasing eighteen pontificates, and was completed in 1626, when



cost, if such a building had now to be erected in England, has been estimated at 66 millions sterling. The interior measures, inside the walls, 615 feet in length, and 448 feet in breadth, and the dome is 164 feet high, nearly one third higher than the dome of St. Paul's in London. The first sight almost always creates disappointment, which is gradually succeeded by admiration at subsequent visits. The colonnade in front, and the Vatican at the side, take the spectator from its appearance, and their own gigantic proportions. The grand facade is without aid, and seems to make the church all entrance, with no structure to support the character of its immensity. The effect of the interior is not commensurate with its actual size. The walls are lined with marble; and there are altars at nearly every window, over which are mosaics copied from the most celebrated masters. The whole is by far too gaudy for a house of prayer. The aisles are lined with monuments, few of which are in good taste. Outside of these, by Canova, must be excepted; and the monument by the same hand, erected at the expense of the British nation to the unfortunate Stuart, is neat and simple. There is the figure of a female in the monument of Alexander VII., so beautiful that it has been partly covered with a robe of bronze. Under the centre of the dome is the reputed sepulchre of St. Peter, surmounted by a magnificent canopy, with pillars of bronze, 122 feet high, taken from the Pantheon at Rome. The sepulchre is the grand altar, at which only the pope and cardinals are allowed to officiate. Beneath the floor of the present building are vaulted passages, which retain the pavement of the original church, and in these are the tombs of the exiled Stuarts, and of many other distinguished individuals. The space appropriated to divine worship is a recess in one of the transepts, and at one of my visits I saw a great number of dignitaries and other ecclesiastics, who officiated in their appropriate robes. The dome is ascended without any difficulty, by a spiral staircase. From one of the galleries that open into the interior, there is the most striking view of the vast proportions of the edifice. The people walking below scarcely appear like men, and the colossal statues of the monuments sink into far less than the natural size. It was only by actual measurement that I could realise the fact, that this structure edifies and supports all others in magnitude; the eye deceives the mind, and it is made small. It has been comprehended in parts, and well studied, that a just idea can be formed of its extent to our special admiration. I retained the same impression of the edifice at Rome, increased by having seen the temples at Athens, that the simplicity and grandeur of the Grecian style of architecture is in some degree lost when applied to large erections. The prejudices of early years must account for the fact, that I can feel more in the cathedral of York than in the church of St. Peter at Rome. —pp. 345—347.

The reflections which follow this description, though becoming the profession of the author, are not matters upon which we give any opinion; but though they are only such as most Protestants entertain, yet the greatest part of the volume will be pleasant and instructive reading to every class of Christians, and as such we like it.



cost, if such a building had now to be erected in England, has been estimated at £100,000. *Narrative of the Visit to the American Churches by the Deputation from the Congregational Union of England and Wales, 1835.* By ANTHONY FENN, D.D., and JAMES MATTHEWSON, D.D. 2 vols. Longman, Jackson and Walford, 1835.

It must be admitted, if we commence the preface to these two volumes, that much has been recently written on America, unless it were better written, or occupied some new field of discourse. The writer of course means, unless each additional contribution possessed one or other of these characteristics, it can claim no right to public indulgence. Nor can any admission be more just. Yet the recognition in so many terms of this rule is not likely to lead to any practical benefit; for every author flatters himself that he has either something to offer that is put into a better dress than any of his predecessors ever has shown in the same field, or that it possesses greater riches. For instance, we are here told that the ample fields of nature and religion in this interesting country (America), notwithstanding the numerous communications made by travellers, remained almost unexplored and unreported. It is next stated that happily these subjects are in keeping with each other, and that although religion must be considered as the great object of inquiry on the part of the Deputation, whose journals are embodied in these volumes, yet "if nature and outward circumstances in the form of narrative, are associated with it, it is from a desire of committing to the memory and heart, with greater facility and power, the things that are 'invisible,' by the things that do appear."

Now, the claim of originality of plan and execution is thus laid on the ground that religion, together with nature and outward circumstance, are here associated. We admit that a visit to the American Churches, by the Deputation from the Congregational Union of England and Wales, is a novel occurrence, planned and conducted, we are willing to believe, upon the broadest and purest principles of fraternal religious love, and likely to be the precursor of the best results. On this subject, however, we do not intend to say a single word, because the discussion would lead us into a department, at a neutral distance from which we sedulously keep ourselves. But as regards the other branch of the subject, as now claimed to be associated in the narrative—viz. nature and outward circumstance, we may freely deal.

Let us ask, then, what novelty is there in treating of nature and outward circumstance? Do not all writers meddle with these things? What else have they to deal with? Next, as to associating the consideration of nature with the state of religion; still America or any where else, we are not aware of this being a field that has not been entered and traversed. It is all very well for gentlemen overcome by a fancy that they can do better than others, to

set forth in a conspicuous shape some ingeniously worded claims for superiority of method and theme; but in the present case, at least, we see nothing in the attempt that intimates novelty or superiority, farther than as regards the immediate object of the Deputation from the Congregational Union, whose laudable desire to express sympathy with kindred fellowships, without restriction from national or geographical boundaries, and to establish an affectionate correspondence between it and the Presbyterian and Congregational bodies of the United States, seems to have been simply rewarded. At the same time, as respects the topics which we saw consistently with the character of our Journal treated, though we have discovered nothing strikingly new or excellent, there yet appears abundance of entertainment, in the shape of descriptions of character and natural scenery, to interest the ordinary reader, who may not care about the more sacred topics handled, or who, from religious partialities, may differ in sentiment respecting the same. We consider the work, indeed, to be of that cheerful sensible class which shows the writer, or rather writers, to be men of extensive knowledge, and intimately acquainted with mankind. We think that the work is eminently valuable also, in reference to its main objects, and that although every statement bearing upon religious sects, doctrines, and church government, will be seen, through the medium of opposite habits and partialities, yet, that the authors have maintained the character they lay claim to, when they profess to have written with discrimination, in forgetfulness of prejudice on the one hand, and partiality on the other. They say, "it were ungenerous of them, not to do justice to America; but it were unnatural of them to depreciate England for the purpose of exalting America." There is one important branch of these volumes, in which, we think, this spirit of justice is particularly apparent; and to which we shall chiefly direct the attention of our readers;—we mean the American schools, and educational institutions.

We have to state, by way of introduction to our extracted and abridged from the preface, that the circumstances of time, of distance, and of the Deputies having, during the visit, kept separate notes, made it requisite, in preparing the work, that there should be a division of labour. The Report on Canada and Pennsylvania, and the arrangement of the Statistical Tables in the appendix, rested, it is stated, with Mr. Matheson; while for the remaining portions, Mr. Reed, the other member, is responsible, and whom, as being by far the greatest contributor, we take to be the writer whose spirit characterises the work. Our first extract shall be descriptive of some American Schools on the Kentucky, at Frankfort, which is Trollopean enough.

There were also two schools. One was large, and for common purposes. The boys were, at the time, making a little use of their American liberties, they were cursing, not only over the desk, & very

English trick, but over the roof also. There were five windows on this side of the structure, and there was not one pane of glass uncracked: but this was all the better, in such a climate, for the present; and what have boys to do with the future?

Of the other school I had rather a curious notice. The shades of the evening were coming on, and as I suddenly turned the angle of a street, I saw a dark object projecting on my path from a window at a little distance. I soon perceived that it was the booted leg of a man leaning out on a coming sunset, and it belonged to a pedagogue in black with some dozen youths, who, not waiting for the evening, were sitting on the benches outside. This sort of scene is so peculiar, and so common, as to be almost an Americanism. I certainly never met legs so strangely used as by many men in this country. The height of the father, the jamba of the stove, the chair, the mantle piece, is nothing more, perhaps, European. These aspirants seem never satisfied till their heels are on a level with their head; and at one hotel the feet have attained to the height of the door-way, and it is a point of serious ambition with young men to see who shall score the highest mark. This is certainly turning the world upside down, and inventing a new field of aspiration. The old strife amongst men has been, to see who should carry his head the highest: it is now to be seen what distinction a man's heels may attain; and this experiment, for aught I can see, is to be made in America. It—vol. i, pp. 173, 174.

What will be the centre of the above-mentioned town, there is lately erected a Court-house; in the immediate neighbourhood of which are a number of little wooden offices, for the accommodation of the lawyers who attend the Court. It is said, that they frequently sit out on nurses' wicker chairs beside their offices, and, to a perverse imagination, look like the spider waiting to ensnare the silly fly. But a Kentucky squeeze is as deserving of notice as a Kentucky school. We cannot, by any reflections of our own, mend the description that follows of this social assembly.

Now a Kentucky squeeze is meant to correspond with a London rout; and though not desirous to be of the party, I had some desire to know what it would be managed. Several rooms were put into a hasty state of preparation. A lady and her daughters, who were staying at the inn, were obliged to direct the commandant. A flock of friends were borrowed or hired, from all quarters, for the occasion. In the end, there was certainly a strange medley of the new and the old; the best and the worst. Over all the many lights shed their brilliancy, and the potted flowers shed their beauty; and the party providing were so supplied with these arrangements, as told you that they had nothing to fear from the fastidious tastes of the visitors.

The company began to assemble as I was retiring to my chamber. There were about sixty ladies and forty gentlemen present. They came with little noise, for the doors were open to receive them, and carriages they had none; nor attendants, except the fire-fly, which sparkled beautifully about their path and their persons. The following morning, I inquired of my friend Franklin, if he had been. O yes, he said, part of the time. And what did you do? I continued, Dancing, cards, and music, I suppose? O dear no! it was quite a Presbyterian meet-

ing, I assure you. It was all conversations and such like, as sober as possible—quite religious. It would not have suited me once—but now it does well enough—things are greatly altered now, and perhaps for the better. Dancing! Why, at Selbyville you could not get a couple of girls in all the place who would run down a dance—they are all converted! This Presbyterian meeting, however, kept rather late hours, as I learned from the return of two or three young men, who had engaged the room next to mine. Their noisy conversations also told me, that they had come into town to attend it, and undoubtedly with no religious intentions.”—vol. i, pp. 179—181.

We do not think that a better account of Temperance Societies could be framed than the following. The meeting in question was held at the Court-house of Lexington, in Kentucky.

“There was a poor promise of attendance when I arrived; but at last there were nearly a hundred persons assembled; they were all men. An individual moved to the chair. He had no speaking powers, and simply called on the Secretary to read the minutes. It appeared from these that monthly meetings had been resolved on, at which questions should be discussed; and that this was the first meeting. The question before them was, ‘Whether, in the last one hundred years, intemperance had not done more harm to the human race than murder, disease, war, and all other evils?’

“When the subject was thus announced there was a pause. The chairman solicited remark. Still there was a pause and nothing to relieve it. The lights were few; the room looked heavy and dull; and those who occupied it looked heavy also and dull. All was sombre and silent, except that spitting was engaging the interval, and was so continuous as to be like rain pattering from the roof, and so universal as to make you feel that you must get wet. I had a man sitting next to me who kept me constantly on the look out; but while he often made me jump, he did me no harm. These men have surprising cleverness in spitting their tobacco juice; and, like good drivers, they seem to have a pride in showing how near they could run to an object without touching it.

“But to return to my company. By this time you are to understand, that a worthy clergyman arose, and had the boldness to take the affirmative of the question. Another pause occurred, with the same interval. At length a person advanced, who, by his rough manner and bad expression, I took for a mechanic of the town, delivering himself honestly, but unused to the exercise. However, he quickly showed that he was an agent, and he made in the end a very indiscreet speech, in a most unwinning style. His statement relative to Lexington provoked some remarks. He hailed them—he hoped that he should be opposed—he delighted in it. A lawyer, of repute at the bar, spoke, but so strangely, that none could tell whether he was friend or foe. Some one expressed a fear that they should do no good without opposition; and proposed that they should adjourn, to get up an opposition; he really feared that nobody would come again without it. And so it ended. It reminded me forcibly of a manoeuvre played by one of our minor theatres lately. It had failed to get attention by other means; so it gave notice by large placards, of *A Row at the Coburg*, trusting in this as a last remedy for an empty house.”—vol. i, pp. 183—185.







of bold experiments, out of which, we hope, some valuable discoveries will be made.

The writer says, that when on the banks of the Mohawk, he passed through two small villages, which were just springing up into life; and that it was remarkable, the churches were growing up with the dwellings—that there could not be a thousand persons in each, but there were three churches building in one, and two in the other. In this neighbourhood, our travellers sought eagerly to refresh themselves, by a draught of cold water, when the landlord, with an old German name, picked a quarrel with them, for supplanting spirits by water—for “how was he to live by giving away water!” There are some notices respecting Union College, at Schenectady, which follow the account of the inhospitable German, in the water market, that are indicative of an aspiring and recent people, equally worthy of our reflections.

“We visited Union College, which is situated here. It is exceedingly well placed, on an estate of about 300 acres; and considerable property is likely to come to it. Its plan is very large; but I had some disappointment at not finding it executed. At the Inn there was a large painting of the whole; and some gentlemen, on referring to it, exclaimed, ‘There, is not that a splendid palace? That is Union College!’ and these circumstances gave reality to the thing. But on arriving at the spot, I found that only the wings were erected. On its present scale, however, it is thriving; and there is the prospect of its becoming as magnificent as it was proposed to be.

“Most of the Professors were absent, but I was introduced to the President, Dr. Nott; a person known in Britain, chiefly as the inventor of the stove, which bears his name. He is known in his own country as having been one of her most able and efficient ministers, and as having contributed mainly to found the College over which he presides. He was free to converse on the subjects to which you led the way; but it was evident to me that his mind was filled with some engrossing care. One successful invention, like a prize in the lottery, often leads to ruin. His success with the stove may have led to other speculations; till he may find himself oppressed with the weight of worldly care, from which he would, but cannot disburthen himself.”—vol. i, pp. 343, 344.

The circumstances connected with the institutions of Andover, are particularly worthy of remark. The origin of our oldest colleges in England, were it so clearly ascertained, could not be more illustrative of a romantic devotion to monastic institutions, than what is here proved to have been entertained in behalf of useful and plain endowments. The very spot occupied by the institutions of Andover, is stated to be singularly happy as respects its purposes. It is a fine piece of head-land, embracing about 150 acres, and dwelling in light and air. It is enclosed by the outline formed of the Temple Hills, the Blue Hills, and the Monadnock, some of them standing away at a distance of forty and sixty miles. The land is in the possession of the trustees, and is appropriated to the uses of the establishment, with much advantage.

“The origin of this extensive foundation is remarkable, and perhaps I

may not have a better occasion to refer to it. Dr. Spring, the father, I believe of the present Dr. Spring, of New York, was pastor at the church of Newbury Port. Some of his people at that time were very prosperous in business. He was of a generous mind, and rejoiced at their prosperity; and he was of a pious and lofty mind, and desired to stimulate them to proportionate exertion. There were two especially with whom he did not labour in vain, Messrs. Bartlett and Brown. Having prepared his way, he got a meeting with them, and applied to Mr. Woods, now Dr. Woods, of Andover, to attend it. They engaged in free conversation. It was admitted that something ought to be done; they were ready to do something: what, amongst many claims, would it be best to do? Dr. Spring inquired, what they would like to do? Would they like an Academy? It was much wanted, for the use of the ministry. They were quite willing. How should they begin? He suggested, that they might make a commencement by securing Mr. Woods, who, with the aid of a preceptor, might take six young men. 'Well,' said Mr. Brown, 'I will give 10,000 dollars.' 'Why,' said Mr. Bartlett, 'did you not say 20,000, and I would too?' Before they parted, Mr. Bartlett observed to Dr. Spring, 'Let the work go on, and you may look to me.' Dr. Spring knew his man, and was satisfied and thankful. He went to Salem. Saw his friend Mr. Norris there. Told him of what it was proposed to do, and of what had been done; and obtained another 10,000 dollars.

"It appeared that similar intentions, without the exchange of opinions, had been entertained by Mr. Abbott and Mrs. Phillips, of Andover; and that they were willing to apply 10,000 dollars each to a like use. An overture was immediately made to them, and immediately accepted. But, in coming to a definite arrangement, there were difficulties which made delay, and threatened to prevent the execution of the plan. These difficulties were connected with difference of religious creed; but, at length, the matter was adjusted, and in favour of orthodox principles."—vol i, pp. 425—427.

Andover has been fed time after time by its original friend, Mr. Bartlett. It is thought that in various ways, he has not given to it less than 200,000 dollars; and there is reason to believe that all his benevolent intentions are not yet fulfilled regarding it. He is, about seventy-eight years of age, and has a portly, intelligent, and venerable aspect. He was at first a shoemaker, but in the end became a first rate merchant.

New Haven is compared by the writer, in these volumes, as a city in a wood, and a wood in a city. But as to the colleges:—

They are old; raised of red brick; and have little to commend them beyond their venerable and quiet aspect. The observatory on the central buildings is a copy of the Tower of the Winds. As a whole, they are spacious. In the year 1833, they accommodated 496 students, which were proportioned as follows:—theology, forty-nine; law, twenty-one; medical, sixty-one; resident graduates, six; seniors, seventy-one; juniors, eighty-seven; sophomores, ninety-five; and freshmen, one hundred and six. The expense of tuition and lodging is about fifty dollars; and of board in common, seventy-five dollars. There is a good philosophical chamber and apparatus here, and an excellent chemical laboratory. The

library has two departments; the general and the students': in both there are above 24,000 volumes. There is a picture gallery which has one room devoted to the productions of Colonel Trumbull. I had seen most of his; but none equal to some of these. There were two that raised my idea of his talents. Most of those in the second room were daubs; and could only have been placed there to cover the walls, till something better should be obtained.

"The gem of the place however, is the mineral cabinet. Two French collections were purchased, and are its basis. For the variety and rarity of its specimens, as well as for its excellent arrangement, it is unrivalled by anything in America, and surpassed by few in Europe. It has been secured, at great expense, and is a noble effort; and it will exert a beneficial effect on every department of this university. I could not help observing, that while it was felt to be greatly in advance of every other provision, its tendency was to raise the rest to its own exalted level. Whether this was within the view of those who have pressed this purchase, I know not; but if it were, the movement was the offspring of true philosophy.

"Dr. Dwight was the president of this college. The *American Journal of Science and Arts* may be considered as issuing from it, as it is conducted by Professor Silliman, whose name is familiarized in the Old and New World.

"Schools, of every sort and grade, abound here to an astonishing degree. The whole town seems only a larger college for the purposes of education, male and female, adult and juvenile. From the celebrity of the spot many are sent here for the purpose of education; and from its other attractions, many families settle here, to facilitate their children's instruction. The influence is general, striking, and most agreeable. Ordinary society has an air of selectness, which seldom prevails. The people have an intelligence and refinement which you do not expect; and the tone of mind, and of morals too, is raised by the elastic and renovating element of knowledge and discipline in which they dwell. Offences seldom arise here; the poor-house is empty; and though the benevolence of the people have lately erected an hospital, there is seldom any one to need its aid."—vol. i. pp. 473—475.

The burial-ground here, is considered the most beautiful in America. It is of considerable extent, is kept with unusual care, and supplied with a great number of stones and monuments. The custom is, never to open the same spot a second time, so that a family requires a considerable space for interment. The Caves of the Regicides in the suburbs of New Haven have an interest attached to them of a peculiar nature.

"The surface of the ground becomes varied as you approach it; the East and West Rocks grow upon the eye, and stand out in imposing attitudes. Your way now becomes winding, and is gradually rising, till you find yourself fairly amongst the rocks, and shut out of the living world. Here, under the eye of a little cottage of the woods, we left our carriage, and began a sharper ascent, through the copse-wood and stunted trees, which ornamented a spot where they could find little nourishment. Still we ascended amongst the rugged rocks, often uncertain whether we had retained the right track, till we found ourselves on the head of the rock, and opposite the Judges' or Regicides' Cave. It is formed by a cluster of stones, of immense size, and thrown together as if by some great

convulsion of nature. The crevices in these rocks form the cave. There is only one portion of these large enough for human habitation; and here, it is said, with certainty I believe, that Goffe and Whalley were concealed and succoured for a considerable time. Though it could afford but small accommodations to the sufferers, it had some advantages. It has no appearance of a cave till examined; it is near the town, though completely concealed from it; and there are various ways of approach, to prevent detection or facilitate escape. On one of the rocks composing this cave is this inscription:—

‘Opposition to Tyrants is obedience to God.’

“The spot was full of moral interest. The troubles of England had then reached to this cave of the desert! A judgment, calmly given in Westminster, had pursued these refugees across the great Atlantic, over the Western world, and had shut them up in this desolate mountain-top, familiar with silence, darkness, and savage nature, and fearful of nothing but the face of their fellow-man!”—vol. ii. pp. 477, 478.

But the subject that most fully and justly awakens our attention regarding the institutions of the United States, as described in these volumes, is that of education. It is either collegiate or common. “The leading peculiarities of the colleges are, that some of them add to general learning that which is professional, and then they are eligible to be regarded as universities; others are strictly theological institutions, to prepare young men for the ministry; and others, it may be either theological or classical, are frequently denominated Manual Labour Institutions, from the circumstance of manual labour being extensively employed as a means of exercise and profit.” As respects the collegiate schools, we cannot do more than give the summing up, presented in these pages:

“Here are no less than twenty-one theological colleges, all of which have been instituted since the year 1808! and they contain 853 students, and have accumulated 57,000 volumes! Here are seventy-five colleges for general education, most of them with professional departments, and they have 8,136 students! and forty of these have been created since the year 1814! Altogether there are ninety-six colleges, and no less than 9,032 students! Some of these colleges are literally springing up in the desert, and are putting themselves in readiness to bless generations that shall be born! It is impossible not to feel that the influence they exert must be amazing in extent, and in the highest degree salutary.”—vol. ii, p. 197.

We quote also without comment, (because we know it is a field ripe with difficulties,) what the writer before us says, respecting the means of instruction in the United States, as they contribute to supply the church with a ministry.

“The student for the sacred calling gets a better classical and general education than he would get in our dissenting colleges, while this professional education is not inferior; and he gets a theological education unspeakably better than Oxford or Cambridge would afford him, though his classical advantages would be less. He derives a twofold advantage

from the arrangements at home, as compared to our colleges, and they relate to method and time. The general course of learning, and the professional course, are kept perfectly distinct; and the professional is made to follow the collegiate; and the certificate of excellence in the one course is requisite to commencement in the other. The time also is adequate; four years are allowed for what is preparatory, and three years for what is professional."—vol. ii, pp. 198, 199.

There are between the American and British ministry other points of comparison, taken up by our Deputy:

"If the ministers there have decidedly the best opportunities of preparing for their work, I think they usually avail themselves less of them afterwards than is common with us. They have fewer books, and they read less; they seem to rely more on what the college has done for them; and they consume so much time in writing their own thoughts, as to allow them little for enlarged communion with those of other, and mostly better, men.

"In many cases, they require to be more intellectual, but less metaphysical in their ministry; and to consult manner as well as intention." We have, undoubtedly, many men who equal them in earnest and powerful address to the conscience, but, as a body, they have decidedly more directness in their ministration. We look more at what is secondary, they at what is primary. They, in looking at the end, will often disregard the means by which they may best attain it; and we as often, in regarding the complicated means, may lose sight of the end for a season. They have less respect for the nicer feelings; and we have more difficulty, when our purpose is distinctly before us, of moving towards it. They have more promptness and decision, and move with sudden power to a given object; but if that object is to be obtained by patient and steady perseverance, we are rather more likely to be successful. In doing an evident and great good, they do not always consider whether they may not do, a proportionate mischief; while we, frequently, from the fear of consequences, do almost nothing. They make the better evangelists; and we the better pastors.

"Circumstances in either country have undoubtedly contributed to produce these differences; and the consideration both of cause and effect may be profitable to each party. One may readily see in this ministerial character a connexion with the revivals, which have at various seasons been developed. How far the character may have caused the revivals, or the revivals created the character, though a curious, is by no means a useless inquiry."—vol. ii, pp. 199—201.

The Statistical accounts of the Common Schools are not less marvellous. But they are by much too long for us to extract, and an abridgment cannot satisfactorily be made of such tables and particulars. We shall make room for one portion more from the serious and weighty subjects here treated. It comes after the notice of that melancholy affair, viz. slavery, which still darkens the moral beauty of America, and is a disgrace and contradiction to her pretensions;—that stain which now has a legal existence only there. We refer to the field of philanthropy still open to that country, in reference to its aboriginal inhabitants.



"They are far less thought of, at the present moment, than the oppressed African; but their claims are not inferior, nor scarcely are their wrongs. They amount to about five hundred thousand persons. They have the highest claim to the soil. It has been allowed as such both by Britain and the United States; and America, by conciliation and justice, might confer the greatest good on those interesting people; and all the good done to them, would be so much benefit brought to herself.

"Yet no people have suffered more. Advantage has been taken of their ignorance and generous confidence, at various times, in every possible way. While the invader has been weak, he has allowed their claims; as he gathered force, he doubted them; and when he was confident in his strength, he practically denied them. Very recently, some flagrant instances of oppression and plunder, under the sanction of law, have occurred; and it was only at the eleventh hour, that the Supreme Court of the States, by a signal act of justice, reversed the acts of local government and of Congress too, and saved the nation from being committed to deeds which must have been universally condemned as flagitious and infamous.

"But to tell of their wrongs would be to write a volume; and that such a one as Ezekiel was once commissioned to inscribe. Many of them rest with former generations; and the reference, either to the present or the past, is only desirable, as it may awaken compassion and dispose to justice. At least, let the existing generation seek indemnity for the past by care for the future. If their fathers may have acted beneath the influence of fear and resentment, there is now no place for the action of such passions. These people commend themselves to protection, by their weakness as well as their manliness and generosity. It is high time that they should be allowed to live in peace and security, and in the inviolable possession of their lands, their laws, their liberty. If this may not be in the United States, where can it be? Is the most solemn 'Declaration' of a whole people to be nullified a second time, and pronounced a mere legal fiction? Justice, Truth, Mercy, Religion—Earth and Heaven, demand of America that she should assure the world she is what she professes to be, by preserving the Indian and emancipating the African."—vol. ii, pp. 299—271.

Enough has now been shown in our pages, of the opinions of the learned gentlemen that formed the Deputation from the Congregational Union of England and Wales, in their visit to the American Churches, to prove that the volumes from which our extracts have been taken contain matter of much value. We might have entertained our readers with much lighter descriptions, or attracted the eye of others by accounts of a purely religious nature. We have, however, steered a middle course, and thereby shown, that for the imaginative, the moral, or the theological student, there are here ample funds.

ART. XI.—*Sketches and Recollections.* By JOHN POOLE, Esq. Author of "Paul Pry," &c. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London. Colburn. 1885.

Most of these papers are familiar to us, having already appeared at intervals since 1825, as contributions to a periodical work. The public of late years has had too many collections of the highly seasoned sketches that clever writers throw off when in a happy vein, which have first found a temporary fame from their appearance in some wide spread monthly journal, to be now easily induced to favour their republication in a more permanent shape. Nothing short of high excellence will prove a passport to such books. And yet, that which has been worthy of one reading, may be declared deserving of a second perusal. Such, we are sure, must be the manner at least, in which the re-appearance of Mr. Poole's papers now before us will be estimated; for his humour is so polished, and his sentiments so tastefully racy, that neither is the point of the one blunted, nor the symmetry of the other characteristically discovered by a single or hasty glance, which is all that is generally bestowed on periodical literature of the lighter sort.

Mr. Poole's portraits are capital characters, which have been studied with great care. Their verisimilitude cannot be mistaken, which arises no doubt from the fact, which he confesses to, of his introducing under fictitious names those actually found by him in real life, "with no other variation or amplification of feature, or of exaggeration in the colouring, than such as a painter would be warranted in using for the purpose of giving the most striking effect to his portraits." Of the narratives, we are told, some of them are founded on fact, while the anecdotes of gaming, and of duelling, and those generally (related as such) are strictly true. We need not stretch our ingenuity to the employment of any more anxious criticism on these papers, which from their nature and pretensions do not admit of lengthened remark, especially as a portion of any one of them will give a juster index to the author's genius and power than pages of description. One recommendation, however, may be mentioned, as pervading the whole conspicuously, which cannot be fully perceived but by a thorough acquaintance with each sketch; and this is the benevolent vein of his satire—the every thing opposed to rancorous or bilious railing at the vices or follies of the age. Whilst he corrects he pleases; whilst he pleases he convinces. His recollections being generally of a serious cast, and dealing with real characters, the gracefulness and warmth of his humanity is of a still higher degree; so that in going from paper to paper the reader becomes the more convinced, not merely of the richness of his good-natured humour, but that an abundance of the

highest order of accomplishments and virtues is characteristic of the author. It is on account of such qualities and features as these, that the light sketches before us possess not only a charm for the laughter-loving, but a recommendation for the more reflecting, that is not to be expected from the mere titles of the various papers, or the class of books to which the work belongs. And yet Mr. Poole is eminently happy in his choice of titles, for they generally convey a sketch in themselves. His "Paul Pry" has been universally felt as a fine *hit*, even in this preliminary particular, while in the volumes before us we have "Dick Ferret," "Simon Tetchy, a Character," "The late Mr. Tardy," "Dick Doleful, a Sketch from Nature," &c. &c., all outlined at once to the imagination of every one who is at all familiar with Mr. Poole's style and humour, in any other of his pieces.

We shall now give that which should serve for the especial instruction of not a few of our West-End gentry, in the sketch entitled, "Ruined by Economy."

"I have never been thoroughly satisfied that my first marriage was not an imprudent one.

"I attach no blame to myself, for that I, being known by no more distinguished an appellation than Robert Stubbs, should have selected for my partner in the dance of life a lady sinking under the weight of such a name as, *Jemima-Rosalina-Mariamne Fitzroy-Mandeville*. There was no very obvious error in this. A person of very fine sensibility might, indeed, take exception to the *Fitzroy*, as implying that a screw had been loose somewhere; but I never considered that either Miss *Fitzroy-Mandeville*, or myself, need concern ourselves about what had happened—if ever it had happened—most probably so long ago as the reign of Charles the Second. The moment the ring was placed on her finger, the *Fitzroy-Mandeville* was obliterated for ever and ever, and she became a positive *Stubbs*. She had, indeed, intended to announce herself as *Mrs. Fitzroy Stubbs*, or *Mrs. Mandeville Stubbs* (I forget which); but to this I peremptorily objected: there was in the combination a something which struck me as verging on the ridiculous: and all I could permit was that she might wave the precedence to which, as the wife of an elder branch of the family, she was justly entitled, and, instead of the dignified simplicity of 'Mrs. Stubbs' (by which the right of such precedence would have been asserted), cause to be engraved on her visiting-cards, 'Mrs. Robert Stubbs.' It was, therefore, not respecting the conjunction of names that I have ever entertained any qualms.

"Nor was it that my wife bore in her veins a dash of aristocratic blood—however derived; nor that she was young; nor that she was beautiful; nor that she was accomplished; nor that she was amiable; nor, &c. &c. &c. No; it was none of these. My error lay in this: that, possessing an unencumbered five hundred a year of my own, upon which I might, as a single man, have lived very pleasantly in London, or, with an unpretending wife, very happily in some Welsh village; I should have married a woman who increased my income by a clear thousand per annum."—vol. i, pp. 39—41.

Jemima had expensive habits, but her constant speech was, "every one has a right to do what they please with their own;" and "pray Mr. Stubbs, how much a year had you before you married me?" The Ruination-shop, in Waterloo Place, we learn was not then in existence, otherwise Mr. Stubbs cannot think what might have been the result. Death, however, robbed him of his dear, as also of their only child, Jemima Robertina, who was so named as a compliment to each. Our widower's fortune had been impaired, but parsimony, and a couple of pretty legacies, made him, after a few years, master of eighteen hundred per annum.

"I now resolved to marry once again.

"Profiting by experience, I avoided the rock which had so nearly wrecked me. Name, blood, fortune—I chose for my wife Mary Brown, the orphan daughter of a country curate. I need not say she was poor—I have noticed her parentage. She was well educated, though she had never drawn up a plan for reforming the Government of Great Britain, nor—what (judging by its frequency amongst well-educated? or highly talented? young ladies) must be a work of still greater facility—she had never even conceived the idea of improving and ameliorating the condition of society all over the world; she was sufficiently accomplished, though she had not passed months in learning to sing '*Di tanti palpiti*' almost as well as a third-rate chorus singer at the Opera; and she was very pretty, or, which, perhaps, was still better—I thought so.

"All this was sufficient to justify my choice. Yet one good quality she possessed, and that it was that tended, more perhaps than any of the others, to confirm me in my resolution of making her my wife. I received from Mrs. Judith Brown, her paternal aunt, an assurance that Mary was a Phoenix of Economy."—vol. i, pp. 42, 43.

He was now to learn how a good fortune might be puddled away by economies. The new-married pair inhabited at first a commodious house in Montimer street, Cavendish square, which had been newly repaired, painted, and furnished from top to bottom. But Mary thought that merely by going to live a couple of miles out of town, a positive saving in house rent alone of thirty pounds annually would be secured.

"The place she selected was Evergreen-Lodge, Vauxhall—a house more than double the size of the one we occupied, and of which the back parlour was nearly as large as our front drawing-room! yes these advantages were obtained not by any additional cost, but, on the contrary, to our benefit to the extent of the sum already specified. Notwithstanding this, a little instrument—no other than a three-foot rule—which I carried in my pocket on our journeys backwards and forwards between the two houses—was a source of great uneasiness and alarm to me: for, by dint of applying it to the walls and floors, I discovered that scarcely a piece of furniture in the old house would suit the new one.

"'Leave the matter to me,' said my wife, 'and I'll manage it with all possible economy:' and I must do her justice to say that whatever could be done—under the circumstances—was done. At the end of a month I received her report. Without following up its numerous details, some idea of her economies may be derived from the principal items:

"*Impetus*: The window curtains, of course, were useless; in the first place, because they would not fit the new windows, and, in the second, because the materials adapted to a town-house would be quite preposterous in the country. She had, however, managed this point admirably. Hawkins, our upholsterer, would take them off our hands at one third of the price he had, not long before, charged for them, which sum would be almost enough to purchase materials of an inferior quality—yet good enough for the country. As to the making-up of them, *she* would superintend that point; and by having a couple of work-women in the house, for five or six weeks, at thirty shillings each per week, we should save a full half of what Hawkins would charge. Palpable economy.

"2ndly. The carpets. Here our gains were manifest. Our large drawing-room carpet would cut down excellently well for the front parlour; and the strips remaining after the operation would serve as bed-carpets for the servants' rooms, *and not cost us a shilling!* But, since we could not expect the advantage *all* ways, there would be a trifling set off on the carpets for the other rooms. However, here again we were fortunate in our upholsterer; for Hawkins had been so civil as to say that, rather than we should be inconvenienced, he would take all our *old* carpets off our hands, allowing us the *fullest value* for them, and furnish us with *new* ones at the very *lowest price!* Here was a disinterested upholsterer for you! Compared with him, Alladdin's friend, who gave new lamps in exchange for old ones, was no better than a usurer."—vol. i, pp. 45, 46.

Pier and chimney-glasses, wardrobes, tables, chairs, and miscellaneous furniture were only in part available. The very removing of the whole had, in consequence of injuries received, cost twenty-five pounds; but "a saving of thirty pounds per annum, in the single item of house rent is not to be achieved without a *little sacrifice.*"

"And pray, Mary, what have you done about my favourite drawing-room chairs, and settees? the blue damask and gold, I mean—you know the chairs alone cost 5*l.* 15*s.* each; and I hope——"

"Why, my love, they would have been quite out of character in the country, as Hawkins, who made them, himself admitted; they were *much* too handsome: so he has *spared* us a set in exchange—much neater, and more simple and appropriate. And, what do you think, dear? we are only to give him ten guineas on the bargain!"

"And how have you negotiated the exchange of your square piano-forte, for a cabinet?"

"Not at all. That was an attempt at imposition I would not submit to. Really, if we did not proceed with some regard to economy, we might be ruined in a day. They offered to make the exchange for thirty guineas; that is to say, charging sixty guineas for their own, and allowing us thirty for our's—which cost forty only five months ago—thereby fixing upon us a loss of ten! That would have been absurd! Now I'll tell you how I have contrived. I have bargained to take theirs outright at fifty-five—a saving, you see, of five guineas,—(here, I have done it on paper)—and, as it would positively be throwing one's money into the sea to sell for thirty guineas an instrument for which we so lately paid forty, I have made it a present to cousin Charlotte. Oh, by-the-by, love; I have



saved two shillings in the transport: to have sent it down to Cornwall by the carrier would have cost two pounds; now I have bargained for 1*l.* 18*s.* by the steamer. It is but two shillings, I admit; but you remember the proverb; 'Take care of the pence, and the pounds'—you know the rest.'—

"Well; Christmas came, and along with it came our friend Hawkins's bill for alterations, and exchanges, and substitutions, and additions. As every thing had been contrived with an eye of economy, it amounted to no more than 9*l.* 14*s.* 10*d.* I own I did not like even that; but as we were living at a reduced rent, it would have been barbarous to complain.

"Our new house contained more rooms than we had any occasion for, and three of them (of no contemptible dimensions) remained literally empty. An empty room in one's dwelling-house always begets to my mind a notion of discomfort—nay, something more oppressive still—an idea of desolation. I *hinted* a complaint of this, (for Mary was so good a creature I could never prevail upon myself to utter a complaint in form, which I knew would distress her,) and was pleased to find that my dear, economical wife—I do not intend a pun—had already contemplated a remedy for the evil.

"'I'll tell you,' said she, 'how I intend to manage this: as we have no earthly use for these rooms, it would be a sin to throw one's money away upon ~~new~~ furniture for them; so I shall watch opportunities at sales, and whenever I meet with a bargain I'll buy it.'—vol. i, pp. 47—53. 1829!"

The number of decided bargains now made by Mary was so great, that above 582 pounds were laid out in the purchase of useless furniture. The empty rooms were crowded to excess. At length Vauxhall was found to be at an inconvenient distance from London, and they return to their former comparatively small house. The expense of the former removal was remembered, and to save part of this and avoid the damage of furniture, it was determined by Mary that what would now be useless should be sold on the spot, and alas! at even greater bargains this time than when bought at auctions by the economical wife.

"These are instances of economy on a grand scale. But, unhappily, she is economical, on a similar principle, in all her proceedings. To avoid the expense of wear and tear of harness, or of injury to the coachman's livery on a rainy day, she will hire a hackney-coach to carry her to a cheap shop in the city, where she can purchase as much tape and bobbin for eight shillings as in Oxford-street would cost nine—'and a shilling saved, my love—'

"Not many mornings ago, I found her cutting up a gown she had worn but once, to make a frock for our little Anna. Her reason for this was convincing: 'It would be madness to lay out money for stuff for a child's frock, when it might be saved by using any thing one might happen to have in the house.' And when I asked her why she had sent a white India shawl (which I had given her but a few days before) to be dyed black, her reply was, that 'it might soon want cleaning, and that these were not times to throw even five shillings away.' The next morning Tom came to me with, 'Please, Pa', will you send Ma ten shillings for the dyer."

"I bought a pony for the use of the two children. My wife, upon a

strict examination of the livery-stable-keeper, discovered that the keep of one pony was twelve shillings per week, but that he could contract to keep two at a guinea. Here was so obvious a source of economy, that I should have been a churl to refuse to allow each of the children its own pony to ride.

"I have no objection to decent economies in the larder or cellar:—Heaven forbid waste!—but I have not yet (spite of all my wife's arguments) been able to appreciate, as fully as it may deserve, the economy of bestowing upon a stale mutton chop a bottle of expensive sauce, in order to render it eatable; nor can I understand that I am a gainer by her giving to the cook, for some culinary purpose, a bottle of my fine old sherry worth seven shillings, in preference to 'fooling away one's money for what one has in the house:'—that is to say, in preference to purchasing at the nearest wine vaults, for half-a-crown, a commodity which would answer the purpose every way as well.

"Upon annually making up my accounts, I invariably find that my expenses increase (consequently, that my property diminishes) in exact proportion with my dear Mary's economies; so that, unless she should commit some notable extravagance, or, at the least, submit to exercise a prudential degree of carefulness in the management of our affairs, I must soon expect to be—**RUINED BY ECONOMY.**"—vol. i, pp. 52—54.

We have already named Simon Tetchy; the sketch of him thus begins:—"There are many thin-skinned people in the world; but Simon Tetchy seemed to have no skin at all. Every person alive is vulnerable at some one point or another; a cuticle of the texture of parchment has a tender place *somewhere*, which will quiver at a breath; but Tetchy was sensitive all over, and as for a cuticle, it was as if Nature had left him unprovided with any such garment, and sent him to walk about the world in his *cutis*."

We now extract a few passages from a more serious paper, called "A Suicide's Last Carouse," where the portrait of Sir Harry Highflet is so happily taken, that few will hesitate to declare having often seen or intimately known the man.

"He was as the phrase is, in every thing, and the best at every thing—supreme in each pursuit that had fashion for its sanction. He was a member of the Four-in-hand club; and it was universally admitted that no gentleman could drive his own coachman to Salt Hill in better style. He was the best dresser in London; and ruined three tailors by the disinterested readiness with which he exhibited their choicest productions on his own well-formed person. His dinners were the most *recherchés*, his wines the most exquisite, that money could purchase—and certainly they had cost dearly to the tavern-keepers whom he promised to pay for them. He was celebrated in the Fives Court; and, if he was unable to lick young Belcher, who, from constant practice, had the advantage of him; or the boxing coal-heaver, who was his superior in weight; he had done all that could be required of a gentleman—he had tried.

He was the best shot in England. Twice did he brush the morning dew from the grass of Mary-le-bone Fields in his way to Chalk Farm; and on both occasions had the good fortune to kill his man. The first was Major O'Blaze, a scoundrel, as Sir Harry justly termed him, who

had seduced the Baronet's mistress; the other, a Mr. Hardacre, a plain country squire, who had had the temerity to call Sir Harry a scoundrel for eloping with his (Mr. Hardacre's) wife. Here again had Sir Harry done all that could be required of a gentleman.

"But these were not his only claims to that title. In a single night he won seventeen thousand pounds of young Lackbrain, a tyro in these matters, at hazard. Finding that, by selling his commission in the dragoons, drawing upon his agent to the uttermost farthing in his hands, and pledging his pictures, his books, and the lease of his chambers in Albany, young Lackbrain could raise no more than nine thousand pounds towards the amount of his loss, he generously, with respect to the remaining sum, declared that, as he should hold it unbecoming a friend and a gentleman to press immediate payment, Mr. Lackbrain might set his mind perfectly at ease about it, upon signing a bond, for principal and interest, to be payable in twelve—nay, even fifteen months.

"Sir Harry began life with a fortune of eighteen thousand a year. Having somewhat of a turn for arithmetic, he at once perceived that it would be imprudent to spend more than twenty thousand, and wisely resolved to limit his expenditure to that sum, or twenty-five at the utmost. But circumstances, which might have baffled the wisest calculations, so ordered it, that thirty was usually much nearer the mark; and however extraordinary it may appear to persons unaccustomed to investigate such matters, the consequence of these continued discrepancies between the income and the outgoing was that, one fine sunny morning, his debts were found to amount to 102,357*l.* 18*s.* 9*d.*—a very complicated and ugly looking row of figures—whilst his assets were gratefully pictured forth by that simple and elegant formed symbol (0) representing *NOTHING*. To use his own emphatic phrase, Sir Harry Highflyer found himself 'most magnanimously dished.'—vol. i, pp. 186—189.

This was towards the close of the London season of 1817. He took an erratic walk, on the wonderful discovery of his ruin, to see what free air and solitude would do, and at length found himself on the identical spot where he had killed his two friends. Here, by a process called the association of ideas, an easy mode of arranging his affairs occurred to him.

"'Is it possible?' he exclaimed, 'that I can be such an idiot as for nearly two hours, to have overlooked so obvious an expedient! Is it possible that I, a man of unquestionable courage, as this very spot can attest, should have been for an instant in doubt about the means of escaping from an exposure of my *cut-up*—an event I never could find nerve to encounter! Is it possible that I, a rational being, should have failed to think of the *very thing* that would have occurred to any ass in London, at the first blush of the affair! What! shall I put down my four-in-hand?—Shall I send my racers to Tattersall's?—Shall I break up my snug little establishment at Kilburn, and confess to my pretty Julia that it is all up with me? Shall I tell my friends that I can squander no more thousands, for the reason that I have no more thousands to squander? No, no; thank my stars! I have too much courage to submit to that.'

"It were needless to state in explicit terms what was the nature of the

remedy intended to be employed by this 'rational being,' for the many ills which this 'man of unquestionable courage' was too courageous to encounter; but having settled the question entirely to his own satisfaction, he, upon his way home, suddenly put his handkerchief to his cheek, went into an apothecary's shop, complained of a racking tooth-ache, and purchased a phial of laudanum.

"Courage and rationality!

"How differently may the qualities implied by these terms be understood! Had Sir Harry, for a wager, presumed to rush uninvited into the presence of the Prince Regent, his courage would have been stigmatized as impudence, daring and reckless—his rationality as sheer insanity. But Sir Harry would not have done that: he was too well-bred a man; his consciousness of the respect due from a subject to his prince; his deference to the forms of civilized society; nay, the very consideration of what was due from man even unto man, would have warned him of the impropriety of committing so gross an outrage as that! But this, however, is a mere passing remark, which, as it is not necessarily connected with the subject, the reader may consider or not, at his discretion,

"Upon reaching home, Sir Harry gave strict charge to Laurent, his valet, not to come to him till he should hear his bell, nor to allow any one to interrupt him. He then went into his dressing room, where he passed nearly two hours in writing letters.

"He drew the phial from his pocket.

"'The ruling passion strong in death,' he held it up to the light, and with a bitter smile, muttering 'Bright as ruby!' he twisted out the cork, put the poison to his lips, and ——— there was a tap at the dressing room door!

"'Who the devil's that? Didn't I give positive orders that no one should disturb me?'"—vol. i, pp. 191—193.

Lord Dashmore was announced, which reminded Sir Harry of a party of friends whom he had invited to dinner for that day. A few hours later, thought he, will make no difference, while a dozen bumpers of claret would equip him for his long journey. Mr. Maxwell was next announced, who had been brought up by Sir Harry's father, and educated along with the meditating suicide, between whom as close a friendship existed as could be looked for between two persons of opposite habits and occupations. Maxwell had obtained a valuable Government office, and was always remonstrating with Sir Harry about his follies with a brotherly freedom, that had led to an estrangement. But this was no time for the Baronet to harbour displeasure, although he was greatly astonished at the present visit.

"'Ha! Tom, how do? devilish glad to see you,' said Sir Harry, holding out one hand, and with the other depositing the little phial of laudanum, together with the letters he had written, in a drawer of his dressing-table—devilish glad, 'pon my soul I am; but no preaching, Tom.'

"'No, no; my preaching days are over.'

"'So much the better; and I'm glad to find that, in that respect at

least, I have succeeded in reforming you, whatever may have been your success in ~~the~~.

"He suddenly stopped—walked towards the window, returned, and continued:—

"No matter—Stay and dine with me; you will meet Dashmore, and Leslie, and Colonel D——, and—in short, all friends of your's."

"To tell you the truth, Highflyer, I came for the purpose of billeting myself upon you. I met Leslie this morning, who told me of your party. And——" (here he made an inaccountable pause)—"But, since I am here, will you allow me to send a message to my servant to bring my things here to dress? It will save me the trouble of going home."—vol. i, p. 197.

Whilst dressing himself, Maxwell discovered several letters which Sir Harry had written on the eve of his meditated suicidal act, and next the phial of laudanum. He was horror-struck, but he did not throw the poison out of the window, nor did he rush into the drawing-room with the tidings, nor did he attempt to bind hand and foot the infatuated and ruined companion of his early years, nor did he even betray the slightest hint at the dinner table that he was aware of a great crime being meditated.

But we must come to that table, and mark some of the things related of the company that surrounded it. The Haronet was esteemed one of the best talkers in the world, and on this occasion acquitted himself to admiration, without any general alteration from his usual manner, although Maxwell could perceive a change. There were also some circumstances of such a singular nature as could not escape, but astonished every one of the party. Do not our readers see how easily and naturally the author is working up the scene to an everlasting interest? The points he seizes on in his description are neither numerous nor overloaded, but like a master in the art, he so disposes and colours them by a few direct and plain dashes, as to produce the most forcible and characteristic effect.

"No one could be a fairer talker than Sir Harry. He allowed opportunity to every one for taking his share in the conversation: he never, as it were, elbowed himself in; but availed himself adroitly, and apparently without effort, of the first opening. Upon this occasion, however, he talked through every one that attempted to speak: he talked almost incessantly; and, indeed, seemed to be uneasy when he was constrained even to a short interval of silence. He spoke, too, in a loud, overpowering tone of voice, altogether contrary to his usual habit; and his gaiety, ordinarily so distinguished by its suavity and its subordination to the dictates of good taste, was boisterous in the extreme, and sought to maintain itself by a recourse to expedients the most commonplace. Again, it was observed that, oftener than once, he filled a bumper, drank it off, and filled again before he passed the wine.

"There was some question about arranging a Vauxhall-party for the following evening, and Maurice B——, not perceiving that their host was whispering Laurent, who had just entered the room with a message to him, turned round and abruptly inquired, 'Highflyer, where shall



"you be to-morrow night?" Sir Harry, turning suddenly at the question, fixed his eyes (which seemed to distend to twice their natural size) on the speaker, set his teeth firmly together, and uttered a short, convulsive, fiend-like laugh, as his only reply."—vol. i, pp. 201, 202.

The Baronet had for a moment convulsively grasped the arm of his servant, to the astonishment of his guests.

"Sir Harry relinquished his hold, drew his hand across his forehead, filled a bumper, carelessly reproached Colonel D——, who was assisting him in the duties of the table, with exposing the bottles to an attack of the cramp for want of motion; and, quite contrary to his custom, volunteered to sing a song. All this occurred in less time than it has occupied to describe it; and notwithstanding the sensation was powerful, yet so rapidly had the scene which occasioned it passed, that it was extinct before the next bumper had gone round.

"Sir Harry became—gayer? no—more boisterous than before.

"Sir Charles F——remarked that there were thirteen at table!

"Then one amongst us is booked for within the year," said Colonel D——, laughing.

"A hundred guineas to five, I am the man," said Sir Harry.

"Done!" exclaimed Lord Dashmore, at the same time drawing out his pocket-book for the purpose of entering the bet: "and in a twelve-month and a day, I shall wait upon you for a cool hundred—for you'll lose."

"'Tis no bet, Dashmore," said Sir Harry, with a bitter smile, which no one but Maxwell noticed; "'tis no bet, so don't book it: no man is justified in making a bet *when he knows himself sure of winning.*"

"It was growing late. Some one looked at his watch, and observed that it was almost time to break up.

"Don't think of leaving me yet," said Sir Harry—"for God's sake, don't!" as he rang for more wine, together with anchovy toasts, broiled bones, and other provocatives to drinking.

"To most present, the form of his appeal seemed odd; to Maxwell it appeared awful!"—vol. i, pp. 203, 204.

The wretched host had exhibited manifest signs of impatience at even the short intervals of silence in the conversation subjected him. They threw him back upon his own reflections. The Colonel described the storming of Badajoz with great effect, and though it did not occupy above three minutes, yet, when he had finished, Sir Harry was observed leaning with his elbow on the table, and his forehead in his hand.

"The Baronet's off," said some one, and laughed.

"Sir Harry started at the sound, mechanically filled his glass, and sent the wine on.

"What the deuce is the matter with you, Highflyer?" exclaimed another; "your cravat is covered with blood!"

"Nothing," replied he, putting his handkerchief to his mouth: "nothing—a scratch—nothing—nothing—fill—fill, and send the wine about."

"His appearance was ghastly; his features were distorted, his face was deadly pale, and the blood was streaming from his nether lip, which, in the intensity of mental agony, he had unconsciously bitten nearly through.

" 'I have not seen the Baronet so much out,' whispered Colonel D—— to Lord Dashmore, who was sitting next to him, 'since the hard bout we had at Melton last year. Let's be off.'"

"As the party retired, the successive 'good night' of each fell upon Sir Harry's ear like a death knell! It struck like an ice-bolt to his heart. He was a man of unquestionable courage, as we have seen, but he could not stand it; and as the three or four last were preparing to leave the room, he cut short their valedictions by hastily saying, 'That'll do, that'll do.'"

Maxwell was the last to retire. Sir Harry grasped his hand, and held it firmly till he heard the street door close upon the rest.

"Now you may go, Tom; those are mere friends for the hour; but you and I have been friends from children. You knew my poor father, and he loved you. There—and he shook his hand warmly—there—now go—Good night; Heaven bless you, Tom, Heaven bless you! Go—go."—*vol. 1, pp. 205, 206.*

Now, what did Maxwell do? He said to Laurent, Sir Harry's servant, "It is probable your master will not ring for you early to-morrow, so I will be with you."

He then approached him till I come."

It was supposed to be drunk, and needful

of you given? No! Was it that the

summed without interruption? Let

by himself.

large goblet, with which he took off

of Laurent to give him a taper, told him an

stance that night, shook him by the hand,

the fellow conceived to be intended as a set-

off against the grips he had received), walked steadily into his dressing-room, and locked and bolted the door. He then approached the dressing-table, took the letters he had written in the morning, and the phial of laudanum, from the drawer wherein he had deposited them, and, having spread out the former in such a manner that they could not fall to be seen by any one who should come into the room next day, he waited for a few seconds. He then uncorked the phial—swallowed its contents—stood motionless, as if transfixed, for nearly a minute, staggered towards a sofa—and fell senseless on it. *vol. 1, p. 207.*

Maxwell had made good use of his time on the discovery of the phial of laudanum; and contrived to leave Sir Harry's house for a few seconds, when he managed to replace the poison by a sleeping draught, for he knew his man, and that no peremptory interference could prevent, though it might delay, the commission of the crime. But he had good news for the infuriated man, having learned that the greater part of his property might be recovered, because it had been taken away by an intrusion of the Usury Laws, and other more objectionable practices. The rest is soon told; and without even anticipating a single sentence of the issue, it is impossible to deny that the Baronet was a suicide, if intention is to enter into the consideration of moral actions.

"By eight o'clock next morning, Maxwell was in Sir Harry's room,

which he entered by a side door the Baronet had neglected to fasten. He found his friend in a profound sleep, from which he did not awake till three o'clock the same afternoon.

"It were needless to relate all that passed upon this occasion. Suffice it, that having explained to Sir Harry the hopes he entertained of recovering for him a large portion of his property, Maxwell found no difficulty whatever in persuading him to withdraw immediately from London, and to retire to a small place of his near the town of — in Wales, till, by the exercise of a rigid economy, he might be able to relieve himself from his embarrassments. That he, a gay man of the town, should so readily have adopted a suggestion which seemed to imply the entire abandonment of the habits of his whole former life, will appear the less extraordinary when it is mentioned that he has been heard to declare that he would endure, heggery, starvation, misery in any shape, rather than again encounter the horrors of that last carouse."—vol. i, pp. 212, 213.

After perusing even our mangled account of the Carouse, our readers cannot doubt of the "Gaming" being powerful and instructive all over, pass these over, that we may give an account of certain French Actors, a sort of writing, which his opportunities have afforded Englishmen. Indeed, Mr. Poole seems to be as regards matters of fact, while he has told and garnished them with such suitable stuff to entice his "Recollections" to a high of human nature.

He sets out with comparing the sentiments entertained by the community on the death of a great poet or painter, with those that are excited when the same event befalls an actor, and truly says that the latter, though standing lower in the scale of intellectual rank than either of the former, occasions a profounder and more lasting regret.

"It is true that this affects only his contemporaries! But it exists as long as they exist, and to them his loss is irreparable. He himself—our long-cherished favourite, must, in his own proper person, appear before us; when he is gone, all is gone; he can leave us nothing which may atone for his absence; we acknowledge no substitute; and the very attempt to supply the place he has vacated is in most cases an aggravation of the loss."

"It seems to be the peculiar privilege of the actor to maintain unalienable possession of our first impressions. It is not so with public performers in other departments. The reigning favourite of to-day may sing, an air, perform a concerto, or execute a *pas-sur*, with greater or less effect than the reigning favourite of twenty years ago! and we could scarce fairly upon their relative merits, for our judgment encounters no obstinate first impressions to grapple with—none, at least, which a very slight regard to justice will not overcome. With good cause on our side, we may possibly prefer the next new Mandane to Mrs. Billington, and the next im-

ported opera-dancer to Angiolini or Parisot; but whom do we, or ever can we, prefer to John Kemble, Mrs. Jordan, Miss O'Neill, Munden! These names are intimately associated in our recollections with all that is grand, and dignified, and impassioned, and pathetic,—with all that is joyous, or humorous, or grotesque, in the art of acting. From them it was we derived our first notions of a vast variety of dramatic characters, which, with all the weight and force of their genius, they stamped on our minds; and, as the impress they bestowed was the impress of truth, like truth it is immovable—immutable. We know *one* Coriolanus, *one* Zanga, and can never be forced to acknowledge any other; we have identified certain qualities of mind, certain peculiarities of person, tone and feature, with Constance and Lady Macbeth, with Peggy and Miss Prue, with Belvidera and Mrs. Haller, with Old Dornon, and Menenius, and Nipperkin; and our senses are no more capable of disengaging themselves from the impressions thus received than of rejecting an obvious truth in favour of an obvious falsehood. But it is genius of the highest order only; genius like their's, that can thus enthral us."—vol. ii. pp. 181—183.

We speak from a strong feeling of the kind here described, when we say, that the announcement of Kean's death set our thoughts in motion, and in a manner which neither the death of a monarch or a great poet was able to do; and that they come back upon us often with a weight that nearly masters us. We select a few passages, from certain recollections of Talma.

"And Talma too is gone!"

"I first became acquainted with that great actor on his visit to this country in 1817. He was then assisted by Mademoiselle Georges, giving a series of performances at the Opera Concert-rooms. These consisted of selections of the most striking scenes from his most popular characters. Upon my telling him, in answer to his inquiry whether I had attended any of them, that I had not, he said: 'Shall you be soon in France?'—'Yes, I think I shall.'—'Then do not see me here; wait till you shall come there. I am not in my proper frame here. I wish you should see me on my own theatre. Your English audience and me—we don't understand one another; the conventions of our stage are so different from your's, I don't know what they expect of me, and they don't understand what I do; therefore there is no enthusiasm, and that must be for the actor. If he inspires his audience, he catches back the enthusiasm from them: if they are cold, he will be cold. Then I will tell you: many of them don't understand what I say, but come to me for the sake of *dandy*.'—He laughed as he said this, and appeared not a little pleased at the opportunity of using a word then much in vogue, but which he misapplied for *fashion*.

"'Besides,' he continued, 'I give them only my best scenes, and that is disadvantageous to me.'

"As I did not instantly perceive how showing himself at his best could be to his disadvantage, he explained;

"'Why, you see there is no contrast, there is no light and shade; no repose. My scenes of passion, for example—they have no preparation for them, so they are abrupt and shocking.'—vol. ii. pp. 190—192.

In a note we are told that Talma used the word *shocking* in its French sense: simply as occasioning a shock, and that he spoke

English with fluency and considerable correctness. There is a lengthened criticism in these pages, of his Hamlet.

"Yet, though deficient in all that constitutes the charm and essence of the character, the Hamlet of the French stage was better fitted than the marvellous creation of Shakspeare to display the genius of Talma. His province was the profound, the terrible, the sublime; but he was not remarkable for tenderness; and gaiety and playfulness (qualities of our Hamlet,) were utterly beyond his reach. The play, therefore, was well constructed for exhibiting what he could do, and for concealing what he could not; and, had he selected any for the purpose of producing a powerful first impression, this would have been the one chosen.

"His first entrance—his rush upon the stage, imagining he is followed by his father's ghost—was really terrific! The wild cry, the staggering and uncertain step, the eyes distended, the open mouth, the wide-spread fingers, and hands vaguely waving in the air—was altogether a representation of terror, mingled with horror unequalled for force and truth. It needed the presence of no ghost to account for it; it was manifest, that nothing short of a supernatural vision, could have occasioned it. He almost realized the effects enumerated by Shakspeare's ghost as consequent upon his narrating the tale he could unfold to ears of flesh and blood."

"On a line with his awful imaginings of the presence of the ghost, might be placed his threats to Claudius. They were overwhelming—like thunder—or a whirlwind; and the actor (*Desmousseaux*), to whom they were addressed, forgetting, in their fearful reality, the play, the stage, the audience, seemed absolutely to quail beneath them. I have seen him produce a similar effect in *Nero*.

"I once heard him in a moment of anger and indignation—mean in real life—utter three words, which, if so given on the stage, would have electrified the audience; for, as it was, they shook the nerves of a *gens-d'arme*. "I was going with him to the *Théâtre Français* to see him set Falkland (*Sir Edward Mortimer*.) The shortest cut into the theatre was by the public entrance; so he made his way through the crowd (I following him) till he reached the door. As the doors were not yet open to the public, the sentinel on duty, not knowing the tragedian, advanced with the usual word of order, '*Ne passe pas!*' at the same time barring the way with his carbine. Talma, indignant at the interruption, fell back one step, drew himself up to his extreme height, struck his breast six or seven times in rapid succession, and, his eyes flashing fire, he thundered out—'*Je suis Talma!*'—with a long continued emphasis on the last syllable. The sentinel literally let his piece fall from his hands, and drew back to the very wall, whilst we passed on."

"For scenes of the kind I have described he possessed many and peculiar advantages."

"Though not tall, he appeared to be what is termed well-knit—firm and muscular; his head was large and broad, and set solidly upon a neck unusually thick; his eye was quick, piercing, flashing, even fierce; and his face altogether capable of expressing, in the highest degree, every variety of tragic passion, but more particularly rage and terror. Then his voice was deep, full, clear, round, and musical. It was his command of voice that enabled him to give such touching effect to his lamentation over the urn containing the ashes of his father—(in Hamlet)—a scene



of the most profound pathetic. But he never suffered himself to be betrayed, by the acknowledged beauty of his voice, into mere unmeaning sing-song. His tones were beautiful chiefly because they were fraught with sense and passion. Like Young's and like John Kemble's—(whose voice was in many respects defective)—they were *intellectual*; and, like their's, too, when they were most beautiful, they were most truly the reflex of his feelings and his understanding. He never had recourse to them as a cover to a feeble conception; nor did he take refuge in empty sound from inability to grapple with sense. These qualifications combined it was that rendered him super-eminent in such scenes as those I have noticed."—vol. ii. pp. 197–199.

We meant to have closed these delightful volumes with these happy notices of Palma; but we are sure our readers will be pleased to hear something by the author of his own dramatic labours, which are neither few nor feeble.

"The idea of the character of Paul Pry was suggested by the following anecdote, related to me several years ago, by a beloved friend."

"An idle old lady, living in a narrow street, had passed so much of her time in watching the affairs of her neighbours, that she, at length acquired the power of distinguishing the sound of every knocker within hearing. It happened that she fell ill, and was, for several days, confined to her bed. Unable to observe, in person, what was going on without, as a substitute for the performance of that duty, she stationed her maid at the window. But Betty soon grew weary of the occupation: she became careless in her reports—impatient and tetchy when reprimanded for her negligence.

"Betty, what are you thinking about! don't you hear a double knock at No. 9? Who is it?"

"The first-floor lodger, Ma'am."

"Betty!—Betty!—I declare I must give you warning! Why don't you tell me what that knock is at No. 54?"

"Why, Lord! Ma'am, it is only the baker, with pies."

"Pies, Betty! what can they want with pies at 54? they had pies yesterday!"

"Of this very point I have availed myself."

"Let me add that Paul Pry was never intended as *the representative of any one individual*, but of a class. Like the melancholy of Jaques, he is 'compounded of many Simples,' and I could mention five or six who were unconscious contributors to the character. That it should have been so often, though erroneously, supposed to have been drawn after some particular person, is, perhaps, complimentary to the general truth of the delineation."—vol. ii. pp. 324–326.

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ART. XII.—*Researches and Missionary Labours among the Jews, Mahomedans, and other Sects.* By the Rev. JOSEPH WOLFF. Malta: published by the Author. Sold by J. Nisbet, London.

THE chivalrous enterprises and exploits of the Crusaders will not form such a noble theme for future historians as the enthusiastic philanthropy and moral courage displayed by the missionaries of

our own days. There is a great disparity in the purity and wisdom of the motives which guided these distinct orders of champions. The one contemplated worldly renown and state to be the reward of their gallant undertaking;—the other the everlasting welfare of their fellow-men. The one carried the sword, and was prepared to shed blood in the conflict to which they hastened, but the weapon which armed the other is the light of reason and of the Gospel. The former had all the excitements to urge them on, that are enticing in this world, and their prowess was called forth by giddy starts; but the latter have nothing but constant toil and penury to expect; in their obscure situation, nor the presence of friends or civilized men to gladden their days; nothing but truth, conscience, and the approbation of heaven to cheer them on, and for their reward. But these are every thing to the noblest in purpose and the most enduring in action;—these are the consolations of the missionaries now, and will be their reward hereafter.

A just and full view of Christian missions forms such a heart-stirring and magnanimous theme as to make one rejoice at being born in the age when they have assumed such a simultaneous ardour, and presented such a combined sway as they have done of late years. Nay, the literature alone belonging to this subject has become a prominent feature in the history of our times. Think of the travels and the voyages—of the dangers and achievements of the heroic evangelizers of the human race, who have sped to every land and people with the single purpose of doing good; the lives of the devout women who have encountered the icebergs of Greenland and the torrid deserts of Africa, that they might bring all to the knowledge of a Redeemer, already form a library of unsurpassed interest and excellence.

One obvious and great effect is produced by the publication of these biographies. Very many of the most adventurous and successful missionaries have been first stirred to the mighty work by a perusal of the memoir of some former hero in the cause. Though there be neither ease, worldly gain, nor the smile of the great to render the subject enticing, yet the intellectual and moral greatness evinced by the daring and enduring philanthropist attracts the admiration of kindred spirits, and thus of late years has led, in the case of missions, to the constant increase of adventurers in the same glorious field of conquest. We have now before us the researches and missionary labours of one enthusiastic champion of Christianity, the very suggestion which led to the undertaking being on a most adventurous scale. "In the year 1829," says Mr. Wolff, "being then at Jerusalem, I said to my wife, 'Bokhara and Balkh are very much in my mind, for I think I shall there find the Ten Tribes.' 'Well,' she replied, 'I have no objection to your going there.'" Now, it is the narrative of the travels thus undertaken that are now before us, and which cannot be read without kindling in every magnanimous, generous, or well-regulated mind,

sentiments of the highest admiration and deepest sympathy. We shall proceed to give some notices of these adventures.

The Rev. J. Wolff, is a converted Jew, who wandered as a missionary to Persia, the Turkoman desert, Bokhara, Balkh, Cabul, India, Cashmere, &c., and encountered almost unparalleled perils in his course. See what he endured on the eastern borders of Persia:—

"We stopt at Sangerd for a few moments, and having learnt that the people of the famous Mohammed Ishak Khan Kerahe of Torbad Hydrabad were wandering about in the neighbourhood, for the purpose of making slaves, we joined a caravan of ass-drivers and a horseman from Nishapoor. Those ass-drivers had laden their asses with dates and lemons for Abbas Mirza, sent as a present by Ali Nakee Khan of Tabas. We had scarcely rode on for five miles, when we saw at a distance a band of horsemen, and heard a firing: they came towards us with their arms spread open. As I was already a good deal advanced before the caravan, I might easily have made my escape; but I thought it not right to leave my servant in the hands of the robbers, and therefore returned. \* \*

"I was stripped in a moment of everything, even of the shirt from my back: nothing, nothing was left to me; it was then extremely cold. They put a rag filled with vermin over me, and brought me out of the highway, where I met with the rest, weeping and crying, and bound to the tails of the robbers' horses. It was an awful sight, to see robbers (twenty-four in number) beating and cursing each other, and beating us poor *Banda*, (i. e. those that are bound); disputing among themselves, whose property every one of us should be. We were driven along by them in continual gallop, on account of the approaching Turkomans: for if the Turkomans had found us out, or come near us, our robbers would have been made slaves by them, they being Sheahs themselves. \* \*

"During the night, three of the prisoners had the good fortune to make their escape. The Chief, Hassan Khan by name, a horrid looking fellow, with a blue diseased tongue, which prevented him from being well understood, screamed out, 'Look out for them, and if you find them, kill them instantly.' However, they did not succeed in finding them. About two o'clock in the morning, we stopt in a forest; they had pity on me, and gave me a cup of tea, made of my own, which they had taken. They broke open the cases belonging to Abbas Mirza, filled with dates, and gave me a share of them. They began after this to put a price on us, my servant was valued at ten, and myself at five *Tomauns*. The moment they took the money from my servant, I found out that that fellow had robbed me of 16 *Tomauns*, which he now lost. Some tried again to make their escape, but were horridly beaten by a young robber 14 years of age. After this we were put in irons. It was an awful night, cold and freezing, and we were without anything to cover us. The robbers consulted together about me, whether it was advisable or not to kill me, as I was known by Abbas Mirza: for they were afraid if Abbas Mirza should hear of me, that he would claim me."

He was released through the influence of Abbas Mirza. We find him on one occasion thus tried by the Mahomedans:—"One of the caravan beat me, and said, 'Say God is God, and Mahom-

med the prophet of God,' I replied with the greatest calmness, but without reflecting, 'I cannot tell a lie.' These fanatics, instead of being enraged at this, burst into a fit of laughter and said, 'Let the fool alone.'" On the road from Balkh to Cabul, Mr. Wolff had terrible trials again to encounter.

"As my people, namely, one Mohammedan and two Jewish servants; and my muleteers, knew that I had been at Jerusalem, they called me Hadjee, i. e. Pilgrim; and the Mohammedans of Bokhara, the Turkomans in the desert, and the inhabitants of Mazaur, treat with distinction any Christian or Jewish Hadjee; but the Sheah (followers of Ali) have no regard except for a Mohammedan Hadjee. Arriving at Docab, I sat down upon the ground; and being asked for my name, I replied, 'Hadjee Youssuf;' they desired my blessing, which I gave to them. They then asked my Mohammedan servant, whether I was a Mussulman; he replied, 'Yes;' I, on hearing it, said, 'No;' then they asked me why I had given them the blessing; I answered, 'I am a believer in Jesus Christ, and was respected at Bokhara as a Hadjee, because I was at Jerusalem.' The Chief of the place: Now say, God is God, and Mohammed the Prophet of God; else we will kill you. *Myself*: I am a believer in Jesus. The Chief assembled the Mullahs, who looked into the Coran, and I was sentenced to be burnt alive. I appealed to Mohammed Moored Beg, and told them that I was an Englishman. *Mullahs*: Then purchase thy blood. *Myself*: Then take all I have. And thus they did; they stripped me of everything, even of my three shirts, and the only bed cover I had with me."

On reaching Cabul he was almost completely in a naked state, but he met with a very civil reception from Dr. Gerard and some other individuals. He also names Lieut. Burnes as a person who at that time seemed cordial in his kindness. But, notwithstanding these professions, Mr. Wolff throws out not a few disparaging insinuations, charging him with jealousy. Our missionary will have it that the Lieutenant was annoyed that he, Mr. Wolff, should have been first in crossing the Paromissus, from Bokhara to India. Now, we meddle not with the credibility of the charge, but we cannot but subjoin our conviction, that Mr. Wolff, with all his intrepidity and devotion, is not remarkable for prudence, nor guided by caution in opinion or statement, nor eminent for liberality of sentiment. His volume, however, presents a curious mixture of character, and cannot but interest every reader.

## NOTICES.

ART. XIII.—*Songs of the Prophets.* By M. S. MARSH. London: Baldwin and Cradock. 1835.

AFTER an introductory chapter, containing an outline of the History of Prophecy, which we recommend as a clear and forcible abridgment of Bishop Newton's incomparable work on this subject, we have here four songs, with a historical sketch of the subject of each. 1st. "The Cities of the Plain." 2d. "The Desolation of Nineveh." 3d. "The Burthen of Tyre." And 4th. "The Burthen of Babylon." In so far as the prose sketches go, every thing is communicated that is fully ascertained either from revelation or otherwise, of these fated spots; but after all, the authentic groundwork belonging to them for poetry is so very scanty, that the author seems to have been straitened at every turn, and to have been forced to dilate and repeat the same ideas and images, almost to a fatiguing extent, in his endeavour to elucidate the historical events. We therefore do not apprehend that Mr. Milton is likely to become celebrated as a bard, through the present poetic attempt, although the general construction of his verses, the impressive character of his themes, and above all his prose dissertations, when taken together, constitute a volume of instructive and highly interesting matter.

ART. XIV.—*Provincial Sketches.* By the Author of *The House of the Daughter, the Puritan's Grave, &c.* London: Churton. 1835.

These sketches have not pleased us so much as some of the author's former works. We were going to say that his pictures are too often caricatures, but they are rather entertaining exaggerations. He certainly however has a ready hand at striking off at once a lively and humorous scene in quaint, or homely and broad life. The virtues of mankind, as seen through the sincerity of unsophisticated rustics, and their palpable vices, vanities, and jealousies, are fully perceived by the author. Every one member in those abodes of originality called country towns, is a subject not so difficult for his pencil. We say abodes of originality; for, where the established forms of mediocrity or of large communities, have not completely remodelled mankind, into uniform and tame objects—where every one's bent of genius and taste is allowed to be indulged to any extent that disturbs not the peace of the neighbourhood, without subjecting the parties to unmeasured ridicule—in such places our author can never be at a loss for studies, nor with his peculiar power, at any difficulty to give highly spirited and entertaining sketches, as is manifest from the volume before us.

ART. XV.—*The Sketch Book of the South.* London: Churton. 1835.

We are told in the preface that these desultory papers are some of a series written on the spots described, having been intended to form part of a publication connected with the South of Europe. They partake of facts and fictions—of sentiment, enthusiasm and adventure. The pieces are



unequal, and the pictures intended are sometimes feebly worked up. But on the whole, the volume will repay a perusal.

There are two journals introduced, written, as we are told, by other persons than the author of the greater portion of the volume; the one, an account of the Grande Chartreuse, by a gentleman, who died on the Continent some years back, a victim to distress of mind; the other from the manuscripts of some countess or another, near fifty years ago. The latter of these journals was not worthy of the trouble of copying, the other is affecting and powerful.

AND. XVI.—*England; a Historical Poem*. Vol. 2. By JOHN WALKER. ORD. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1835.

THE author dedicates this volume to the Duke of Wellington, and in a fol-  
some strain talks on the one hand of himself as a poet, and of singing the  
deeds of heroes; and on the other of his Grace, on whom it devolved  
“to stay the bloody career of the most cruel, perfidious, and formidable  
usurper that ever existed.” “To whom,” asks he, “can the poet so well  
look as to the deliverer of his country?” To the Duke, therefore, this bard  
has looked, and probably in vain, for preferment and notice during the  
late administration; “scorning and despising at the same time the cla-  
mour that has been raised against you by disappointed politicians, and the  
base ingratitude of a cowardly and ferocious rabble.” All this is very  
magnanimous no doubt. But it is of the poet, not the politician we have  
to speak.

Mr. Ord tells us that in this latter day, when the office of the bard is  
in such disrepute, and when it has become almost a stigma on the cha-  
racter of a man, that he endeavours to tread in the steps of—who does  
the reader think our modest bard treads in the steps of?—Why, these  
common place bards, “Homer, Virgil, and Shakspeare.” Yet he, with  
pride and exultation, in such a day, sings “the poetical history of the  
romance of my country.” In this attempt he selects a great number and  
variety of remarkable passages and characters in English history to sing  
of; such as the Siege of Calais, Death of Richard the Second, Jane Shore,  
and Cardinal Wolsey. We cannot give a better specimen of the poetry,  
the modesty, and the favourites of our bard, than by extracting the three  
following stanzas, called forth by the name and renown of the Cardinal.  
Our readers will perceive a good deal of spirit, and rhythmical power in  
them. But how can Mr. Ord ever forgive himself, if a certain learned  
lord should, after the concluding fearful lines, go hang himself, from  
sheer remorse and terror?

The lyre!—the lyre!—sing ye aloud its praise!  
It shook the ancient heavens with conquering song,  
And mingled with the sun's descending rays,  
It wander'd the old fields and groves among,  
And like a mighty river revell'd strong!  
Great Homer bore it sceptred in his hand;  
With burning Sappho it career'd along;  
Pure Virgil caught the spell, and held command;  
And mighty Shakspeare shook its fires o'er every land!  
The hearts of monarchs bend beneath its sway,  
It swells o'er human secrets, and can view

The inmost struggles that are hid from day  
 It lendeth to the soul another hue  
 Of fancy, and of hope, that can imbue  
 With dreams immortal, mortal ecstasy  
 All things from this receive an impulse new  
 And walks it not upon the circling sky  
 Mingling with moons and stars, time and eternity  
 Stern are its admonitions and covers  
 Then Brougham sitting on thy place of state  
 This truth the lyre shall thunder in the ear  
 Beware, lest thou be tumbled from thy height  
 Beware, Beware, the avenger lies in wait  
 Outrage and wrong have eyes attended thee  
 And wild ambition girds thee round with hate  
 Beware, beware, of Wolsey's misery  
 Lest Phaeton's, Ixion's doom, thy dreadful doom shall be

ART. XVII. *The History of the Rise, Increase and Progress of the Christian People called Quakers, &c.* By Wm. Sewell. Sixth Edition. London: Darton and Harvey. 1854.

ON the appearance of the sixth edition of the standard history of the Quakers, it cannot be necessary to say much, further than that it is got up in a style worthy of itself. Yet how many respectable persons are there in this country who are almost totally ignorant of the history of this estimable sect? Many are unaware, that at one time in this country, and that too, much later than what may be called the dark age of England, hatred was carried against the Quakers to such a length, that few of them, except those of a tender age, were not in prison for their religious faith. They who would know what have been the sufferings of these people in our own tolerant country, let them read Sewell's History. We quote the words of a popular writer — "I know not," says he, "what book I have read so often, or with such unabated pleasure, as Sewell's History. The pictures of the times which it displays, are such as would furnish material to a whole tribe of those writers of fiction, who delight to interweave their imaginings with the personages and manners of real life in past ages." After glancing at the lives of a few of the Quakers, the same writer goes on to say, "I would fain conduct thee, gentle reader, into the presence of kings and princes; to hold converse with the excellent Elizabeth of the Rhine; with the subtle Cromwell, and the merry Charles the Second; I would fain lead thee into the depth of the Italian Inquisition, with too weak, yet dauntless women; to the foot of the Sultan; to Palestine itself; and amid pirates at sea, and the horrors of Algerine slavery; but to do all this would require a volume, and such a volume has Sewell already compiled for thee, worth, according to the opinion of Charles Lamb, 'all Ecclesiastical History put together'."

ART. XVIII. *An Abridgment of Hilary's English Grammar, &c.* By Richard Hull. Second Edition, much enlarged. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1855.

THIS abridgment is rapidly superseding many of the numberless English Grammars, and pretended guides to composition that have of late years

been passed off by audacious compilers and incompetent teachers. Mr. Hiley's work is really an English Grammar, and though small in size, is so comprehensive, full and lucid, as to communicate to the student a much more complete knowledge of our language, than could be anticipated from its exterior. We cannot easily give up our partiality for Murray's School Book, although by no means faultless or perfect, and the object of much abuse on the part of many who have had no other merit than borrowing from it, and injuring that which they borrowed. But we must admit that the present effort is an improvement, even beyond Murray's; nor can there be any question, we apprehend, of its general adoption hereafter in every well conducted seminary or school-room.

We have not had an opportunity of consulting Mr. Hiley's larger work, from which this is abstracted; but if its superiority in value be proportioned to its superiority in bulk, it must be a very complete grammar indeed; for, we have found the abridgment distinguished in various parts by originality, and not a little of the philosophy of grammar.

The two brief preparatory courses of composition which are subjoined, will be found simple and effective means, if judiciously followed out, of teaching the young the whole art of composition, which consists, first, in the habit of thinking closely, and observing nicely, and secondly, in the practice of clothing these processes with natural and ready expressions.

ART. XLX.—*Philanthropic Economy: or, the Philosophy of Happiness, practically applied to the social, political, and commercial relations of*

*Great Britain.* By Mrs. Loudon. London: Chubb: 1833.

Murray's ethics, ethical philosophy, theology, and politics are all introduced and huddled together. We do not wonder that these subjects are forbidden either by delicacy or general indifference with these subjects, although they certainly are not studies of the fair. But we need not hesitate to affirm the author's, as we are informed in the title page, "Fottage Hunting," and "Dilemmas of Pride," we better had she kept by such lady-like matters, than to meddle most indiscreetly of moral science. We do not so much wonder, and we have here and there been pleased of her philanthropy and piety. But the crude charity, if the term can be at all applied in the present instance, is most remarkable, while her presumption in correcting established phraseology and lecturing authors of note, is the reverse of what might be expected from a fair philosopher. Were Mrs. Loudon's style, and beggings of the question left out, where should her system be? Indeed, were there nothing more to complain of, than her warped and interminable sentences, we should find her *Philanthropic Economy* a most tiresome book. We thought of copying one sentence, from the many heavy ones that have stared us in the face, in the very preliminary pages of the volume, as a specimen of her style of reasoning and writing, but as any one of those we have marked occupies an entire octavo page, we must be excused for not fulfilling our original purpose, on account of our circumscribed limits for such notices as the present. We shall, however, quote the whole of the dedication, the spirit and the style of which prevail throughout the

volume. "To every human being on whom God has bestowed the gift of reason, this earnest appeal to reason, to justice, to honesty, to pure morality enforced by sacred obligation, to every noblest sympathy of humanity, is, with ardent feelings of good-will to all, inscribed by the author." But the nonsense she writes, is not so incongruous as her professed regard for religion and the Bible, when compared with her most preposterous and disgusting radicalism, which after all is but clumsily pillaged from the most ignorant of that class of politicians.

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ART. XX.—*Popular Statistics and Universal Geography, a perpetual Companion to the Almanacs, &c.* London: JOSEPH THOMAS. 1835.

WE cannot give a clearer and more condensed account of this compact little book, which is full to over-flowing of facts, the knowledge of which are in constant demand, than to copy its title page. It contains "the length, breadth, population, chief cities, produce, government, revenue, military and naval strength, arts, religion, &c., of every state in the world; a distance table of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, with the principal travelling stations of France and the Netherlands; together with distinct distant tables of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales; chronological tables of ancient and modern history, biography, and geographical discovery; names and value in British money of all foreign coins; height of the principal mountains, and length of the principal rivers, bridges, piers, &c.; tables shewing any day of the week in any month in any year in the nineteenth century, and the expectation of life according to the law of mortality at Carlisle. Also a general introduction to a knowledge of geography and statistics, illustrated with tables of population for the great divisions of the globe; many other curious and useful tables, and an engraved chart of the world, after Mercator's projection." The full and lucid order in which these multifarious parts of the most useful ordinary knowledge of daily life are here treated and exhibited, is of a superior character, shewing great industry in compiling from the best authorities on various subjects introduced. We have no hesitation in saying this small volume should be upon the table not only of the merchant, and man of public business, but in the hands of every one who reads the newspapers, that their contents and references may be readily and satisfactorily understood.

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# THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

JULY, 1835.

ART. I.—*Algiers, with Notices of the Neighbouring States of Barbary.*  
By PERCEVAL BARTON LORD. London: Whittaker, 1835.

THE history and present condition of the Barbary States derive a particular value and interest from the attempt which the French have been making lately to colonize a portion of them, and the manifest desire entertained for the acquisition of the remainder. A sufficient proof of the increased importance attached to this subject, may be found in the number of publications that have lately appeared in this country, devoted to it. Dr. Russel's volume, belonging to the Edinburgh Cabinet Library series, and "Excursions in the Mediterranean, Algiers and Tunis," by Sir G. T. Temple, which we lately reviewed, along with the present work, may be quoted in evidence of the redoubled consideration due to Algiers and the neighbouring States at this moment. And if there be one thing more clear than another connected with the history of those States, it is that in laying a strong hand upon Algiers, France has got into a sea of troubles; that her power in Barbary is still limited by her outposts in the neighbourhood of the city of Algiers; that her name is held in detestation by the inhabitants, who reject with disdain all measures of improvement offered by such an enemy; and that the conquerors know not how to hold, without great disadvantage, that which they have got.

The work before us so represents the French sway in these territories, founding its representations on the published accounts of the invaders themselves; charging the failure of the enterprize to the ignorance, the incapacity, the injustice, and the cruelty of the invaders.

Our author, in his preface, refers directly to the general desire manifested by the progressing spirit of the age, "to watch the working of that great problem in legislative science, which is to convert a barbarian race into a civilized people, transform a nest of pirates into a seat of commerce, confine nomade hordes to fixed habitations, substitute agriculture for pasture, and probably, the religion of the Bible for that of the Koran." And in discussing these interesting questions, suggested by the attempt of France, at



present making, to retain, by the arts of peace, what they have gained by force of arms, on the north coast of Africa, the character of the conquerors, and the character of the conquered, especially the latter, necessarily fall to be discussed. Still, the conduct of the former in their processes of subjugation, mutual intercourse, and colonization, forms a great field for the study of the philosopher, the statesman, and the philanthropist; and as exhibited and discussed in the following pages, abounds with instructive lessons. It is indeed pleasant to go along with the author, whose pages are not more distinguished by their polished and healthy feeling, than by the vividness and variety of the pictures they contain. They furnish nothing short of most engaging and most enlightened information.

The first chapter gives a summary sketch of the history of Algiers, beginning with its aboriginal inhabitants, and bringing the narrative down to the period when it assumed all the appearance of a French colony. We must pass over the greater portion of this historical introduction, only refreshing the memory of our readers by a reference to one or two circumstances belonging to the French invasion and conquest. After numberless provocations offered to every Christian power, and latterly in an especial manner to the French, in 1827 the Dey himself insulted, in the most shameful manner, the honour of France, by striking across the mouth, with a fly-flap, the national representative; by destroying all the French establishments along the coast towards Bona; by ordering his forts to fire on the vessel of Admiral De la Bretonnière, who in 1829 had gone to Algiers under a flag of truce, to make a final proposal of terms of accommodation, and by many other acts of wanton oppression. All France was in an uproar in consequence of these violations of the laws of nations; the cry for war became universal, and an expedition of extraordinary magnitude and promise was determined on in February, 1830. The Count de Bourmont, then minister at war, appointed himself to the command, and about the middle of May, the embarkation of the expedition was completed. The debarkation took place considerably to the west of the city of Algiers, on a peninsula, where no opposition was encountered.

We need not follow the narrative detailing the progress of the invaders, in which our author freely canvasses the conduct of the General, and repeatedly charges him with indolence and apathy. There were some notable mistakes also committed by the grand army; but in spite of these, and the undisputed bravery as well as determination of the natives, the discipline and tactics of the invaders over the invaded, were much more than equal to every other drawback or difficulty. The French, in fact, had only to deal with barbarians. The siege of the Emperor's Fort (a name derived from its occupying the ground on which the tent of the Emperor Charles V. had stood, during his unsuccessful expedition in 1541), which decided the fate of Algiers, as described by our

author, gives a successful picture of European skill, and Turkish courage:—

“ The French works, however, were now nearly complete: that very night the heavy breaching cannon were all mounted; and at day break on the 4th of July, General Lahitte, having assured himself by personal inspection that all was ready, ordered the signal rocket to be thrown, and at the same moment the whole French batteries opened their fire within point blank distance, and with a report which shook the whole of Algiers, and brought the garrison, who were little expecting so speedy an attack, running to their posts. The artillery was admirably served, and from one battery which enfiladed the fort, the balls were seen to sweep away at once an entire row of Algerine cannoneers from their guns. The Turks displayed the most undaunted courage; they answered shot for shot, supplied with fresh men the places of such as were slain, stopped up with woolsacks the breaches made by the balls, replaced the cannon which the French fire had dismounted, and never relaxed their exertions for a moment. But the nature of their works was ill-calculated to withstand the scientific accuracy with which the besiegers made their attack. Every ball now told—the tower in the centre was completely riddled by shot and shells; the bursting of these latter had disabled great numbers of the garrison. By seven o'clock the besieged had begun to retire from the most damaged part of their works; by half past eight the whole outer line of defence was abandoned, and by nine the fire of the fort was extinct. The Turkish general finding opposition hopeless, had sent to the Dey for commands; and in reply was ordered to retreat with his whole remaining force to the Kassaubah, and leave three negroes to blow up the fort. The tranquillity with which they performed this fatal task deserves record. The French finding the enemy's fire to fail, directed all theirs towards effecting a practicable breach. The fort seemed to be abandoned;—two red flags floated still on its outside line of defence, and a third on the angle towards the city. Three negroes were seen calmly walking on the ramparts, and from time to time looking over, as if to examine what progress the breach was making. One of them, struck by a cannon-ball, fell, and the others, as if to revenge his death, ran to a cannon, pointed it, and fired three shots. At the third, the gun turned over, and they were unable to replace it. They tried another, and as they were in the act of raising it, a shot swept the legs from under one of them. The remaining negro gazed for a moment on his comrade, drew him a little back, left him, and once more examined the breach. He then snatched one of the flags, and retired to the interior of the tower; in a few minutes he reappeared, took a second and descended. The French continued to cannonade, and the breach appeared almost practicable, when suddenly they were astounded by a terrific explosion, which shook the whole ground as with an earthquake; an immense column of smoke, mixed with streaks of flame, burst from the centre of the fortress, masses of solid masonry were hurled into the air to an amazing height, while cannon, stones, timbers, projectiles, and dead bodies, were scattered in every direction—the negro had done his duty—the fort was blown up.”—vol. i, pp. 115—117.

The geographical view of the Barbary States is brief, but perspicuous, as drawn by our author from various standard authorities. The several classes of inhabitants are then described at length;

whose habits, manners, religion, and ignorance, are the same that they were ages ago, the successive conquerors beneath whose sway Northern Africa has fallen, excepting the Vandals, having left behind them, as our author remarks, permanent memorials of their existence, in the present population. The Vandals were too impetuous and transitory in their invasion, to transmit long-lasting traces. The Romans, however, the masters of the world, are said to be recognised in the features, among the wandering children of the desert. The Medes, too, are said to be duly represented, who first broke in upon the aboriginal inhabitants; after their descent, intermarrying with the Libyans, "who in their barbarous mode of speaking, changed the name Medes into Moors." The Saracen conquest came last, previous to the late French invasion, and Turks were accordingly the ruling caste up to this period. To these various origins may be added Jews, attracted by commercial motives—Negroes originally imported from the south as slaves—and the Colougies or the descendants of Turkish fathers by Moorish mothers. Such is the classification of the inhabitants of these States, as given by our author, which he draws from high authority. He describes them according to their classes, and considers that, taking them in the aggregate, as respects the population of the Algerine State, not including the Negroes, free and in slavery, the amount may be, as given in the *Annales des Voyages*, 1,870,000.

These several classes or varieties, without speaking scientifically, and only grouping tribes as agreeing in circumstances of origin, appearance, and habits, are included under the names of Berbers, Moors, Arabs, Negroes, Jews, Turks, and Colougies—to each of which we shall hastily call attention, as guided by our author, whose researches and studies have evidently been such as to entitle his statements to particular regard.

The Algerine name for the people we call Berbers, is Kabyles, who inhabit the whole chain of the Lesser Atlas, from the kingdom of Tunis to the empire of Morocco. Their features are described as less prominent than those of the Arabs, as something wild and fierce, and as speaking a language which possesses little affinity with any other known tongue. As respects their religion, we cannot but observe the arts and sway of the priesthood.

Of religion the Berbers have little, save what consists in a blind obedience to their Marabouts. These men, whose name and order originated with the Arabs, now receive respect not only from them, but from the Berbers, Moors, Colougies, Turks, and even Jews. They are generally persons of an austere, rigid life, continually employing themselves either in counting over their beads, or else in meditation and prayer. This saintship goes by succession, and the son is entitled to the same reverence and esteem with the father, provided he can keep up and maintain the same gravity and decorum. Some of them also share in the same reputation as their prophet, of receiving visions, and conversing with the Deity; whilst others who pretend to work miracles, are endowed with

gifts which Mahomet himself durst not pretend to. They live in retired situations, in a sort of cell, leading the lives of hermits, and the degree of mystery with which they thus envelop themselves, adds not a little to their reputation. Doctor Shaw vainly attempted to see a miracle worked by one of the most celebrated of them, Sydi Ben Mukha-lah, who was said to have a solid piece of iron, which at his command would give the sound and produce the effects of a cannon; but he was more successful in seeing another of them, Sydi Ashoure, who was celebrated for vomiting fire. 'This operation, as he performed it, I saw several times; the first instance whereof did indeed very much surprise me. For being in a ~~mult~~ company, and little regarding him, I observed, all on a sudden, his mouth in a blaze, and his whole body seemingly distorted with agonies. But by keeping my eye more carefully upon him when the same was repeated a second time (for he had several of these pretended ecstasies), I plainly discovered the whole cheat and contrivance. For during the time that his head and his hands lay concealed under his burnoose, when he pretended to be conversing with the Deity, he was actually lighting the fire, and accordingly, when he was ready to display it, such a quantity of smoke attended his head and hands on withdrawing them from under his burnoose, there was so strong a smell likewise of tow and sulphur, besides some threads of the former, that were unfortunately engaged to his beard, that none but an ignorant and bigoted people could be deceived by the imposture.' The Arabs, however, thought otherwise: they declared that he had wrought a great miracle, and the *ma kan shy kiff hoo*, 'there was none like him.'

"The Marabouts are generally supported by the gifts of the faithful, who come to consult them, or to demand their prayers. The greater part of their votaries are females, whom they are permitted to see alone and unveiled. They have even free access to the harems; and should they so far forget their office as to make an improper use of these privileges, the wife immediately tells her husband, who, so far from exhibiting his usual jealousy or anger, bows his head to the earth, and thanks the Prophet for the signal honour done to his family. If a Marabout requires any thing, he sends for it to the nearest person whom he knows to possess it, without fear of being refused. He enters, at pleasure, any garden, shop, or private house, and takes possession of whatever he may fancy, to the great gratification of the possessor, who looks on this as a sure presage of good fortune. . . .

"Occasionally one of these men is found to be a person of information and education, but a greater number are fools, or become so from the continual adoration which is paid them. Sometimes they take the whim of walking into the city, wrapped in a wretched blanket, their feet and head bare, and a long rod, held like a pilgrim's staff, in their hands. I once saw one in Algiers equipped in this manner,' says Dan, 'who used his rod to strike every one he met. It is true that he did not hit very hard, and that those whom he thus struck esteemed themselves happy, for the belief prevailed that every blow so received was a meritorious work, which released them from so many sins; insomuch that, if this hypocrite passed by any without striking, they straightway ran up to him, kissed his hands and feet, and even his wretched rags, imploring him for a blow.' It is rather singular, that this worthy Father Dan, who could so clearly see the absurdity of considering blows inflicted by a Mahomedan saint as passports to the kingdom of heaven, should not with equal readiness per-

ceive the inefficacy of scourgings and mortifications, so often prescribed by himself and his brethren, in their character of Christian priests."—vol. i, pp. 180—183.

The Moors, who form the great bulk of the population of Barbary, although probably of equal antiquity with the Berber tribes, by no means retain the same purity of blood, since they were generally inhabitants of the plains and sea-coast, and therefore much exposed to the intermixtures of every successive conqueror. They dwell in houses, and are found collected in cities and villages, whereas the Berbers inhabit huts of a much ruder and temporary construction. They are unsocial, unaffectionate, and great thieves. The pages before us are particularly curious and precise as to the appearance and condition of the Moorish women, the perfection of whose beauty lays in size, so that they are esteemed according to weight. The marriage ceremonies among half-civilized tribes are generally multifarious and extravagant; and especially where a variety of wives are allowed to each man, we may look for such a number of nuptial observances, as to constitute a large share of the public and private history of the people. We have often heard husbands declare the extent of trouble occasioned by one wife to be such, that they could not conceive how people of other times and countries, who took to themselves a plurality, contrived to lead a life where peace and comfort ever existed. The Moors have a cure for such domestic broils as a multiplicity of idle women must be supposed likely to excite. It is explained towards the close of the following extract.

"Every Moor is allowed to marry four wives, and afterwards to take as many *kadeem*, or concubines, as he is able to support. The latter privilege is freely indulged in, black women being generally chosen for the purpose, and answering, at the same time, as slaves to their master's wife. As to the former, they are by no means so ready to avail themselves of it; most Moors thinking, probably, as we do, that one wife is enough at a time, inasmuch that Mr. Jackson tells us, 'that in a tract of country possessing a population of one hundred thousand souls, a hundred men will scarcely be found who keep four.' Their chief objection seems to be the expense of maintaining them; 'I saw frequently,' says Mr. Razet, 'an old Moor, who lived in a house with his son, who paid him no manner of attention, and fought with him from morning till night. 'If you had a wife,' said I, one day, 'she would take care of you, and you would be much more happy.' 'I want neither wife nor poultry,' said he, 'they cost too much to feed.'

"Polygamy is more common in the towns than in the country, and the women are generally employed in the affairs of the house, making cushions and pillows, being their chief accomplishment. When a new wife is taken, the former wives live for seven days deprived of all manner of intercourse with their husband, who, for this space of time, devotes himself entirely to his bride. On the seventh day, he introduces her to his other wives, whose brows she is obliged to kiss, tells them that they should not be angry, that their holy law allows her an equal share with them in his affections, promises to divide his attentions fairly amongst them, and exhorts them to unanimity and concord. This ex-



heretation is generally attended to, or, at least, their bickerings are kept amongst themselves, and not allowed to interfere with their husband's peace: who would soon terminate the dispute by locking them all up in their own rooms, and feeding them for some days on nothing but rice and water, and if this failed, by divorcing the most refractory. In fact, a husband's power over his wives is of the most arbitrary nature; and if he chooses to use it, he may tyrannize over his unfortunate victims without control, no one being able to assist them, as no one can enter the harem without his permission. M. Renaudot, who certainly always tells the worst story he can of this people, mentions that a Moor went one day to the cady, and told him that he had found it necessary to cut off the head of one of his wives, as she would not live in peace with the rest. 'You were right,' said the cady, coolly sipping his coffee, 'next time try and get one of a sweeter temper.'—vol. i, pp. 264—266.

But it is not with levity that we wish to leave a subject which concerns so deeply the rights of the weaker sex. Our author's farther details afford such a picture of degradation and injustice, in the Moorish laws and customs on this subject, as to swell the heart with indignation, while it excites the adoration which the author of Christianity merits, whose religion may emphatically be called the salvation of woman; a truth constituting one of the most impressive and beautiful proofs of its divine character.

The Arabs were a new race which, in the full burst of Saracen glory, extended their conquests over the Barbary States, introducing at the same time their national religion, which reigns to this day. Haughty and disdainful, however, they were unwilling to mix with the conquered, so that while some consented to the restraints of settled life, the greater number, following the customs of their ancestors, were a wild and wandering race, betaking themselves to untenanted wastes and trackless deserts. The Barbary Arabs are therefore divided by our author into the Sedentary, and the Bedouen or Wandering. Their character is thus sketched.

The Arab possesses in a high degree the virtues and vices of uncivilized life. He is high-spirited, brave, and generous, hospitable to the stranger who claims his protection; but revengeful, avaricious, and wantonly cruel in his pursuit of plunder. From this he cannot be deterred by almost any force: unable to attack an entire caravan, the wandering band will hover around it, and eagerly pounce on the first unfortunate straggler who, through fatigue or curiosity, may have separated from the main body. 'There was scarce a pilgrim,' says Dr. Shaw, 'and we were upwards of six thousand, who did not suffer either by losing a part of his clothes or his money; and when these failed them, the barbarians took their revenge by unmercifully beating us with their pikes and javelins. It would be too tedious to relate the many instances of that day's cruelty and rapine, in which I myself had a principal share, being forcibly taken to Jeremiel or Anathoth, as a hostage for the payment of their unreasonable demands, where I was very barbarously used and insulted all that night; and provided the Aga of Jerusalem, with a great force, had not rescued me the next morning, I should not have seen so speedy an end of my sufferings.'—vol. i, pp. 297, 298.

Hospitality has long been attached to the Arab name, yet that of the tribes in Barbary is said to have much degenerated from that exhibited by their eastern brethren, the Turkish influence being the cause of this unfavourable change.

The Negroes who inhabit the central regions of Africa, and who have long been the principal source of the traffick of those that deal in human flesh, have also for many centuries afforded to the Moors and Arabs a similar use. But the character and the condition of these tribes we need not more particularly refer to, these being points that have of late years elicited an amount of discussion, though by no means commensurate with the extent of their outraged rights; yet such as has conferred an honour on the British name, of everlasting worth and glory. Neither need we tarry on the chapter that treats of the Barbary Jews—that most singular and peculiar people—who seem to be the same every where in every respect, and nothing short of a living and continual miracle, corroborative of Scriptural prophecy. The Turks are no longer to be seen at Algiers as a ruling caste, though their former influence has left an impression on the people, the French having forced them to withdraw to other lands, or those that remained having sunk quietly into the general mass of the population. Formerly the Jannissaries formed the standing army of Algiers. Those of them who married, lost a part of their privileges, as it was the object of the Dey to discourage much intimacy between them and his other subjects. Many of them, however, took wives from the Christian slaves, or the daughters of the Moors, and the children who were born from these unions were called Kolooglies.

“ ‘As for the Kolooglies,’ says M. Rozet, ‘I do not remember to have seen one of them exercise any art or profession in any of the African cities through which I have been. They seem to me to live generally on the fortunes bequeathed them by their fathers, which they had accumulated from their shares of prizes during their corsair life. Many of them possessed country residences and estates; but these were cultivated by slaves, whom they contented themselves with superintending and beating when they did not work well.’ In short, of all the inhabitants of Barbary, he pronounces them to be those whose manners are the softest and most voluptuous. They spend their lives in gardens filled with flowers, surrounded by their families or by beautiful women, and tended by young slaves of both sexes. They love splendid raiment, and affect particular elegance in the arrangement of their ornaments. Groups of them may occasionally be seen in the streets, holding hands by pairs, throwing themselves into graceful attitudes, and from time to time inclining the head towards each other in token of friendship.

“ From the general character and original extraction of the Algerine Turks, it will be readily supposed that their education was not of the highest kind. In fact, several of the Deys could not so much as sign their own names, nor was it considered a qualification for any other offices than those of secretary, keeper of accounts, &c., in which it could not conveniently be dispensed with. Such situations were, accordingly;

not unfrequently in the hands of the Jews, or at least their assistance was required to eke out the talents of the Mussulman by whom they were held. The Kolooglies attended at the same schools, and shared the same advantages as the young Moors; but it would appear that even at that early age, their constitutional apathy had appeared; they learn little, and generally remain vain and ignorant. Into matters of religion they carry the same laxity of principle and practice that they exhibit in their moral conduct. They are nominally of the Mahommedan faith, but pay little attention to its observances. They go occasionally to mosque at the hour of prayer; but with much less regularity than the other believers. They admit there is a God, but ridicule the idea of a future existence, which they say is only a fable invented to console men when departing from this. This, of course, shows that they are not very superstitious; and in fact, they are not to be seen, like the Moors and Arabs, tricked out in amulets and charms, nor do they occupy themselves in the same ridiculous ceremonies as those people."—vol. ii, pp. 164—166.

These are only a very few of the notices characteristic of the different races of men by whom the Barbary states are inhabited, which have been carefully compiled by the author, especially from the writings of persons connected with the late French expedition, whose researches have thrown a light on those matters which they never before possessed. As is here farther stated, even our laborious and accurate Shaw, in his *Travels in Barbary*, failed to elicit such minute and valuable facts as have come to light through the observations of these latter inquirers. Man was not, till recently, the most important object to the generality of travellers. Antiquities and localities, natural history, commerce, and science, were the main subjects for research and speculation; but man, in his moral and physical development, was the least curious theme of contemplation and study. Indeed the country now under question, as respects its rational inhabitants, affords but a disheartening subject. His noblest part has been neglected; the nature of the climate, the fertility of its vallies, have allowed them to indulge and continue in an easy state, few being the wants of the people, and these few readily supplied. The passions, however, have been strong; the interested motives of individuals have acted upon these, through the medium of fanaticism and fierce prejudices, and left to this day the inhabitants of the Barbary coasts unchanged, and one may almost fear unchangeable. The Algerine state of surgical practice, which we find depicted in an interesting chapter on the diseases and medical treatment prevailing amongst them, indicates sufficiently but a half civilization; and when we reflect on the fact, that the history of the country, at the present day, is nearly exactly that which has been written of it ages ago, we may well declare that, though man must ever be a curious and valuable study, the Algerines furnish a disheartening instance of it.

\* Their surgery is rude in the extreme. When a person is to be bled, a remedy in which they place almost unbounded reliance, and to which they constantly resort, the operator commences by tying a string round

the neck of the patient, so tightly that he is almost choked. When the veins in the forehead appear so full as to be ready to burst, he then takes a razor and makes five or six incisions, from which the blood gushes all over the patient's face, and its flow is assisted by rolling over the incisions a round wooden cylinder. When the operation is finished, they wash the wound, staunch the blood with a little argillaceous earth, tempered with water, and bind round it a handkerchief. Their application to a raw wound is melted butter, poured on as hot as possible, or the application of a heated knife round its edges, so as to convert the wound into a burn. This is the principle also of their dressing after amputations, which are generally performed at a single stroke, as they see done by the Sultan's or Dey's executioner, after which the limb is thrust into a kettle of boiling pitch, which certainly will put an end to the bleeding, but must needs be most excruciating torture. The patient, too, is always subject to the danger that when the burnt surface is separating, the blood may break out afresh. M. Lemprière states that some few of the *tibebbs*, or Moorish doctors, attempt letting out the water in hydrocele with a lancet; he heard also of one who had performed the operation for cataract, and on examining his instrument, found it to be a bit of brass wire, with a point by no means particularly sharp."—vol. ii, pp. 200, 201.

The last chapter but two exhibits much precise knowledge on the natural history of the region under consideration, delivered, as every reader must feel, in language singularly familiar and pleasant. But we must go forward to the last matters of all discussed by the author, viz., the character and conduct of the latest conquerors of the fanatic and immoral people of Algiers. We may, however, from the immediately preceding chapter on the cities and towns in that country, quote a description of the city of Algiers itself, which is plain and vivid, and may be, for the sake of curiosity, compared with the sketch referred to by us in a former number, from Sir G. Temple's able work upon the same subject. We considered the latter named gentleman's picture so graphic and individual, that, among a thousand cities, there could be no difficulty to a stranger in at once detecting in future that once strong hold of pirates. The present hasty outline is not less definite and characteristic.

"The present city of Algiers is situated on the shores of a pretty deep bay, by which the northern coast of Africa is here indented, and may be said to form an irregular triangular figure, the base line of which abuts on the sea, while the apex is formed by the Cassaubah, or citadel, which answered the double purpose of a fort to defend and awe the city, and a palace for the habitation of the Dey and his court. The hill on which the city is built, slopes rather rapidly upwards, so that every house is visible from the sea, in consequence of which it was always sure to suffer severely whenever a hostile fleet was enabled to lie so close as to bombard it. The top of the hill has an elevation of nearly five hundred feet, and exactly at this point is built the citadel, of which we have spoken, the whole town lying between it and the sea. The houses of Algiers have no roofs, but are all terminated by terraces, which are constantly white-washed; and as the exterior walls, the fort, the batteries and the walls are similarly

beautified, the whole city, from a distance, looks not unlike a vast chalk quarry opened on the side of a hill.

"The fortifications towards the sea are of amazing strength, and with the additions made since Lord Exmouth's attack, may be considered as almost impregnable. They occupy the entire of a small island, which lies a short distance in front of the city, to which it is connected at one end by a magnificent mole of solid masonry, while the other, which commands the entrance of the port, is crowned by a battery bristling with cannon of immense calibre, which would instantly sink any vessel that should attempt now to occupy the station taken by the *Queen Charlotte* on that memorable occasion. On the land side, the defences are by no means of equal strength, as they were always considered rather as a shelter against an insurrectionary movement of the natives, than as intended to repulse the regular attacks of a disciplined army. In fact, defences on this side would be of little use, as the city is completely commanded by different neighbouring hills, particularly that on which the Emperor's Fort is built, and was obliged instantly to capitulate, as soon as the latter had fallen into the hands of the French.

"There are four gates; one opening on the Mole, which is thence called the marine gate; one near the citadel, which is termed the new gate; and the other two, at the north and south sides of the city, with the principal street running between them, and known respectively by the name of Bab-el-wed (the river gate), and Babazoune, so called, as M. Renaudot informs us, from the name of the architect who erected it. All these gates are strongly fortified, and outside the three land gates run the remains of a ditch, which once surrounded the city, but is now filled up except at these points.

"The streets of Algiers are all crooked, and all narrow. The best are scarcely twelve feet in width, and even half of this is occupied by the projections of the shops, or the props placed to support the first stories of the houses, which are generally made to advance beyond the lower, inasmuch that in many places a laden mule can scarcely pass. This overhanging of the houses has also the inconvenience of excluding the light and air, inasmuch as two houses from opposite sides, will thus at times almost or completely overarch the street. The supply of water, however, is abundant. In every street are to be found several fountains formed of a marble basin sunk in a niche left for its reception in the walls of the house, and supplied by water from the aqueducts by means of a pipe and cock, the care of which is entrusted to the city guard or police. By the side of each cock is chained a wooden or iron vessel, for the use of such passers by as may wish to drink. Where there are not a sufficiency of fountains, large earthen pots are substituted with fresh water. The houses we have already described in a previous chapter; their windows all open into the court-yards, which they inclose, so that towards the street nothing is to be seen but a dead wall, save the door-way, through which you enter."—vol. ii, p. 248—251.

Now for a few extracts of what the author says of the French sway in Algiers, which account he declares has been faithfully gathered from their own writers: There is not a little blame here bestowed, nor a little sarcasm, at the expense of our lively neighbours on the other side of the channel. But what is severer still,



there seems to be ample grounds for most of the reproof, indignation, and scorn which the author has indulged in on the topic. He starts with saying, that the power of these conquerors over the native inhabitants of the north coast of Africa, has been acquired altogether by robbery, which they have endeavoured to extend by deceit. The latter accusation may be freely admitted; the former would require some modification; for certainly the provocation offered was not slight; nor are there wanting many who will argue that the Algerines had long ago, and perseveringly, thrown themselves beyond the rights claimed by the law of nations, while it must be admitted that the conventional courtesies of civilized powers extend over those seas where the French flag has supplanted that of the piratical horde, who were a scourge to every Christian people exposed to their rapine and cruelty. We cannot, therefore, sympathise in the general charge of robbery, nor does our author's Historical Introduction bear him fully out in it. The *Algerines* were wide sea robbers themselves—they lived by robbery. But this refers to the Dey, and den of pirates particularly so designated. For, as our author reasons—

“ Every one is ready to admit that the Dey of Algiers had no right to allegiance or tribute from the Moors, Arabs, and Berbers, who chanced to inhabit the neighbourhood of his den of pirates; and every one knows that he never received more of either than he was able to compel by force. It is therefore sufficiently obvious that any power by which he was expelled could not derive through him any right which he himself did not possess—in other words, that when the French drove him out, they had no right to plant themselves in his place, but might, with equal justice, have followed his example in plundering vessels at sea as in levying tribute, or extorting obedience from the Arabs, Moors, and Berbers by land. But if this point be considered at all doubtful in the abstract, it is placed, as far as it refers to the French occupation of Algiers, beyond all question, by the express terms of the Capitulation proposed by themselves, and accepted by the Dey, and which, after declaring that the city, with its forts and harbours, should be given up to the army under General Bourmont, proceeds to stipulate that the exercise of the Mohammedan religion shall remain free, that the liberty of the inhabitants of all classes, together with their religion, their properties, their commerce, and their industry, shall not be in any manner interfered with, and that their women shall be respected. It would be difficult to find in this a word which gave the French any right or title to an inch of ground beyond the city and its fortifications, save, perhaps, the public domains, which were perfectly insignificant, yet no sooner had they taken possession, and shipped off the Dey, than they began mighty projects of colonization, established model farms, invited emigrants from their own and other countries, talked of driving back the natives to the interior, and portioned out amongst themselves, at least in imagination, the plain of the Metijiah, the fertility of which they extolled, not only beyond fact, but almost beyond credibility, and described it as calculated to become the granary from which France might receive unlimited supplies, the garden in which the productions of temperate regions acquired as

unwonted magnitude, and wondered to find themselves mixed with the fruits of tropical climes. It never seems to have occurred to them that this delightful plain was already in the possession chiefly of the Moorish inhabitants of Algiers. Men, whose properties they had solemnly stipulated should be preserved inviolate, but in truth they seem to have minded stipulations very little whenever they interfered with their own convenience or projects, as will be sufficiently evident from the short sketch we propose giving of the mode in which they have conducted themselves in their new conquest; the materials for which shall be altogether drawn from their own narratives and official papers, and principally from M. Rozet's '*Relation de la Guerre d'Afrique*,' General Clauzel's '*Observations sur quelques Actes de son commandement à Alger*,' with the documents thereto appended, and Baron Pichon's admirable work, entitled, '*Alger sous la domination Française, son état présent et son avenir*.'"—vol. ii, pp. 271—274.

A great mistake entered into the heads of the French as soon as Algiers was taken; they considered the war to be then finished, that they had only to look farther to obtain territory, and that, by dint of strength, and decisive or exemplary measures, they might enlarge their new colony as they found suitable to their own ambition. By the several generals and governors that have represented France at Algiers, the same rapacity and regardlessness of rights seem to have been exercised; and, we may add, the same abortive sort of enterprises have been attempted. General Clauzel supplanted M. de Bourmont soon after the glorious *three days*.

"General Clauzel had come out with his head full of notions of colonization. He knew that the British maintained their power in India in a great measure by means of native troops, and it struck him that, imitating their example in Algiers, would answer the two important ends of lessening the numbers of the French army of occupation, and forming a good bond of connection between them and their new subjects. He, therefore, issued an order for enrolling two battalions, to be called Zouaves, the name of some warlike tribes in the province of Constantine, and as he made liberal promises of pay and allowances, many recruits were soon found, while officers were induced to volunteer from the French service, by the offer of a step above the rank which they respectively held in that. This was an encouraging commencement, and the Zouaves, employed in an expedition to which we shall presently allude, fought with most determined bravery, and proved themselves capable of becoming excellent soldiers; but the capriciousness of French measures interfered with this, which was one of their most feasible projects; less pay than had been offered was given, the men were left without clothing, and even without gloves, in the depth of winter, so that, disappointed in their hopes, and viewed with abhorrence by their own countrymen, they began deserting in great numbers, insomuch that, during the rest of his stay, General Clauzel could never succeed in raising a second battalion."—vol. ii, pp. 279, 280.

Various schemes occupied his attention. On one occasion, as his army approached Bleeda, in his mania for colonization, and when an attempt was to be made to depose the Bey of Zittery,

whose province seemed one of the most tempting, and to elect an Algerine in his stead, they were attacked by the Arabs and Kabyles, who fired with some effect from behind bushes and brush-wood.

"They were, however, without much difficulty, repelled, and the General, doubtless to show the inhabitants what the French meant by the promise to respect their liberties and property, supplied them with the new governor of his own selection, and next day suffered his soldiers to sack the town. It may appear not a little singular, that the inhabitants should have been dissatisfied with this treatment; yet the fact is undoubted, that several of them attempted to escape from the town, and being seized in the act of doing so, with arms in their hands, were taken back to the General, who sent them to the provost-marshal, who, as M. Rozet says, 'being convinced of their guilt, condemned them to death according as they were brought in, and as soon as the sentence was passed, the *gendarmérie* seized them, led them off twenty paces, and clapping their guns against their breasts, shot them without farther ceremony.' This butchery lasted six hours, until every one was disgusted, and the very men employed revolted against its continuance. Having thus ensured the obedience of the townsmen, and established a claim on the gratitude of the neighbouring inhabitants, by sending out a party to burn all villages and detached houses for three miles round the walls, General Clauzel continued his march on the 20th of November, leaving Colonel Rullière, with two battalions, in charge of the city."—vol. ii, pp. 283, 284.

This expedition, however, ended in nothing to the advantage of the French but fatigue and loss, although the General represented the results as most important, inasmuch as it impressed the natives with a respect for the French power, and a dread of their prowess. M. Clauzel's domestic policy is thus described:—

"As all power, under the old régime, had emanated directly from the Dey, his abdication at once put an end to all kinds of government, so that at the entry of the French, a complete state of anarchy prevailed. To remedy this, M. Bourmont appointed a commission of government, which, however, proved so defective in its arrangements, that it was obliged to be given up; and M. Clauzel, on his arrival, found that every thing of that kind still remained to be done. This, however, was probably rather a pleasure than otherwise, as he had come with a system ready made, which, doubtless, it would have been very annoying, had he not found an opportunity of applying. Accordingly, a week after entering upon the government, M. Cadet de Vaux was named Mayor of Algiers, with a salary of 7,500 francs; M. Roland de Bussy became commissary-general of police; the management of customs, the taxes, and the woods and forests, were definitively arranged, and the salaries of the *employés* fixed; while, to secure the equal administration of justice, the Mahommedans were entrusted to their cadis, the Jews to a rabbi; but should any case occur between a native and an European (of whom many were now settled as traders), or between two Europeans, their reference was made to the chief French tribunal, from which there was no appeal, except to the courts at home. By a regulation of singular absurdity, this French court was endowed with a discretionary power to

apply either the French or the old Algerine laws to persons coming within its jurisdiction, so that, in place of fine or imprisonment, a French emigrant might actually be condemned to receive the *bastinado*, or to have his nose and ears cut off! It may easily be supposed that this power was not attempted to be exercised, but it is no less true, that, by the sixth article of the '*Arrêté pour l'établissement des Tribunaux à Alger*,' it was conferred. But if this was a possible injury to the colonists, there were many acts of the most flagrant injustice committed against the poor natives, and under no pretence more frequently, than under that of seeking for and sequestrating properties belonging to the state. The account which M. Pichon gives of the acts committed under this pretence, is really heart-rending, but for particulars we must refer to his excellent pages. Suffice it to say, that not only were the houses and revenues of the Dey, and his chief officers, seized on, but the private properties of the whole corps of Janissaries, without making any provision for their wives and families, who were thus left in utter destitution. Furthermore, all funds set apart for the purposes of religion or education, donations left to be employed in charity, or in promoting industry, together with the revenues set apart for cleansing the streets, repairing public edifices, and, above all, for keeping the aqueducts in order, were confiscated, and thus the clergy were left without bread, the children without education, the poor without relief, and the city without water. Numberless houses, which had been occupied by the army on their first arrival as barracks, became in a short time so dilapidated, as to be of no farther use or value to the occupants or their owners; many of them were pulled down under pretence of improving and opening the streets, while the mosques met with equally little respect; seven out of thirteen, says M. Pichon, are already occupied for military lodgings, and another has only escaped by being converted into a Catholic Church! Such were some of the benefits resulting to the Moorish inhabitants, from the introduction of French civilization under General Clauzel: let us see how they fared under his successor."—vol. ii, pp. 288—291.

General Barthezène took the command in February, 1831, whose career, in reference to a revolt in Bleeda, was still more disastrous. He was forced to come to some terms of accommodation with an enemy whom he and his officers affected to despise.

"The peace thus obtained lasted during the rest of General Barthezène's government, which, however, did not continue beyond the end of that same year. He left in December, 1831, and was succeeded by Savary, Duke of Rovigo, as military governor, and by the Baron Pichon, as civil superintendent. The latter was a man of wisdom, justice, and humanity; the former exactly what might have been expected from his conduct when employed by Buonaparte. In a few months he had broken the terms agreed on between his predecessor and the Arabs; he had murdered, in cold blood, an entire tribe of natives without any form of law or justice, on the bare suspicion that a robbery had been committed by some of their number; he had plundered, or suffered to be plundered of their property, several Moorish merchants, who, trusting to French honour, had remained within his power, and, finally, with an atrocity and perfidy which might be equalled, but could not be exceeded, he violated a safeguard granted by himself, and publicly executed two Arab chief-

ains, who, trusting to its protection, had come to Algiers for the purpose of negotiating a peace for their own tribes! Here we must conclude—Our purpose in this last chapter has been not to give a detailed history of the French invasion; but to exhibit the methods by which they have attempted to maintain their power, and the mode in which they have conducted themselves towards the natives. We again repeat, we rely altogether on their own published accounts: all our facts are vouched for, either by official documents, or by men of rank and authority, who relate what they have seen, and what has fallen within their own personal knowledge. If we are deceived, France can scarcely inflict too severe a punishment on her calumniators;—but if not, then may we cease to wonder that her power in Barbary is still limited by her outposts, that her name is held in detestation by the inhabitants, and that they view with distrust, or reject with disdain, all measures of improvement offered for their acceptance by an enemy which has shown itself alike regardless of the laws of nations, and the rights of individuals.”—not a; pp. 306—308.

Such is the conclusion of our author's researches, which have been carefully and judiciously conducted. As a compilation of the most recent information, as well as general history of the Barbary States, in their various aspects, whether natural, geographical, political, or moral, our author's two volumes will be found highly satisfactory, while we have to repeat that the tone of sentiment, and style of dress in which he communicates his information, is all that can be wished for by the reflecting and tasteful.

*Art. II.—Journal of a Residence and Tour in the United States of North America, from April 1833, to October 1834. By R. S. Abdy, Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. 3 vols. London: Murray. 1835.*

ANOTHER tour in the United States of North America, extending to three goodly volumes, must either be to us, who have had of late to wade through so many very ordinary publications belonging to the same field, a very tiresome work, or one of new and surpassing interest. We are most happy to declare it to be our opinion, that the latter character is the undoubted due of the present work. We are, indeed, persuaded that it will call forth, in England, an unusual degree of speculation and interest; and that in America the excitement it will produce, will not be short of that which Basil Hall's opinions and descriptions, in reference to that country, some years ago gave birth to.

Mr. Abdy is no ordinary writer. Let him set his hand to any thing, it matters not how trifling or common-place, he will tie to it masses of energetic thought and reasoning. We find his opinions not unfrequently extreme, his language obscure, and his energy enthusiasm. But we hesitate not to declare that every page will repay the study of it, and that though the conclusions may sometimes startle or occasion a pause, it will cost no small ingenuity or power to resist and overturn the author's doctrine. It matters



little whether he have an ordinary travelling companion to combat, or a Dr. Channing. Mr. Abdy has an armour that is equal to either; he rises with his antagonist, and we think is triumphant, even in respect of the great one now named.

The objects of this work are thus explained: the author having left England with two of his countrymen, one of whom (Mr. William Crawford) had been sent out by our government to inspect the prisons of the United States, he was induced, after their return, to remain; and finding the journal he had kept contained what he thought might essentially serve the cause of humanity, he determined to give a full and faithful picture of the cruelties he had witnessed; the great theme, which he never fails to revert to, when taking new ground, either in place or observation, being that of slavery, as it exists in America. To some, we suspect, it will appear that there is too frequent a recurrence to the same subject; and not a little repetition of precisely the same thing. But let it be remembered, this one subject is that to which the author from the beginning of his work has fixed his eye upon; that his heart is wholly in it, and that it is of no less magnitude than involving the happiness of millions of his fellow-men. Let the Americans look to it; for Mr. Abdy has brought home to their door, and substantiated one of the foulest, or rather a host of the foulest and darkest charges, that have ever been arrayed against a nation. The criminality of the United States, in reference to the slaves, has long been known and felt; but never till now has it been so firmly and sharply directed. However well the people of that vast country may have continued hitherto to stifle conviction, or court the searing process that for a time deadens the conscience, the time has come round when the home-thrust has been made, and the refuge of lies laid open, to their dishonour and dismay; and so, as to render them a spectacle to the world. We unhesitatingly allow to our author the chief merit in this dexterous exposure. The Americans may storm, and deny; may affect to palliate and argue; so much the better; they can thereby only expose the deformity of the national conduct the more, to the disgust and execration of civilized men.

We do not convey a proper idea of the burden of our author's work, when we confine it to the condition of the slaves in America; it is the condition and the treatment of the people of *colour*, whether bond or free; whether of the black or mixed, that he so largely speaks of. Many other topics are discussed, incidentally or more regularly, in these well-filled volumes, the educational, philanthropic and correctional institutions being very frequently the subjects of description. Mr. Abdy arrived at New York in April, 1833, and speaks highly of the reception given him by strangers there. He, with ready tact, illustrates the manner in which many things in that city and in London strike the respective inhabitants of each, in relation to the other, on their first arrival, as singular or absurd; and quotes a passage from a little work published some thirty years ago by a

Yankee, on his return from England, which we already introduced into our pages, together with Mr. Abdy's comment, for the sake of publishing a hint to our after extracts.

And the first mistake, he says, I saw, was such a novelty, that I followed it a short distance, not knowing what it was; and, as my manner is to question every one, who, I think, can give me any information (a Yankee custom), I asked an honest fellow 'what the show was?'—he seemed a little offended, but dimly replied—'you may know one day, if you do not come to the gallows!' This man, like Chatham, was 'original and unaccommodating.' Austin's Letters, &c. Now, it is evident that the supposition, the humour of which—and it really is not without point—would have been thrown away, as the answerer must have known, upon any one unacquainted with the nature of the procession. The writer adds—'being surprised at this answer, and feeling perhaps a little mortified, he asked me, 'if I lived in London?' I told him 'I had just come.' 'Well, but people die sometimes in your town?' By this time I discovered the performance was a funeral. The plumes being white, a sign of virginity, instead of black, which are more usually displayed, account for my ignorance. Had I been in Pekin, I should have expected a white funeral, but was not prepared to see one in London.' Thus it is that nations are prejudiced for the blunders of a traveller's imagination; and nations are angry with each other because their respective customs do not correspond with their own preconceptions. What is allowable at Pekin is ridiculous in London or Boston. *Veneremur potiusque domusque*—I shall have frequent occasion to claim the benefit of the act.

That two nations, separated by the broad expanse of the Atlantic, should differ in many points from each other, is to be expected; but why should their agreement in a matter common to both excite surprise? Yet several persons with whom I conversed, complimented me on the correctness of my language, and seemed to be astonished that an Englishman should speak his mother tongue with propriety:—that he should leave the letter *h* in its right place, and suffer *v* and *w* to speak for themselves. One man observed to me, that the grammatical accuracy with which Charles Keble spoke struck the people on his first arrival in New York as something unusual as has from 'the old country.'—vol. i. pp. 11, 12.

From this last statement, we may guess what sort of terms the United States; and, continues, 'as on his travels, generally assumes the rank him at home, and puts forth his claims in allusions, it is not surprising that he lives in a double sense, and thinks himself himself.' Another observation here is:—'The English and the Anglo-Americans bear favourable to a fair comparison than any other two nations, with the exception of those which bear the same relation to each other.' The very closeness of their approximation, so long as there are shades of difference, occasions the inconvenience referred

to; which might be illustrated forcibly in the use of their common language.

The American Colonization Society falls very frequently under the castigation of the author, as a most unjust and cruel measure to get rid of the coloured population, by sending those that have been emancipated and free, to a strange and inhospitable clime. He says—

“ Though I had heard much, before I left England, about the aristocracy of the skin, which so disgracefully distinguishes the new from the old world. I was not prepared to find that America had borrowed from Asia her degrading system of castes, and that the western world was divided into Brahmins and Pariahs. That a people, not otherwise inferior to the rest of mankind in justice, religion, or kind-heartedness, should condemn nearly one-fifth of their fellow citizens, without pity, without remorse, and without a trial, to contempt and obloquy, for no reason but that of the strongest, and no crime but that of colour, is one of those anomalies, which the history of every age and country—to the shame of human nature—exhibits, but which the history of no age and of no country exhibits in more preposterous contradiction to the spirit of the times, the advancement of intelligence, and the spread of Christianity. Alarmed at the increasing numbers of this insulted race, and foreseeing, with the instinctive acuteness of cruelty, in their advancing intelligence, a demand for social rights and the efforts of commercial competition, the favoured majority were straining every nerve to drive them out of the country by contumelious treatment or deceptive promises. Emigration was offered, as the better part of that alternative which alone remained to national injustice—of expatriating them, as likely to become dangerous or troublesome, or of admitting them to the same privileges with the native-born or naturalized whites. They were told that they were to be sent to their native country, as if that alone were not our native country where we were born; where the remains of those nearest and dearest to us rest; and where every inanimate object bears upon it the indelible impress of our earliest associations and fondest affections.”—vol. i, pp. 44, 45.

It is this class that the author very often has in his eye, and whose condition he closely investigates, that he may ascertain how far the proffered bounty of the Colonization Society was likely to be acceptable. In England, as is truly said, a sable complexion is a passport to kindness, whereas in America, it is viewed with aversion. The separation in the first stages of life is studied in the latter country, and a universal antipathy during all that succeed. The exclusion from the courtesies of social life is rigorous, and the risk of losing caste by any intermixture is so great, as to form a barrier to a humane intercourse, “ which none but the most generous or the most vile among the whites can break through.” These charges the author supports by innumerable allegations. What, indeed, he exclaims, must be the rancorous hostility, the contemptuous suspicion, the scorn and hatred, that are universally felt against those, who, though differing in complexion from us, are equally formed in God's own image, when a minister of the gospel

of love and humility could dare to express himself concerning them before a crowded congregation in such terms as the following:—No station of honour or authority is accessible. These disabilities are the result of complexion; and till the Ethiopian can change his skin, they admit of no remedy. Who would employ a black to minister at the bed of sickness? Who would entrust to him the maintenance of his rights, and the protection of his interests in a court of justice?—or what congregation would consent to receive him as a Herald of salvation, whose lips should announce to them the will of heaven, and whose hands should break to them the bread of life? Whose feelings would not revolt, not only at seeing an individual of this class seated in the chair of state, presiding in our courts of justice, or occupying the halls of legislation, but even at seeing him elevated to the lowest and most trivial office in the community? In all these respects the blacks, if not by the provisions of our constitution and laws, at least by public sentiment and feeling, and by sentiment and feeling too, which is groundless and reprehensible, admit of no correction—are proscribed and hopeless slaves. But not only are none of the fields of generous enterprise and honourable ambition open to them, they are made to see and feel their debasement in the every-day intercourse of life. Not matter what their characters may be, however amiable and excellent their spirit, and however blameless and exemplary their conduct, they are treated as an inferior and despised portion of the species. No one, unless himself sunk so low as to be an outcast from those of his own colour, ever associates with them on terms of equality. Extract from a sermon preached by Professor Hough, before the Vermont Colonization Society."—vol. II. pp. 84, 85.

Well, may it be declared that the patience of these people, whose colour happens not to be of the fashionable standard, is above all praise, and that the injuries and provocations they have to endure are far greater than either our Catholics or our Jews can name. But this proscribed race have shown that they are undeserving of such ill-treatment, and have resolved to submit to the cruelty of the Society no longer. It has, say the Convention of the free people of colour, in their address to their brethren of the United States, 1833, most grossly vilified our character as a people; it has taken much pains to make us abhorrent to the public, and then pleads the necessity of sending us into banishment. A greater outrage could not be committed against an unoffending people; and the hypocrisy that has marked its movements deserves our universal censure. We have been cajoled into measures by the most false representations of the advantages to be derived from our emigration to Africa. No argument has been adduced other than that based on prejudice; and that prejudice founded on difference of colour. If shades of difference in complexion are to operate to make men the sport of powerful caprices, the colonists may be again compelled to migrate to the land of their fathers in America.

It is nothing but the circumstance of colour that is the ground of American tyranny to the people that thus forcibly remonstrate. Neither their intellectual capacity, nor their moral conduct is impugned. Yet the persecution and insults to which they are exposed

no such as would not be credited in England, or in any other part of Europe. "Free blacks," says the African Repository, an organ of the Colonization Society, "are a greater nuisance than even slaves themselves." What a condition, to that of their own! An enormous cruelty has been committed in the act of subjecting what can be more fearfully wicked, than that their own or their descendants, even when obtained freedom, is there a prospect unequal to them. This shocking injustice has been broadly ingrained in America; as to escape it, miserable people.

Our honest, and I believe, that there are many of these, who entertain conceptions of their sister brethren, quite independent of their injustice and humanity. They see the prisons and penitentiaries crowded with them, and are not aware that they are discomfited there by their poverty, and not their guilt. They forget, or know not, that they have chosen to struggle with temptations and obstacles, that the ordinary force of human fortitude and forbearance cannot resist or restrain. They are a little disappointed with them as weak people, with but a single step or two from the path of their weakness. If, as we suppose, they are innocent and civil, they look upon them as exceptions, that are to be given the general character, and bright spots that show the darkness and the foulness of the general mass. — vol. 4, p. 23. for —

But we must present a few instances as given by the author of the persecution to which the "coloured people of colour are subjected. Boston is the city alluded to, where civility and refinement are on a superior scale.

To give a further instance of the same, we directed our inquiry to the step by a curious document that was put into my hands. A free black, some few years ago, came in one of the churches here. It was the only time a man who was unable, or unwilling, to pay a hymn. Having furnished it, he offered it for sale, at the price he demanded—and few would be likely for what no one imagined the owner would dare attempt to occupy it himself;—whether he was ill he was about to give, or thought he might be white man's pride, as it would seem, the white man's submission. The sensation produced by his unexpected appearance among the favoured children of Nature in the very sanctified atmosphere of their distinctions, led him to decide to those only who were invited. The next Sunday he took his seat and sat down with him. It should be observed that the coloured people are not admitted to places of worship, except to small pews or boxes set apart expressly for them, and so placed that they can hear without offending the fastidious delicacy of the congregation.— At Albany, there is one where a curtain is placed in front to conceal the occupants, when there are any; but those for whom they are destined, seldom enter them, and speak of them with the contempt they deserve, as "martin-holes" and "human menageries." It was now high time that notice



should be taken of this contumacious spirit; and the intruder received the two following notes:—

“ Mr. Brinsley.

“ Sir,—If you have any pew-furniture in pew No. 38, Park-street Meeting-house, you will remove it this afternoon.

“ GEORGE ODORNE, for the Committee.

“ March 6, 1830.”

With the above was the copy of a note, written the day before to this Agent of the Committee, in these words,—

“ Dear sir,—Pew No. 38 in Park-street Church is let to Mr. Andrew Ellison.

“ Yours respectfully,

“ J. BUMSTEAD.”

“ The other letter was addressed ‘ to Mr. Frederick Brinsley, coloured man, Elm-street;’ the contents are as follow:—

“ Boston, March 6, 1830.

“ Mr. Frederick Brinsley.

“ Sir,—The Prudential Committee of Park-street Church, notify you not to occupy any pew on the lower floor of Park-street Meeting-house, on any Sabbath, or on any other day, during the time of Divine worship, after this date—and if you go there with such intent you will hazard the consequences. The pews in the upper galleries are at your service.

“ GEORGE ODORNE, for the Committee.”

“ Mr. Brinsley, on going again, found a constable at the pew-door. No further attempt was made to assert the rights of property against such a formidable combination; and we may seek in vain for the consequences, which Mr. Odorne, with official brevity, says, would have been hazarded by another visit to the house of God. The offender is now removed from this scene of persecution and mortification, to a place ‘ where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.’ ”—vol. i, pp. 133—139.

Many, very many grosser instances are narrated in these pages of American tyranny, towards the numerous class whose interests the author eloquently and perseveringly pleads. And is it in the boasted land of freedom and equality that these monstrous acts of tyranny on the part of the many and the strong, over the few and the weak, are so daringly committed? Is she not deeply in debt to outraged humanity? Well may the author assert that not the least part of the debt is involved in the cruel indignities to which the free sons of those who were stolen from their native land are subjected by the descendants of the robbers. He adds, “ I can say with the utmost sincerity, that I left England with a wish to do justice to America. I thought her character had been misrepresented, and I was anxious to collect facts that I might adduce in her vindication on my return. I soon found, however, that I must throw up my brief: the libel had become a criminal indictment; and the former plaintiff was the defendant. I am now in the witness-box; and I trust the claims of justice will still be satisfied.” No longer let the Americans complain of the insults received from strangers, while they heap such wrongs upon their own countrymen.

If the charge of vulgarity be so galling, though uttered in a distant land by a few narrow-minded men, what must be the cry of utter and hopeless debasement, raised and repeated by millions against those among whom they are doomed to live? Is calumny detestable when it distorts or derides, and blameless when it plants a dagger in the heart? If the whites had been slaves to a civilized community of blacks, and had, when emancipated, been subjected to the same social excommunication to which they have condemned the free blacks, it may well be doubted whether they would not, at this moment, have been sunk to a level of civilization and respectability below that to which the latter have risen. For myself, I have no doubt upon the subject: and it gives me an exalted idea of human energy, when I thus see it surmounting difficulties and discouragements, which the pride and wickedness of the old world never, in its worst periods, employed, to arrest the progress of human improvement. Will it be easier to resist the just claims, than it has been to check the career of a people who possess the elastic force of Antæus? They well know that justice is not denied them in France or in England. Will the same man who is respected in London submit to be degraded in New York? Will he be contented to lay down or assume his 'indefeasible rights' as he finds himself in Boston or in Paris? It cannot be: they are already more numerous than the whites were when they obtained their independence; and every day, while it adds to the strength of the one, diminishes the relative superiority of the other. It will not be long before they will be released from a yoke, compared with which the wrongs of the colonists were but an imaginary grievance. Rights of man, indeed!—the text of the Declaration should be revised, and 'white' inserted; wherever in that lying instrument, the words liberty— independence—honour—religion, occur, an enormous 'caret' should mark the passage."—vol. i, pp. 392, 393.

We have said, in our preliminary remarks, that the author treats of a variety of topics, although slavery, and the condition of the free people of colour, are his great theme. We may now add, that except on this crying and wide spread enormity, and the proverbial vanity of the nation, he treats with a kindly and laudatory spirit, almost every thing that comes under his consideration. For example, he was present at an election, in New York, and lends his unequivocal testimony to the orderly manner in which it was conducted—that being by ballot, which is very general, if not universal, throughout the middle and eastern States. At the present moment, this subject offers an unusual degree of interest to Englishmen, and therefore, we shall extract a few of our author's statements respecting the election named.

"This way of exercising the elective franchise is considered a very simple thing. No one thinks it more unmanly to vote in secrecy than to be shut up in a jury-room; or that open voting would add to his consequence what it would take from his independence. There must have been a time when the ballot was an American; as it was not long ago un-French, and as it is still un-English; but that was no more admitted as a valid objection to its adoption in either country, than an opposite epithet would save it from abolition, if it proved injurious. John Bull is more easily duped. He votes uniformly with his landlord;—but then, he votes like a man, openly and fearlessly. He is not allowed to have an



figure which Shastana says is the forerunner of madness. He dealt largely in the parenthesis. He was, nevertheless, very kind to the imprisoned fugitive slaves, and when his lawyer impudently remonstrated with him on the imprudence of interfering in their behalf, the reply was such as he merited, and so indignant was the Ex-sheriff, that he afterwards dismissed the functionary.

The author was introduced to the President of the United States. The residence of this chief magistrate is described as handsome, but not splendid, being similar in the size and arrangements of the rooms, to the private house of a country gentleman in England of ten or twelve thousand a year. The following sketch shows us courtiers even at Washington.

We found the president, on our entrance to his sitting room, with two persons in close conversation. He rose from his chair, and received us with the due ceremoniousness of the country; and, having requested us to be seated, resumed the discourse with his other guests. The topic which lasted the whole time remained about half an hour—was entirely political, and referred to the agitation which his message to the senate had produced, digressing at intervals to the conduct of the bank party, the unjust imputations thrown out by the opposition upon his character, and the queries of motives by which he had ever been actuated. Though the greater part of what was said I had frequently heard before, in the shape of accusation or trope, I could not but be interested in the recital of wrongs, and the assertion of principles, through which the character of the man before me stood out in bold relief. It was plain enough, that strong personal feeling had been mixed up with no small portion of what had been publicly done or said, and that any weakness connected with either, presented vulnerable points both to foes and friends. One or two things, during this short interview struck me very forcibly. I saw clearly that a man's good opinion of himself is the best handle by which you may lead him; that truth has as little chance of a familiar acquaintance with republican presidents as with imperial potentates; and that an American need not go to St. Petersburg or St. James, to find a courtier. I was, indeed, not a little surprised at the gross flattery with which this old man was fed; and I much doubt, whether Washington would have allowed any one, if such a person could have been found, to tell him that his visitors had spoken of him, as possessed of the most courteous gentlemanlike address, exhibiting the most perfect candour and good sense, and inspired with a love of truth that must impress every one with respect, and convert opponents into friends. Such was the sort of language used, on this occasion, by men who professed the highest regard for their chief magistrate, while they were doing their utmost to sink him in the estimation of a stranger. One Sheridan's well known remark to his son occurred to my mind; and I perceived that as little wisdom was required to govern in the east as in the old world.

The president, among other things said, that that august body, the senate, had disgraced itself by its personal attack upon him; and that Mr. Clay had asserted, what he must have known to be false, as the expression attributed to him was never uttered. Mr. Clay, however, did not say what was false in fact; as he spoke merely of what had been a



runners; adding that the credit given to it was an evidence of public opinion, and the fears it had excited were now realized. He alluded to what was said to have passed between the president and Joseph Buonaparte; to whom the former is represented as having declared that he should take Napoleon for the model of his government. It was on the occasion of another message, a sort of postscript to the protest, disavowing any intention on the part of the president to assume an uncontrolled power over the public revenues, that Mr. Clay, who had been absent for a few days, expressed himself in a manner so offensive to the former. My companion seemed anxious to turn the conversation; and repeated to General Jackson something I had said, on our way to the house, about the state of Europe. It soon, however, reverted to its former channel; and the slight interruption gave greater violence to the current. For my part, I was altogether astonished at a scene for which I was quite unprepared. When the 'rabble' that had followed Mr. Webster was spoken of with derision; when the exploits at New Orleans were adduced as a proof that there would be no yielding to the menaces and threats that were said to have been made: and a joke of Mrs. Gadsby was related, that 'she would head the ladies of Washington in defence of old Hickory:' the attentive auditors filled up each pause with a smile of approval, or an hysterical laugh, as forced as their attachment, and as hollow as their hearts. What a subject for Lucian or Le Sage! Here were the vices of a court in all their deformities; arrogance without dignity, and adulation without refinement—a burlesque upon every thing exalted and manly!"—vol. ii, pp. 170—173.

Our author is not a little sarcastic in his strictures respecting Yankee vanity, as it is evinced in their presumed knowledge and use of the English language. He quotes the United States' Gazette of July, 1834, which says that "the inhabitants (of England) will look to the United States for a dictionary, some few years hence, by which they may read the classics of their ancestors, Steele, Johnson, and Addison." After the same fashion, we suppose, the Yankee mode of spelling will soon be universal among the English, which we are sorry to see our author give way to, although he excuses himself on the ground of having quoted frequently from the American writers, and of his desire to preserve uniformity throughout his pages. In following up the above boast, however, we are pleased to find him admitting, that doubtless, in the same manner, "the French will seek commentators on Molière and Balzac; the Spaniards visit Mexico to understand Quevedo and Cervantes; and the posterity of the present Americans will take a trip to Liberia, that they may relish the polished pages of the (American) Courier and Inquirer, and study modesty from the liberal columns of the United States' Gazette." Regarding the subject of pronunciation, our author also quotes an American writer on Geography, who says there is far greater purity of idiom and intonation with them than in Great Britain, and adds that the same doctrine is generally taught. As the work from which this last boast is taken has been recommended to teachers by some of the most respectable men in the country, Mr. Abdy cites some other



passages from it, besides those that claim such superiority in speaking and writing, among which is to be found the following, are accompanied by his judicious and severe comment.

"In most countries of Europe," says the same author, "vice is more prevalent among all classes, and morality and piety are less regarded than in the United States." This is, certainly, a most wonderful country. There is no end of testimonies to its greatness—present or future. I must quote one more. "It is the happiness of America, that almost everything in her condition invites her to look forward with hope. Her perfect freedom, her rapid progress, the elastic energy of her national character, the boundless extent of her territory, her situation, far from the contentions of European nations, and safe from the dangers both of their friendship and of their hostility; all awaken and justify the confident hope, that she is destined to reach a height of prosperity which no other nation of ancient or modern times has attained."—Preface to *Memoir of Roger Williams*. The author could hardly mean that Europeans are more prone than other people to cut one another's throats; that there is no connexion between national prosperity and national arrogance—no tenacity of possession, or desire of acquisition, arising from extension of territory; and that man, in leaving his dear native land behind for the new world, leaves behind him his pride and his pugnacity. The citizens of the United States are so often told, in fourth of July orations, in sermons, and speeches, and reviews, and magazines, and newspapers, and prefaces to literary works, that they are the greatest people under the canopy of heaven, that it is no wonder they believe what is so gratifying to the self-love of human nature, and what is confirmed, in their own minds, by the very ridicule with which it is treated by other nations. As for the exemption from war, which is here claimed as the peculiar blessing of the country, it would perhaps be nearer the truth to say, that its inflictions are more likely to be felt in America than in Europe."—vol. ii, pp. 366—368.

In speaking of the periodical press in the United States, our author boldly declares that there is no country in the world where it is less marked by independence of principle and pose, than it is here—characterising the editor as cannot afford to keep a conscience amid the various. He maintains that the degraded state be seen in the proposals and prospectuses of occasional conductors; that the assumption of exclusive infallibility, while it excites a doubt of its probability, this charge, which we are willing to believe is too ex that while conversing with a person at Cincinnati letter, from which he took the extract in the follo

"After relating what had passed during the exam meeting, of a person who had been some time at Liberia, of which place he gave a most lamentable account, the writer adds: 'The newspapers have endeavoured to mislead the public on this subject, and have done it to a considerable extent. We cannot get any explanation into any influential paper, except the *Evangelist*, unless by chance. Charles King, editor of the *American*, told me the abolitionists are right. 'Why, don't you say so in your paper?' he laughed and replied, 'The time has

not come yet, and in a few days he admitted a piece signed, as one of the editors of the Daily Advertiser, of the name of Townsend, told me our cause was a just one. Why then do you not publish it? He said, "The paper is my property: I'm not going to injure it." So he says nothing on either side. — vol. iii, p. 81.

Although nothing can be imagined more perfect than the political mechanism of the American republic, whether looking at the complexity of its structure, or the simplicity of its action, and as seeming to secure the best check to the personal and social infirmities of man, our author is of opinion that a closer inspection discovers a principle that menaces the system with destruction or dissolution, in the unequal division of light and liberty between the North and the South of the Confederation. — He thinks that the approaching separation is already so distinctly casting its gloomy shadows forth, as to make the observer turn from the prospect with the bitterest feelings of regret and disappointment. He predicts also, that the treatment which the coloured population have endured, and are still

ere long be followed by a dreadful retribution.

Into these speculations, however, we shall now notice of scenes from which the great burden of our reasonings are drawn.

Of Liberia, that much boasted of settlement, the Colonization Society, is described by our author as a whole scheme to be such a failure as might be an unprincipled and cruel attempt.

quite plain, that the motives which led to its establishment were not at all those of justice or philanthropy, but selfishness and the dread of emancipation. Mr. Abby obtained his information in various

ways. He had been at Liberia, and with him. From a Mr. Temple, who was a slave, he received many precise particulars. He suffered so much from the return to America.

him, all died, in addition to his wife, a woman who had arrived previously. He had gone from the United States in the exception of one who was then a colonist who were employed in the colony. They had all become the property of which were at the disposal of the others. They supplied the one with the others. He obtained them from the others, by a whole settlement was one mass of even to the aborigines, as far as the strangers, or of purchasing the

Jones, of the idleness that had made all the hard work of the colony to the benefit of the aborigines were in a state

of starvation; no statistical return was made of deaths to the local

entirely, and the honest performance of his duty was of course  
desired. With the exception of eight or ten captured slaves, no com-  
pensations had been effected among the native tribes. Temple, though he  
had suffered so much from the climate, and was fully qualified by his expe-  
rience of connection with the colony, was willing, he said, to go as a volun-  
tary into the interior. The Colonization Society, to whom he had  
communicated his wishes, had taken no public notice of his offer. They  
were highly offended with him for having given, in his letters from  
Liberia, such a discouraging representation of what he had witnessed.  
They urged him to contradict it by the publication of a more favourable  
statement, alleging, as a reason for the frequent and a motive for com-  
pliance, that their funds were exhausted, and little hope of a further  
supply remained, till the distrust in the public mind was removed. Every  
grace that cunning could suggest—every inducement that might be  
likely to work on avarice or a momentary disposition was used to engage  
him in their cause. Though estranged by illness, and exposed to all  
the obloquy which hatred of colour can inspire, he firmly refused to par-  
ticipate in the guilt of depriving his fellow-countrymen, in a manner so  
injuring their health, their comfort, and their lives.

His description of the emigrants, who went out in  
distressing. Some of them were in a complete state  
without a blanket to lie on, or a change of clothes. Things behind, having been assured that they would get  
might wait during the passage, and on their arrival,  
women without their husbands, and a little girl who by  
her relatives, the friends to take care of her. On the  
he witnessed her heart-rending the politician, inquiring the captain on  
their knees to take them with him. Though somewhat doubtful, he was  
not permitted to give them a passport, and  
afternoon was applied to: but he refused, or  
at last condescended himself to engage in importing  
the flourishing settlement—grass growing  
—terrible destroying the vegetation—the se-  
—unprotected from foreign vessels, that it  
native tribes—a prey to every sort of abuse  
moving the impressions which the suppres-  
sion of falsehoods have produced at the  
mother-country—a horde of semi-civilized  
acknowledged government—a mere band of  
commission to make peace or war with the  
any security against the vengeance or faith  
communities—a set of intruders on a foreign soil, living under the hybrid  
and anomalous rule of a pseudo-philanthropic society, in conjunction with  
a hypocritical congress of States, which distrusts the power it grants and  
doubts its own privileges—liable to be exterminated by the savages in  
the neighbourhood, or to be dispersed by the first maritime power of any  
part of the globe, that may call in question the title-deeds of its presen-  
tions, and the charter of its political incorporation.”—vol. iii. pp. 112—113.

There is at New York an Abolition as well as a Colonization  
society, between which there is a bitter warfare, not merely of a  
literary character, but where the stronger, which may be presumed  
to be on the side of inhumanity, has taken up the cudgel in good

**outpost:** A mob encouraged, or at least not discouraged, by the mass of the citizens, who are in such alarm about amalgamation, for days marauded the city and attacked the churches, houses, and persons of the coloured people, as well as of the Abolitionists, in the most ferocious manner.

"A silly cry of 'amalgamation' had exasperated the public mind; and so completely obstructed the perception of truth, that it was believed, not only that the abolitionists wished the two races to mingle their abhorrent and abhorred embraces, but that the instrument of their unhallowed project was to be the adoption of measures which would necessarily set limits to the dreaded evil, by raising both master and slave from the vices of their condition; while they would rescue the one from violence and the other from a brutal and factitious passion. Never was any nation exhibited in a more contemptible light! Never did pride, and prejudice, and presumption gain more thorough mastery over the heart and the intellect. It makes one blush for the inhumanity and folly of mankind. We are lost in astonishment to see how little influence either religion or philosophy is able to exercise over men who boast of their attainments in both! How slow is the progress of truth even among the most favoured people! We look back to the kindred superstitions of past ages, and we can scarcely believe that civilization could ever have overcome such obstacles to its advancement.

"While these disgraceful scenes were going on, the daily press was adding fuel to the flame it had created. The Times of New York said, 'The spirit which pervaded the throng had been aroused into action by a long and aggravating course of reckless proceedings, contrary to the first principles of public justice.'—'In our judgment,' said the Albany Argus, 'the abolitionists, by their mad measures and insane obstinacy, are endangering the peace and safety of the country. In this view, we regret that the laws have not armed the executive with authority to banish them from the country, upon the same principle that dogs are muzzled in hot weather, and foreign voyagers compelled to undergo quarantine.'

"The New York American, the editor of which acknowledged to Lewis Tappan that the abolition cause was a just one, thus expressed himself,—'They (the rioters) did, indeed, in their proceedings at the Obatham Chapel, show that they were actuated by a spirit which one cannot help admiring; and their conduct, considering all the circumstances, would be contemplated with more pride than blame by their fellow citizens: but this spirit, so admirable, is a most delicate spirit to deal with; and the conduct, so laudable in one instance, most dangerous as a precedent.' A whole book might be filled with similar quotations from the journals of the day."—vol. iii, pp. 116—418. 17

"It looks strange, that where the people boast of having got rid of slavery themselves, as they do in New York and the northern States, they should be so incensed against those who would have the Southern Provinces follow the same course. But it is this maddening terror of amalgamation that frightens them from their propriety and deadens every moral sense. One might well say, that a people who have for ages encouraged slavery, and reaped benefit from the slave trade, have now no right to complain of the large infusion of sable brethren that has been fixed among them.

But it is enough with the unjust and outrageous Americans, that now there is a danger of the opposite skins of races becoming inter-mixed, to sanction any cruelty and any falsehood. It is found to be a convenient and irresistible catch-word, to say that the Emancipists wish for an increase of Mulattoes, and that leading men of this philanthropic society have no repugnance to such an intermixture. How will the fair of New York relish the following exposure and lecture?

"I was astonished that the young women would not see, if they could not feel, the indelicacy of discussing the subject of 'amalgamation.' To found objections to the matrimonial union on physical, not on moral grounds, betrays an impurity of ideas which could never gain admittance into a well-regulated mind. Swift says, 'the nicest people have the nastiest ideas;' and what I witnessed in America bears out his assertion. The same people, who scrupulously avoid the use of certain innocent words, because they are sometimes applied in an indecent way, were talking, from morning to night, about the sexual passion, with a vehemence of manner, and in a tone of earnestness, utterly abhorrent from the generally received notions of propriety.

"I had always thought that there was something dignified and decorous about marriage—something in the intercourse between the sexes, to raise it above the grovelling appetite of the brute creation—some little admixture of mental and moral qualities to charm the imagination, and give play to our love of the gentle virtues;—but, from all I could make out of the innumerable debates I heard on the subject, it appeared to be almost an universal feeling, that the whole matter was to be decided upon by physical considerations alone; that the sole avenue to the heart was through the eye, as it rested on the skin; that the circle, within which the taste and the affections were suffered to range, was circumscribed by boundaries, from which it is exempt when applied to other objects in all their diversified forms and colours; and that, in short, the whole affair was purely sensual, in its most disgusting and degrading grossness. This may, for aught I know, be very true; but the opposite error is at least complimentary to our nature, and may elevate where it fails to enlighten."—vol. iii. pp. 125, 126.

But what are we to think of a country where an immoral intercourse is looked upon with less repugnance than wedlock between the white and the black? Yet such is the fact, as declared by our author; and he quotes the printed language of a minister of the Gospel for the preference. Not to dwell which, however, from the enormity of the fact, necessarily and loudly call for the greatest indignation and censure, we shall here not abhorrence, on the part of the whites, may be clearly understood from the signs in the Boston Guide they are placed as themselves. And yet, many of these are whether character or wealth be considered the author says.



" Throughout the Union, there is, perhaps, no city, containing the same amount of population, where the blacks meet with more contumely and unkindness than at this place. Some of them told me it was hardly safe for them to be in the streets alone at night. One man assured me that he never ventured out after day-light, without some weapon of defence about him. No young woman of that race, if she would avoid insult, dare pass through the town, in the dusk of the evening, without a man to protect her. To pelt them with stones, and cry out nigger! nigger! as they pass, seems to be the pastime of the place. I had seen and heard so much of the indignities and cruelties heaped on the heads of this persecuted race, that I had ceased to feel surprise at any thing I was told on the subject. Indignation, I trust, I shall never cease to feel; and I blame myself for not having spoken more strongly and more frequently against these enormities. I could perceive that I had given great offence in several quarters, by the expression of my sentiments. It would be more to my honour if I had given more reason for it.

" A stranger can declare his opinions on any matter with much greater freedom in France or England—I believe I might add in Austria or Turkey—than in America—the only country on the surface of the globe where philanthropy is persecuted or sneered at, and where 'high and low, rich and poor,' have conspired together to put down humanity."—vol. iii, pp. 206, 207.

We shall now present our readers with portions of one of the most interesting chapters in these volumes; we mean the account of the author's interview with the celebrated Unitarian, Dr. Channing. Mr. Abdy states, that on reading from his journal this account to some of the Doctor's friends, he was particularly requested not to publish it; as they thought it might injure the good cause, by exciting a feeling of hostility to it among those attached to that eminent man. But this consideration only afforded the author a stronger motive for publication, as it showed what are the obstacles that obstruct an impartial inquiry into the momentous subject referred to. We must here either give copious extracts, or fail in doing justice to the arguments maintained between the parties. In justice to the author, whether his doctrines be right or wrong, it is proper that he should be heard in a discussion, where he puts forth his strength, and brings into a focus, so to speak, the ground-work of his principles. We may designate his discussion with Dr. Channing as the *argument* of the whole Essay upon the condition of the people of colour.

" After some common-place observations, which the ceremony of introduction drew on, I stated, in allusion to something in the letter I had brought with me, that I had, during my residence in America, felt deeply interested in the condition of a large portion of the community, who appeared to be condemned, from no fault or crime on their part, to a state of degradation, of which no one who has never been out of Europe could form an adequate conception. I referred, among other instances, to the separation at meals between the two races. The Doctor asserted, in reply, that the feeling, which induced the white man to reject his coloured brother from his table, was the same with that which excluded the ser-

from his master's society; and that the prejudice, which the feudal lord entertained against his serf, was analogous to the antipathy of which I had given an example. To this I objected, that the distinction of which I spoke, was that of colour not of rank, that the qualification, required for admittance to equality, might be obtained by the domestic of his descendants, but was out of the reach of the African American; that the Ethiopian was enabled to change his skin; and that I could not admit the analogy, without admitting that the persons, to whom it was applied, were to remain and be treated as servants—the very thing against which I was contending:—the end I had in view being to classify men according to their character and condition, and not to confound the learned with the illiterate, or the wealthy with the indigent—an arrangement that would be sure to mortify one party and to embarrass the other. As for the serf, he had none of those political rights which the free black possessed:—he had the advantages neither of property nor of education. He was not excluded from social intercourse with freemen of the same class, and was subject to no further disabilities than were to be found in most communities during their progress to refinement. He was not marked as an object of insult and contempt, when he went—he was as much a man as his lord—he was not an outcast—a Pariah.

“There were other prejudices in the world, I was told, equally painful to their objects, and equally deserving of our attention. The answer was that they were neither permanent nor general—that they were neither so odious to those who suffered from them, nor so disgraceful to those who cherished them: that few would defend, and none were afraid to condemn them; and that little improvement of the human mind could be expected, while a superstition so degrading was permitted to weaken its powers and to destroy its altars.

“The Doctor, who had come under the notice of the Doctor, was of an indifferent character; that the whole race were remarkable for want of sympathy with one another's misfortunes; and that, according to the evidence of a correspondent in Philadelphia, the generality of those of African descent in that city were degraded to the lowest state.

“To the first assertion I could merely object, that the experience of one man ought not to settle a question involving the character and condition of millions; and that a comprehensive conclusion could not be drawn from a few limited cases. To the second, I replied, that all I had ever heard upon the subject, from men who differed widely upon other points, concurred in asserting qualities directly the reverse of those imputed by him, and that a contrary opinion was so prevalent as to throw suspicion on the free blacks; as assistants or accessories in almost every case of escape from slavery. As for the testimony of the Philadelphian, little credit is due to a man, who deposes to facts that may be proved to be false by official documents, to be ignorant of which is to be guilty of injustice towards those he condemns.”—vol. iii, pp. 267, 220

The Doctor stated that he entertained no prejudices himself, and that he had remonstrated with the driver of a stage for not admitting his coloured servant into his coach; and yet he acknowledged that his white and black servants were in the habit of eating at separate tables. A hint was then given that there were different

rares of men. Mr. Abdy observed, that if such was the case, it entitled the inferior race to greater indulgences, and spares not the Doctor in these pages from the additional mortification of finding a number of extracts from his published discourses, in which very opposite sentiments are stated to those held during the oral discussion we are upon. We quote one of them.

“ ‘ We undoubtedly feel ourselves to be all of one race ; and this is well : we trace ourselves up to one pair, and feel the same blood flowing in our veins. But do we understand our spiritual brotherhood ? Do we feel ourselves to be derived from one Heavenly Parent, in whose image we are all made, and whose perfection we may constantly approach ? Do we feel that there is one divine life in our own and in all souls ? This seems to me the only true bond of man to man. Here is a tie more sacred, more enduring, than all the ties of this earth. Is it felt ? and do we in consequence truly honour one another ? ’ — Dr. Channing’s Discourses.” — vol. iii, p. 221.

The Doctor, in his argument with our author, is reported to have proceeded to say, that there was no reason to suppose that any humiliation was inflicted by the national customs, in respect of the people of colour ; he denied that antipathy was the cause, and asserted that it was the effect of slavery.

“ I qualified what I had said upon this subject by referring to that well-known operation of the mind by which a reciprocal action takes place between two ideas, and that which was prior in time becomes posterior in influence. I may perhaps be excused for offering further explanation of my meaning, that the opinion, if false, may be corrected. We all know that habits are continued and extended by the feelings they have created, and how much difficulty is experienced in subduing affections long after the motives that induced them have ceased. The negro intellect stands lower in the estimation of a Virginian, than it did in that of Las Casas, or whoever it was that first recommended the employment of African labour. This, in one sense, is the result of slavery, while in another and in a much stronger sense, it upholds it. The Mahometans enslave the Christians, because they despise them ; and the debasement to which they reduce them, confirms their contempt. When the people of the same nation, as the Africans, make slaves of one another, the latter are better treated, and no reason against their enfranchisement and elevation exists in any disdain that is felt for their minds, or in any apprehension of an intermixture with their masters. I insisted upon this distinction, because I feel convinced that if there were no prejudice in the northern States, there could be no slavery in the southern, while their union continued. Hence I observed to the Doctor, that the Indians, who had never, or very rarely, been treated as slaves, were suffering under the same sort of contempt as the blacks ; that in those States where slavery had been abolished, the prejudice was so much more intense than where it still existed, that the planters themselves complain of it when they bring their slaves with them to the north.

“ If, said I, a man is despised not for his crimes, but for his own or his father’s misfortunes, such injustice ought not to go unpunished or unexposed. The Doctor thought the best way to combat the prejudice was

to elevate its object. This method I conceived was impracticable, as the rejection of moral distinctions was the very evil complained of. No impression, I was told, could be made by entreaty or remonstrance on habits so long formed; and that, therefore, it must be left to time and the better conduct of the aggrieved, to convert contumely into respect, and obtain those rights which are now denied.

"I could not see how the white man's mind was to be enlightened from without, when no corrective was applied within. I thought it neither just, nor judicious to wait till jealousy was subdued by the presence of the very attentions and accomplishments it dreaded. I alluded to a statement just made, that the poorer classes of whites had been much offended with the abolitionists for their civility to the coloured people, and the pains they took to educate their children. A few minutes after, the conversation turned on the difficulty that was felt in procuring work for the blacks, with whom the whites refused to labour. This was a fact, that the Doctor, with all his knowledge of the race, had never heard of before. 'Why,' he asked, 'should we not encourage them by dealing with them for what we want?' 'That,' I replied, 'would be adding fuel to the flame. It has just been said that the whites are much displeased with the kindness shewn them—how will they feel when their bread is thus taken from them by the very people they are jealous of? They want no favour or preference. All they claim is a fair trial; and that the evidence of colour may not be suffered to outweigh those testimonies from character and conduct, which decide the merits of other men. Society owes them respect in proportion to the services they render it.'—vol. iii, pp. 223—226.

The author mentioned that he should publish an account of what he had seen of the coloured race in America. The Doctor had no objection to any fair statement on the subject. The latter also thought that if some great genius were to appear among the coloured people, their lot might be ameliorated through the admiration and sympathy that he would excite. The former thought it hard that the fate of nearly three millions should be contingent on the appearance of a miracle.

"Throughout the whole of this protracted discussion, my opponent seemed to take it for granted that it turned upon the claims of a race naturally inferior to our own—a method of begging the question more suited to the predilections of the disputant, than the common rules of logic. That they were doomed to be 'hewers of wood and drawers of water' appeared to be a reasonable postulate. They were invariably spoken of as 'servants,' whose proper place was in the kitchen; where they were to take their meals apart, because they did not complain of a distinction, which complaint would render more galling; and because no white servant would remain in the establishment, if it were otherwise arranged—a determination so utterly unworthy of notice, that no man who wishes to be respected by his domestics, would allow them to decide upon the usages of his own house, and no great or good mind would for a moment place personal convenience in collision with a sense of duty, or sacrifice principle to vulgar malevolence.

"When I was told that the prejudice was invincible, and that no effort, therefore, should be made to subdue it, I could not admit either the premises or the conclusion, unless it were demonstrated that truth and reason

had lost their influence on the national mind; and that it was the result, not the motive, of human actions, that ought to determine the line of our conduct, and regulate the conscience. If Luther and Calvin, I argued, had thus reasoned, the world might still have been groaning under the yoke of spiritual oppression. The Doctor said it was a hardship to be deprived of work by the refusal of mechanics to associate with men of a different complexion. This reluctance, I begged leave to say, was encouraged and supported by a similar refusal, on the part of the wealthier portions of society, to admit, under any circumstances whatever, the class excluded to a participation of the courtesies and refinements they enjoyed themselves. The carpenter, or blacksmith, was not more aggrieved than the clergyman, or the physician; while the former might see in the ignorance of his brother workman an excuse, which might be supposed to be wanting in the other case. It was not the mere privation of a privilege, but the utter hopelessness of ever attaining it, that was felt as a grievance. It was the condemnation to a state of inferiority and contumely that was so galling; it was the unnatural association in the white man's mind between an indelible mark that Divine wisdom had impressed on the skin, and the character of the wearer, that constituted the wrong complained of;—a wrong that nothing could ever compensate or soften, an injustice that must necessarily expose the son of Africa to oppression and opprobrium, and shut him out from the enjoyment of those rights, which the declaration of his country's independence had solemnly promised to assure to all within its bosom."—vol. iii, pp. 229—231.

He declared it to be the result of his reflections that the best way would be to educate the coloured people in separate schools, and alleged as a proof of his regard for them, that the African school of Boston had originated with him. The author thought this was a method of attempting to destroy a distinction by continuing it.

"The most striking feature in what passed, during this interview, was the attempt of a philosopher, to find in the extent and intensity of a prejudice a reason for its continuance—to confound the subject of superstition with its victim (as if the best way to cure Cotton Mather of witch-finding would have been to teach the old women of Salem divinity, or as if a monomaniac could be restored to reason by placing the object of his illusion in a new position), and to leave the task of correction not to the conscience of the proud man, but the conduct of him whom he scorns for not having the 'wedding garment' he wears himself. 'I should be sorry,' said the reverend Doctor, 'to say any thing that may lessen the sympathy you feel for the blacks.' I assured him that I did not feel for them, because they differed from me in complexion, but because they resembled me in mind. As one branch of the human family, they are entitled to my sympathy, as much as any other. The humblest of them is one of those 'little ones,' to offend whom, is to offend the great Father of all. The conversation concluded, with an observation, from the other side, that prejudices and follies existed in every country, and that this was one of the consequences of the existing state of society:—a truism I was so little inclined to controvert, that it had formed the ground work of all that I had been saying.

"As for the inequalities which prevail in the world, whatever grievances may attend them fall indiscriminately on all, as the wealth, and rank, and vanity, and ambition, in which they originate, change hands. One evil can



never sanction another ; nor is it a valid objection to the reformation of an abuse, that it cannot embrace all. I had spoken with considerable warmth and earnestness ; but, I trust, without forgetting what was due from a stranger to a distinguished man in his own house. I thought it right, however, to apologize for the excess which had appeared on my part, both of zeal and of loquacity. I should probably have exhibited less of the former, if there had been more of the latter on the other side. But the Doctor throughout was extremely cold and reserved, and seemed to weigh every word before he gave it utterance ;—urging me to continue, as if to take time for reflection. Having declined to partake of the refreshment which was politely offered me, I took my leave of this celebrated writer.

“ I have related the details of what passed on this occasion with the same object that would lead an Eastern traveller to record the opinions of a high-caste Brahmin. What an humiliating contrast does this acknowledged cradle of civilization present with its boasted asylum ! How great is the difference between the convert to Unitarianism in the east, and its champion in the west !—between Rammohun Roy and Dr. Channing ! The Shaster could not take away moral courage from the one, nor the Bible give it to the other. In the darkest ages of cruelty and ignorance, the cause of truth and justice has found its friends and martyrs. But who, in the whole compass of American literature, has stood up against the brutal superstition of his country ? What will posterity say, when they see, among the most distinguished of her writers, not one solitary instance of a man who was willing to sacrifice the paltry ambition of the hour to principle ;—not one who could rise above the infected atmosphere around him ;—not one who had mind enough to perceive the gross idolatry of his contemporaries, or heart enough to denounce it ?—while the few who are destined to take the lead as moral teachers, have been reprov'd for their boldness by those who have usurped the throne, and are repelled from a nearer approach by the very persons who ought to have honoured them with their applause, and aided them with their co-operation.”—vol. iii, pp. 233—236.

Before the author left America the Doctor preached a sermon against slavery, in consequence, as the former was told, of what had passed between them ; a compliment of no mean order, and such, as seems to us, to have been really merited. One extract more, for the sake of principle, and to exhibit our author's skill and strength :—

“ That the Unitarians, as a body, should, while they profess to be the fearless and unbiassed advocates of freedom, have as yet done nothing to shew their sincerity, by putting into practice those principles which have cost nobler men their lives or their fortunes, is, however discreditable to America, no matter for surprise. What Jew will admit ham to his table, when the High Priest will not eat pork ? Parties, coteries, and sects are governed by their leaders. Whether in politics, literature, or religion, ‘ man-worship,’ as it is termed, seems to be the fashion of the country. People admire the dial-plate, and forget the works which alone give it value. The Unitarians know their duty, but they dare not act up to it. In the *Christian Examiner*, one of their periodical publications (1830), is the following passage : ‘ There is nothing more humbling than the history of prejudices, when they have ceased to awaken any feeling. . . . We feel

that there must be a want of generosity in the breast that harbours and defends them, and that nothing can be done for moral or intellectual improvement till they are done away. But such prejudices become alarming; when they come armed with the authority of numbers. Then truth lies brow-beaten and still, leaving its wrongs to be redressed by the reformer, Time. The prejudice passes from breast to breast, and from generation to generation. Though in the hearts of a few, it was an obstinate and passive affection, in the hearts of many, it grows savage, blood-thirsty, and revengeful.' A recent number of this journal contains a defence of slavery, or such a palliation of its guilt, as amounts to a vindication. Not long ago a promise was made to Mr. May, that an article he had written in favour of emancipation, should be inserted in its columns. It was not, however, admitted; the refusal being accompanied with this observation: 'It would be against the interest of the work to publish such an essay in it.'"—vol. iii, pp. 288—240.

We think that enough has been presented in our pages, to substantiate the general criticism passed upon them in our opening remarks. Perhaps some may fancy that they discover after a full perusal of Mr. Abdy's three volumes, a covert attempt to frighten mankind with the practical evils of republicanism. We care little for such a design. Our deep and sustained interest has been called forth by him in an unusual degree and extent, in behalf of oppressed humanity; and so long as we know that he has truth and goodness on his side in this paramount field, which has with him been ably and variously laboured, we must admire his work. We doubt not, that among supporters and opponents, Mr. Abdy's tour will create a stir of no ordinary nature; and that good will arise out of the movement, we cannot for a moment despair of.

ART. III.—*The Life of Edmund Kean.* 2 vols. London: Moxon. 1835.

THESE two volumes contain some valuable lessons. Not that the real life of the celebrated tragedian, who is the subject of them, was of an elevated or excellent order in any of the intellectual or moral displays most worthy of man's admiration and culture. In such a sense he was a spoilt, and pitiable creature. Take him off the stage, and he was a hero in nothing praiseworthy, in nothing but privations, vagabondizing, folly, and dissipation. Indeed we believe that actors almost universally, out of the theatre, are an insipid, monotonous, and inferior class, as respects manly and solid acquirements; or if uncommon energy of character belong to them, it is but seldom that this superior strength finds its delight in truly elegant and decidedly important employment. We are speaking of the profession in the ordinary and continued current of life. We can scarcely call to mind a theatrical name that has ever been eminent, as connected with any public measure or event, of a political, a philanthropic, or speculative kind. With few exceptions, even literary actors are unknown. They are players, but nothing

more, and so accustomed have we been (we speak only for ourselves) to see and hear of them at night, and under an artificial light, that when chancing to perceive any one of the corps in broad day again, we never can resist bestowing a second look upon the *reality*, as if it had unaccountably escaped from its mysterious and undefined state. The players seem to us not to be of this world; and yet their unearthly condition has not obtained, in our imagination, any such fascination as that which should lead us to long for a share in it. We have become so convinced that its glory is but a false glare, that its finery is but a tawdriness, as to think any state of existence would be preferable, even that in which penury is combined with hard labour, and anxiety without gleams of meteorlike joy. Such, too, we are satisfied, is the decision formed by every man who is acquainted with human life and the constitution of the human mind. And yet the young, the thoughtless, and the sanguine, who behold the world through the medium of a romantic perspective, very frequently judge differently. To all such we recommend a perusal of the present volumes; to these dreamers about an actor's life, as if it were a personification, from year to year, of heroism and poetic visions, Edmund Kean furnishes an affecting lesson. Who ever was hailed with such a sudden and universal admiration? upon whom was wealth ever so copiously poured? And yet, who is there that peruses these pages, that would exchange his lot for similar fortune, taking it with its preceding privations, and its succeeding fatality?

We repeat that these volumes contain valuable lessons; nor have we perused them without strong emotions of regret and pity. Poor Kean! thoughtless, erring, and yet admired man! We knew, heretofore, of his extravagancies and his vices, of his matchless conception and portraiture of the passions, of the energy of his genius, of his generosity and lofty spirit of independence. But we never had, so fully and impressively brought together, the chained series of vicissitudes that chequered his hurried and passionate career; we never knew so clearly how his superior mind was in early boyhood made shipwreck of by an unprincipled and base mother—if Miss Carey was his mother. For what more need be said of this period of his existence, than that he seems not to have known more of a mother, than that she was the person, who even in his childhood, made him the victim of a low and mercenary publicity? His mind was squandered, his principles devastated as soon and as quickly as their growth and fine promise appeared; nor can we paint to ourselves a succession of future events equal to those that fell out in his history, for hastening to rankness, and premature withering, the plant that had been so distorted in its seedling state.

To us Kean's life is the subject of the deepest commiseration. Besides the misusage to which he was at an early age exposed, and the privations which his strolling life was constantly encountering—a style of life unavoidably the offspring of his early habits—he

was a man whose feelings and principles often command admiration and tender regard. Nay, were it for nothing but the matchless manner in which he has often worked upon our nature, by inspiring us with a portion of his own towering soul, by carrying us away in the whirlwind of his passion, there must have remained the strong ties of affectionate sympathy, and to a certain extent kindred tastes. We have seen him die so often in assumed character, that his real death scene is awfully impressive, and brings us in these pages to the very bed-side, where he performed his last part in a manner more perfect than he had ever done, to weep, to lament, and to pray.

A word as to the part of Barry Cornwall, the author of these volumes. We think he has made the best of his materials. The spirit of the biographer is candid and liberal, and such as becomes one erring mortal to record of another. There appears to us to be not unfrequently displayed a considerable degree of self-complacency in the writer's manner; nor is it least, when he is instructing us, in the introduction, as to what he *pretends* not to do. The work, however, is fair and appropriate, neither exalting his hero, nor degrading him beyond what a humane view of the facts warrant. As the first volume is by far the most interesting of the two, as regards the novelty of their contents, and the character of the incidents, we shall chiefly take our citations from that portion of the work.

The birth and parentage of Edmund Kean remain in doubt, and are unknown. He seems himself to have been uncertain on these points. According, however, to the author's best conclusions, he was the son of one Edmund Kean, by Ann Carey, and was born in the year 1789. By both of these lines a theatric life had been in repute. His earliest years were of a migrating character, being sometimes with his reputed mother, and sometimes with Miss Tidswell. At one time the father put him out to nurse, where by misusage, he was allowed to become crooked; but these indications of weakness disappeared long before he became a man. In the meanwhile, his mother pursued her itinerant habits as an actress, and sometimes by going from house to house with flowers, powder, pomatum, &c. for sale. When he grew old enough to accompany her, she took him with her, because his appearance was highly interesting—his beauty being so great, and his symmetry so remarkable, that one old lady inquired if he were "*really* a living child." At an early age he appeared on the Drury-lane stage in some very young characters, such as a little cupid, page to Sir John Falstaff, &c. He began to recite Rolla's address to the Peruvians, Satan's address to the Sun, and portions of Richard the Third, &c., at various places.

"Mrs. Charles Kemble recollects hearing a clanking noise at the theatre one night, and on inquiring as to the cause, was answered, 'It is only little Kean reciting Richard the Third in the green-room; he's acting after the manner of Garrick. Will you go and see him? He is really very

clever.' And there he was, '*really* very clever,' acting to a semicircle of gazers, and exhibiting the fierceness, and possibly some of the niceties of that character, in which, fifteen years afterwards, he drew to the theatre (which he enriched and adorned) thousands and thousands of spectators, and built up for himself a renown that will last—that *must* last—as long as 'the actor's fame.'"—vol. i, pp. 15, 16.

He was an intelligent, merry, and reckless boy. His mother made him the subject of panegyric to her pomatum customers, and at length succeeded in getting him introduced to Mrs. Clarke, the wife of Mr. Clarke, of Guildford-street.

"A thundering rap is heard at the door. The footman, with an approximation to a grin on his face, enters and announces—'Master Carey, ma'am.—'Master Carey?' was the inquiry. 'Yes, ma'am; he comes from his mother, *Miss* Carey, who brings the perfumery here to sell. He says he is Master Carey.' 'Show him up by all means.' Mrs. Clarke stood. The door was thrown open, and a slim pale boy, of about ten years old, enters—very poorly clad, ragged, with dirty hands, face washed, delicate skin, brilliant eyes, superb head of curled and matted hair, and a piece of a hat in his hand! With the bow and air of a prince he delivers his message: 'My mother, madam, sends her duty, and begs you will be so good as to lend her a shilling to take the spangled tiffany petticoat out of pawn, as she wants it to appear in at Richmond to-morrow.' In answer to this petition, the lady put forth an interrogation; 'Are you the little boy that can act so well?' A bow of assent, and a kindling cheek were the sole reply. 'What can you act?' The answer was, 'Richard the Third—Speed the Plough—Hamlet—and Harlequin.' 'I should like very much to see you,' said the lady. 'I should be proud to act to you,' was the return. 'Well, here's the money for your mother,' said Mrs. Clarke; 'but stay,' added she, throwing open the door of the back drawing-room, where her husband sate writing. He was a grave stout man, who had left off going to plays. She brought forward our hero: 'This is little Edmund Carey.' A low bow from Master Edmund Carey finished the introduction. Mr. Clarke looked at him, and was struck with his air, as well as his delicate and expressive features, and which, contrasted with the poverty of his clothes, must have touched and interested even the commonest observer. We do not know what commendation or good advice was bestowed by Mr. Clarke; but Mrs. Clarke and her young friend parted, with a promise, on his part, that he would come again at six o'clock that evening, and give a specimen of his acting.'—vol. i, pp. 20—22.

The lady, filled with the merits of her protégé, invited some of her friends to come and see her "extraordinary boy."

"At last, the same thundering rap which had preceded his advent in the morning, sounded again upon the door. It was certainly he. The lady flew to the head of the stair-case, in order to be the first to welcome her protégé, and also that she might receive him alone: for she was jealous as to the impression which he was to make, and was apprehensive lest those humble auxiliaries, soap and water, might be necessary in order to all-perfect her hero. But no: his face was clean, the delicacy of his complexion was more obvious than before, and his beautiful hair had been combed, and shone like the wing of a raven. His dress, indeed, had suffered no improvement; but a frilled handkerchief of his mother's was



tucked inside his jacket, and was more than a substitute for a shirt collar. He was a new man. His friend was satisfied and proud. At the same time, in order the more completely to qualify him for the task which he was about to undertake, she took him secretly to her dressing-room, summoned her maid, and despatched her for some black ribband, in order to substitute something heroic for the commercial pack-thread which ornamented his shoes. They then commenced a search for other finery; and at last came upon a black riding-hat, with feathers in it. This prize was seized upon, turned up in front with pins, and accommodated to his head; and, to put a finishing stroke to this grand equipment, a real sword and belt were found, which were buckled on the tragedian without delay. Never had he looked so magnificent, even in his dreams!

“The lady led him, beaming with delight, into the drawing-room, and presented him to her assembled friends. They sat in a silent circle, and surveyed him. Had time permitted, they might have smiled; but scarcely allowing himself time to bow, he rushed eagerly to the further end of the room, which had been fixed upon as a stage (and where there was a door for his exit and entrance, and a curtain for a scene), and began. It was no small task that lay before him. He had to face the smiles of an audience sceptical of his talents, and to conquer them: yet he did this—nay, he did more; for the expression of the countenances of his audience changed from contempt (or distrust) into attention—from attention to admiration—to silent wonder—to tears! He, who was then ten years, shewed them how the patriotism of Rolla, and the bloody policy of Richard, ought, and was thereafter to be exhibited. They were deaf to the prophecy, indeed; but they were, nevertheless, well pleased with the ingenious little player, and rewarded him with a shower of shillings and sixpences, which he would not pick up! The money, however, was forced on him at last, and he was sent home richer than he had ever been before, and flushed with success. Lest the reader should apprehend danger to him from this sudden influx of wealth, be it known that ‘Miss Carey’ took the precaution of invariably relieving him from such incumbrances, until he arrived at years of—*discretion*.”—vol. i, pp. 23—26.

He is for a time protected by Mrs. Clarke, acting, singing prettily, and exhibiting a talent for mimicry and agility. He at length runs away, a practice which on any freak or disappointment in after life, was periodically kept up by him, and thus loses her patronage. Previous to this, however, he had been at various schools. The occasion of this runaway incident, was such as to prove his irritability and spirited independence. After three weeks’ absence, he was found in a state of squalid exhaustion, sleeping on a dunghill. Upon this he joined Richardson’s troop of strollers, to which his mother at the time belonged; but as to any thing like a settled home, nothing certain is told. Perhaps Miss Tidswell had most of his society, but why she took so much pains with him is not ascertained.

“That he was indebted to Miss Tidswell for his early and best theatrical education is beyond a doubt. He has acknowledged it frequently. She taught him his parts, by reading the speeches to him, and making him afterwards repeat them before her, with the proper emphasis. The first

character of any importance that he filled at Drury Lane (that of Arthur in 'King John,') he learned in this way, and got some credit by it. In order to prevent that vague sort of mouthing common to boys, and to beget in him the habit of sustaining dialogue with real persons, she used to place him before a picture, and compelled him to address his speeches to it. And in pursuance of this system, she would change a fictitious name into a real one, and endeavour thus to excite his sympathy. As an instance of this, when she taught him the speech which Hamlet utters over the grave, she made him in the first place say, 'Alas, poor uncle!'—his uncle, Moses Kean (who, like Yorick, was a facetious person) having lost a limb. When the boy's sympathy was raised, and the necessary emphasis and expression attained, the change of words from 'uncle' into 'Yorick,' was easily managed. There is something at least very ingenious in this method of schooling. Upon minds not readily impressible, similar experiments might be made, we think, with a great chance of success."—vol. i, pp. 40, 41.

From her too, he at times ran away. Once he made his way to Portsmouth, without a penny in his pocket; whether he performed or begged by the way is not known. He, himself, said that he slept in barns and out-houses, and ate turnips. On another occasion, when he must have been employed in some way in his peculiar line, she discovered him enacting the character of minstrel in a public house at Vauxhall; upon this, she tied a rope round his waist and dragged him home. As a last desperate resource, she put a brass collar round his neck, with the words "Theatre Royal, Drury Lane," upon it. But, says our author, "he was like one of those creatures born in the woods, who never forget the savage freedom of their early life, and whom no ingenuity of man can tame."

We cannot follow closely the author in his account of poor Kean's early strolling theatric life. He is at one time reciting or acting in London, on other occasions he is in the provinces, Scotland, &c. with some wandering troop. It is reported that he acted in Belfast with Mrs. Siddons, being drunk one night, to her great displeasure and annoyance; on another playing, Young Norval to her Lady Randolph, to her admiration; her speech to him at the close of the play, was:—"You have played very well, Sir, very well. It's pity—but there's too little of you to do any thing." We may observe, however, that like other men of high genius, amid all his wanderings, and inequalities of conduct as a man, or talent as an actor, he entertained a confidence in his own powers, and at times would have starved for want, rather than play second to an inferior. He would never submit to an inferior part with Master Betty, and would swear that he would not yield to any man living, "except to John Kemble." We must now take him up after his marriage with Maria Chambers, which took place in 1808.

After having been a long time at Birmingham, with a salary of *sometimes* from a guinea to thirty shillings a week, on condition of his acting Harlequin, in addition to his usual work, he listened to overtures from the manager of the Swansea theatre, and finally ac-

cepted an engagement to lead the business there at five-and-twenty shillings weekly. His expenses had previously been with difficulty kept within his income, and at last exceeded it. On starting for Swansea, a journey of one hundred and fifty miles, his wife was near her accouchement, fifteen pounds of debt stood against them, and he had not a sixpence in his pocket. He wrote to his new manager however, and obtained by return two pounds, and with something less than twenty-shillings, undertook the journey. Let all stage-struck youths read the following affecting passage in Kean's theatric career :—

“ They set out. It was four o'clock on a fine July morning, when they shook the dust of Birmingham from their feet, and commenced their journey on foot towards Bristol. Their poverty compelled them to be thus early risers ; for creditors at Birmingham, like those of other places, have quick eyes and ‘ flinty hearts.’ They walked slowly (for Mrs. Kean was now very infirm), and arranged that they should travel about ten or twelve miles a day, if possible. Kean, dressed in blue from head to foot, with his dark sharp resolute face, a black stock, and four swords over his shoulder (suspending the family bundle of clothes), looked like a poor little navy lieutenant, whom the wars had left on half pay and penniless, trudging on, with his wife, to his native village. This resemblance (for it is not an imagination of ours) procured them from time to time some little attentions, and always commanded respect. After walking a few miles, they sat down by the way-side to rest. Kean, perceiving a small river near the spot, delivered up the swords and bundle to his wife, and, finding a convenient place, plunged in the water, and swam about for a few minutes. This, with the exception of a single meal, was all the refreshment they had till the evening, when they found themselves at a village about twelve miles from Birmingham. A very humble supper and a cheap bed concluded the day. The following days, the

‘ To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,’

passed in the same fatiguing and cheerless manner. They did not meet with an adventure. All that they particularly noted was, that the space between themselves and Bristol narrowed very slowly, and that their money was rapidly diminishing.

“ At last they arrived at Bristol, without a penny. They chose a small public house to put up at, ‘ The Mulberry-tree,’ and entered into an anxious consultation as to their ‘ ways and means ;’ the result of which was that Kean determined to write to Cherry for a second advance. It may easily be imagined that the interval between their letter and Cherry's reply was past uncomfortably enough ; but there was no help for it. They had walked a hundred miles, and they had still eighty more to travel, before they could reach Swansea. It was impossible to accomplish this without money, and to raise money upon the little articles of dress which they had with them was equally past hope ; for they had none to spare. Even the swords (and they were not of Damascus) would be required when they arrived at Swansea, for the immediate business of the theatre : and there was nothing else which the hardest scrutiny would have pronounced superfluous. After four or five days' expectation, however, Cherry's letter arrived. It enclosed two pounds more. Out of this sum they paid their

five day's bill at 'The Mulberry-tree,' amounting to twenty-five shillings, and with the remaining fifteen, started on the same evening for Swansea."—vol. i, pp. 101—104.

Many privations are endured, and various shifts are resorted to in the course of this journey, which we have not room to introduce.

"We must proceed and complete the Swansea journey, already, we fear too long. Kean, revived by the school-mistress's fare, trudged on with renewed spirits. We know not what feat or combat (in Tekeli or Richard) he might have been meditating, when suddenly a man jumped out of the hedge, and asked peremptorily—'Is that your wife?' This is sometimes a very awkward question. It was not so in the present instance, indeed; notwithstanding which, our hero declined a reply. His silence nourished the rogue's courage, who went on another length—'If she's *not*,' said he roughly, 'she must come with me.' The blood of Mrs. Kean, at this intimation, fell down to Zero; but the blood of the tragedian mounted. He unslung his bundle of swords, and taking one (it was his 'Richard sword,') he unsheathed it in an instant and was about to try its metal upon his new acquaintance, when that personage started off, and made his way over hedge and ditch, with an expedition that we had supposed to belong only to experienced London debtors living on their wits, when they know that a tip-staff with a fatal touch is coming swiftly in their wake. The man escaped; and Mrs. Kean and her champion walked wearily on till they reached the sands, which are about five miles distant from Swansea. At this place Kean endeavoured to obtain from the occupier of a cottage, a little milk for his wife, who was sinking with fatigue. The churl refused. Kean tendered the few halfpence that he possessed, but these were rejected. He therefore collected some water for her in his hat, and thus humbly refreshed, the poor pair continued to struggle on till evening, when they, at last, set foot in the almost unattainable Swansea! The cold boiled leg of mutton and cider which they that evening sate down before, in the boat house, and ate with an appetite surpassed only by those who were shut up in the Tower of Famine, existed like a splendid and happy vision in their memories for more than twenty years.

"We have extended the account of this journey somewhat beyond what we originally intended, in order that 'all our young readers' (as good Mr. Newberry's books say—or used to say) may see how one of the high and crowned kings of tragedy was accustomed to travel; before they resolve irrevocably to enrol themselves under those ragged and tawdry colours which float above the English Drama—a sign and prophecy of the player's fortunes!"—vol. i, pp. 109—112.

Kean's wanderings are again various and distressing. He tries his fortune once more in Scotland, and arrives at Dumfries, where, on the night of his performance, there was only one *sixpence* in the house. At Exeter he had adventures enough in his peculiar way. He rented some convenient rooms over a China-shop, his landlady being a little feather-dresser—the China-man and Mr. Cawsey, a solicitor, were also her tenants; all very regular and precise people excepting our hero, who they at first thought, 'was of the quietest,

smoothest nature in the world, having seen him at first in one of his sober intervals.

"A single night was destined to dispel this charming fancy! Kean had been acting with spirit, as it turned out, and drinking with equal vigour, when a fellow, unaware of the foibles of actors, disputed the propriety of his performance. Our hero, who was not a man to receive a reproof silently, whether merited or not, retorted in unequivocal language. The critic replied in terms bitterer than before. This brought on a rejoinder, and thus they went on, from bad to worse, waging a fierce battle with their tongues, until Kean, who thought that words were poor things in a case of this sort, started up, intimated that he was going for his swords, and swore that his foe (now beginning to be terrified) should fight him. He left the room accordingly, and ran to his lodgings for the weapons, having on his Harlequin costume. Whether it was that a portion of his excitement evaporated by the way, or that it took a pantomimic turn, we do not know, but on his arrival at home, he seemed more inclined to commit a few minor extravagancies, than the great one of killing his adversary for a foolish speech. He mounted the door-steps, entered the house (the door was not fastened), ran up the stairs, and without ceremony jumped, Harlequin fashion, right through a glass-door at the top. It was now three o'clock in the morning, and the smashing of the glass made a tremendous noise. Mrs. Kean (who had been sitting up for him) was alarmed; Mr. Cawsey, the solicitor, was alarmed; both the little Misses Hake were very much alarmed. Our hero recovered himself, just as Mr. Cawsey, in his night-cap, was putting his head out of his bed-room door. In another instant, Mrs. Kean appeared; and shortly afterwards, scarcely visible in the imperfect light, peeped forth the two little Misses Hake, in their night dresses, trembling with all their might. Fronting them all, and gazing steadfastly at Mr. Cawsey, who cautiously advanced, stood the tipsy Harlequin. That personage now threw himself into a position, set his arms a-kimbo, began rolling his black head round and round—quick—quicker—quicker still—they thought that it never would stop. At last, making a sudden spring towards Cawsey, he 'cleared' the solicitor (night-cap and all) at a bound, and disappeared like a ghost."—vol. i, pp. 168—170.

During the three following days he was neither seen or heard of by his wife. He had been drinking all the time with a poor actor, who was about to leave Exeter. He had discovered that the fellow who had been the object of his vengeance was a coward, and had fled, and therefore he soothed his ire with copious potations. During this sojourn he played the leading characters in tragedy, and Harlequin; he played the musical part of Count Belino, in "the Devil's Bridge;" he played the Prince in Cinderella; he taught Cinderella herself to dance; he instructed the whole corps de ballet! Such were Kean's life and tastes.

When at Teignmouth, the foundation of his fortunes was made. A day or two after he had commenced his engagement, a letter arrived at Exeter (where his wife continued), from Mr. Elliston, then manager of the Olympic Theatre, London, containing a tender of three pounds a week, which she hastened to accept of, in behalf of her



husband, but to his great displeasure, because nothing less than one of the major houses, was equal to his ambition. His aspirations were indeed unexpectedly fostered by the countenance and favour of Dr. Drury (once head master of Harrow school), who happened to witness at Teignmouth our hero's performances; and next by the approval of Arnold, the manager at that time of Drury Lane Theatre, who witnessed the tragedian's talents at Dorchester where he was playing, to help him on his way to London. We cannot, however, detail the trials (the death of his boy, Howard, being one of the most severe), he encountered previous to his appearance in Drury Lane, on his probation in a principal part. His semi-engagement with Elliston, and the contempt shewn him by the old stagers of Old Drury, were enough to have broken the spirit of any less energetic personage than Kean, who at the time had to struggle with hunger and difficulties of every sort. At last the play of Shylock was put in rehearsal for our hero's debut, but not until the very morning of the day on which he was to appear; for it seemed that every art was used to damp and mar his performance:—

“In obedience to the call, Kean attended at the theatre, to walk through his part. Mr. Raymond, the stage-manager, and the several actors specified in the bill of the evening, were there. Every one was very civil, and as cold as the season. The actors at the side scenes (Kean heard of this afterwards, though he could not then distinguish anything) were liberal of their prophecies:—‘He will be sure to fail.’ However, our hero went through the speeches of Shylock, or rather he was in the act of repeating them (giving some of his peculiar effects to each), when Raymond, the manager, could withhold his advice no longer. ‘This will *never* do, Mr. Kean,’ said he, with a superior smile; ‘it is an innovation, Sir; it is totally different from anything that has ever been done on these boards.’ ‘Sir,’ returned our hero (we can imagine something of his tone here, however repressed it might have been),—‘Sir,’ I *wish* it to be so.’ ‘It will not do, Mr. Kean, be assured of it,’ returned the manager carelessly. ‘Well, Sir,’ replied the other, ‘perhaps I may be wrong; but, if so, *the Public* will set me right.’ Finding remonstrance of no avail, Mr. Raymond left the refractory actor to perform the ‘Road to Ruin’ his own way.

That personage left the theatre in anything but tip-toe spirits, when the rehearsal was at an end. He went home for solace, and, let us state that on that day—he dined! This, as we have seen, was but an occasional ceremony with him. In general, he could have dispensed with this important meal, for

— ‘His palate *then* did deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;’

but *that* day he was to be supported; his courage was to be braced, and his voice strengthened, by a little generous diet. Accordingly, on his return, his wife produced before him (by the usual alchemy, we suppose, some rapid conversion of velvet or satin into silver) a beef-steak and a pot of porter. He was not a man to reject a compliment of this sort; and he therefore sat down, and gave satisfactory proof that he had not

been dismayed out of his appetite by the chilling events of the morning."—vol. ii, pp. 31—33.

After dinner, Kean prepared for the awful evening. His stock of properties was very scanty, but with these, tied up in a pocket handkerchief, he trudged through the snow to Drury Lane. When the curtain drew up, there were but few persons in the theatre. There were some sound critics in the house, however, whom the ignorant and tasteless followed, according to an instinctive obedience:—

"When Kean first entered upon the stage, that evening, the spectator saw that something decisive (good or bad) was about to happen. His quick, flashing, and intelligent eye, and his quiet resolute bearing denoted a sure result—Caesar, or nothing. 'I could scarcely draw my breath,' said Dr. Drury to Kean on the following day, 'when you first came upon the stage. But directly you took your position, and leaned upon your cane, I saw that all was right.' Kean was received with the usual encouraging plaudits bestowed on a new actor; and he acknowledged them with a bow eminently graceful. This was so far in his favour. His audience now took notice of him, and saw a figure and countenance that Titian would have been pleased to paint. His thin, dark face, full of meaning, and taking, at every turn, a sinister or vigilant expression, was just adapted to the ascetic and revengeful Shylock, he spoke—'Three thousand ducats? well!' and you were satisfied that there would be no failure. As he proceeded, the feelings of the audience went altogether with him. His reply to Bassanio (who says, be assured you may take his bond), 'I will be assured I may,' obtained applause; and his fine retort on Antonio, (which shames, or ought to cast shame on the Christian merchant),

"Fair Sir, you spat on me on Wednesday last;  
You spurned me such a day; another time  
You called me—dog; and for these courtesies  
I'll lend you thus much monies—."

was received with acclamations. At one time, it was feared that his voice would fail, and the manager hurried after him with a glass of negus, as a restorative; but it was an idle apprehension. He went on still gaining ground, until he arrived at the scene with Salariño, where those fierce and unanswerable interrogations on behalf of the Jew ('Hath not a Jew eyes,' &c.) are forced from him: when, knitting himself up, he gave them forth with terrible energy, and drew down a thunder of applause. And in this way he went on, victorious, to the end; gathering glory after glory, shout after shout, till the curtain fell. Nothing like that acting—nothing like that applause, had, for many previous years, resounded within the walls of ancient or modern Drury. It was a new era. The actor and the theatre were both poor, and each, separately, were unable to rise. But together—like certain salts and other substances, which are formidable only in conjunction—they were competent to encounter anything. That day was golden-lettered in theatrical annals. The audience went home wondering and delighted; the committee more than content; the actor himself triumphant;—

"That day he overcame the Nervii!"—vol. ii, pp. 37—40.

It is worth while to follow the author back to the tragedian's

wife, on that night, who was left at their lodgings in Cecil Street, with the Misses Williams, their most indulgent and friendly landladies.

"During the hours of performance, she had been waiting the result at home. It may be imagined how much anxiety must have prevailed, when not only the fame of her husband, but the very existence of himself and family hung on the event. For, to be damned in London is to be damned in the country; and the actor who once earned his humble crust in the provinces, whilst untried at the fastidious bar of the metropolis, is by no means sure of regaining his old position, if, on being tried, he should be found wanting. The hours, therefore, passed gloomily enough. At last, about half-past ten o'clock, the Misses Williams, and also Mr. Hewan and Mr. Watts (two artists who lodged in the house), returned. The first comer was Mr. Hewan, in reply to whose knock, Mrs. Kean ran down to the door, and, in breathless haste, demanded to know their fate. The good-natured artist answered her anxious interrogation in the kindest and broadest Scotch (which we regret being obliged to translate after our poor English fashion):—'Oh! Mistress Kean! you need have nothing to fear. He's the greatest little man that has appeared since the time of Garrick. I can't tell you all—but, by St. Andrew, in that long speech, where he gives it to Antonio, You spate upon me, and for that I must lend you so much money;—oh! his eye—as he turned it up towards the merchant, at the end—said (as plainly as I speak it now). There! take *that* in your pipe and smoke it.' This was great news. Presently came in Mr. Watts, who was equally delighted. He did not enter into detail, but spoke particularly as to the fine expression of Kean's face, adding, 'Do you think he will sit to me for his picture? I should like to take him, in Shylock, by candlelight.' [Kean afterwards sate for his portrait, which was accordingly painted, engraved, and widely circulated.] Next followed the Misses Williams, exulting in the accomplishment of their prophecies; and, finally, about eleven o'clock, arrived the hero of the night himself. He ran up stairs, wild with joy, and cried out, 'Oh, Mary! my fortune's made: now you shall ride in your carriage.' A mighty change had been wrought in a brief period. Four or five hours before, he said, on quitting the house, that he wished he was going to be shot. Now, all the gloom of the morning dissipated and forgotten, he seemed to tread on air. He told his wife, indeed, that when he found the audience 'going with him,' he was inspirited and exalted to such a degree, that 'he could not feel the stage under him.' His sensations had now sunk a little—almost to a rational level. In order, however, that every one might be a partaker of the new happiness, even the child (the present Mr. Charles Kean), was taken out of his cradle and kissed by his father, who said, 'Now, my boy, you shall go to Eton.' Kean had always been ambitious that his son should have an aristocratic education, and the project seemed now no longer improbable. During the remainder of the night, and, indeed, until four o'clock in the morning, Kean and his wife sate together, congratulating each other on their good fortune; he talking of what he would do, what he would play next, and forming schemes of all sorts for the future. Once, indeed, his mind was touched with a melancholy recollection; for he said, 'Oh! that Howard was alive now! but he is better where he is.' With this exception, there was nothing to cast a shade over his golden dreams."—vol. ii, pp. 42—46.

We need not follow the tide of good fortune that had now set in upon our hero. Patronage, wealth, and public applause, waited assiduously upon him. He retrieved the credit and funds of the theatre. When he came to it, the receipts averaged 212*l.* per night; during his nights, the general average was 509*l.* per night; clearing by his services, in the course of his first season in London, upwards of 20,000*l.*! Between six and seven hundred pounds were repeatedly drawn, per night. When his first benefit was announced, a writer says, that on calling upon Mrs. Kean, he saw money lying about the room in all directions, that bank-notes were in heaps on the mantel-piece, table, and sofa, and that the receipts of that benefit amounted to 1,150*l.* So much for "Mr. Arnold's hard bargain," as a certain set of underlings had christened it. Now for the last mournful act in our hero's hurried life.

"Kean was now in the most alarming state. His strength (except when raised, for a short time, by powerful stimulants), was almost gone. He refused all food: and the small portions which he unconsciously took, and which consisted of glazed beef and the strong juices of meats, were administered as medicine. Under this idea, he was prevailed upon to take a little sustenance. He drank brandy: sometimes he would drink too much, and then he grew half delirious: and at others, when he abstained from it altogether, an apathy seemed to overspread his faculties, such as often precedes death.

"In his better intervals, however (for he had a few), his mind still recurred to the subject of acting and actors; and he remembered—not without pleasure—his former triumphs. With his bed always covered with books—Shakspeare, Gibbon, Rollin, an Atlas, &c. and (*under the others*) his Bible and a Missal—he would still turn back to the stage, and show his son how Garrick and Barry had acted Lear. (Sir George Beaumont had formerly explained their manner of playing to him). And then he would give, in his own fashion, that tenderest of all tender passages: 'Pray do not mock me,' &c., where Lear, awakening from his madness, recognizes at last his true Cordelia. Nothing could exceed the effect of this, recited as it was under such circumstances. This, it may be said, was the last act of the actor's life. He grew rapidly worse; although he had his ebbs and flows, and was tenacious of life to the end. At one time, he was given over: his pulse announced speedy death; but he rallied a little, drank brandy, and (in the absence of those who watched him) crawled out of bed, covered himself with a racoon's skin, and, by some extraordinary efforts, dragged himself into the next room. He was found there, drinking and attempting to smoke a cigar, and was prevailed upon to return to his bed, from which he never afterwards arose. During the last hours of his existence he was almost insensible; and on the fifteenth day of May, 1833, he quitted 'the stage' of life without consciousness or pain."—vol. ii, pp. 243—246.

ART. IV.—*The Immaterial System of Man, contemplated in accordance with the Beautiful and the Sublime, and in reference to a Plan for General Education.* By ELIZABETH HOPE. London: Ridgway and Sons. 1835.

“*PHILANTHROPIC ECONOMY; or, the Philosophy of Happiness, practically applied to the social, political, and commercial relations of Great Britain,*” by Mrs. Loudon, was lately before us; and now we have two volumes by Elizabeth Hope, with a title intimating a still more abstruse subject. If metaphysics, philosophy, and political science, are thus not sweetened and decked out to the daintiest appetite, it must be supposed that there is a woful default in the taste, and a most ungallant spirit among the students of philosophy. No longer are the refined and soaring speculations of ethical and metaphysical theorists confined to academic halls and the venerable fathers in science and literature, but in the drawing-room and boudoir have been established philosophic chairs, where the lecturer is delicate and fair, in all but the attributes of presumption. The names of Bacon, Locke, Adam Smith, and Burke, as also their theories are as flippantly discussed as the merits of a new novel was wont to be; nor can we but admire the assurance with which the lady-controversialists put forward their arbitrary systems; thereby proving their valour and powers. Ere long, the moral and intellectual sciences or theories will be as common among the tender sex as we were wont to find cookery books; and we begin to fear lest boarding-school misses should cram their reticules with some “*Immaterial System of Man,*” invented and arranged by some speculative sister.

The efforts of the fair philosopher now before us, evinces no small share of ingenuity and talent. But its confident assertions, and arbitrary definitions, are especially great. We are sorry that such respectable powers, and such extent of labour, should have been wasted in the fruitless work. Does the writer seriously anticipate that her crude thoughts, which often run in opposition to established opinions and phraseology, are to become the subject of inquiry and study on the part of metaphysical scholars? Doubtless her self-complacency carries her thus far at least. And yet she confesses, in the Introduction, her ignorance “of most of the theories extant,” on the *Immaterial System of Man*. It is simply her “own deductions, drawn from my long-accumulated stores of ideas, conceptions, and observations,” that she advances; and in this way she may rank along with Aristotle and Bacon; nay even above them, for they had been the deep students of every recorded system, before they undertook to found new schools. In collecting her materials, however, she confessed to have derived some assistance from other individuals, but even then the use of such assistance “has principally arisen from some impulse given by the ideas and opinions of their authors to a new train of conceptions.”



"I can recal such a stimulus, in consequence of perusing a critique on a work of Mr. Knight's, in one of the earliest numbers of the *Edinburgh Review*: but many years ago I referred to the atticle in question, without being able to meet again with the *agent*, to whose energy I had been indebted for a sublime conception;—the flint was struck, and the spark was emitted, but the steel was not to be found. To other individuals I am also indebted for such opinions formed by them as have led to a renewed investigation of my theory, to a comparison with my own conceptions, and to the giving greater stability to principles upon which the judgment could rely. The first direction of my thoughts towards any examination of the nature and properties of the Beautiful and the Sublime, took effect from a perusal of Burke's work on the subject: but the subsequent increase, and enlarged application of my ideas and conceptions respecting these mysterious influences, their origin, the intimate connection they claim with the immaterial of man, as the foundation of his virtue and happiness—and other notions, which will in course be communicated—have sprung from impulses now totally obliterated from the memory."—vol. i, pp. 9—11.

The following sentences convey a farther sketch of the sources of her reasonings, as also of the outline of the work.

"Careful attention in examining through strict self-investigation the evidences produced in support of immaterial agency in general, and internal suggestions arising from external impressions, are the sources from whence these have been collected, and such inferences made as have appeared satisfactory to my own mind. The materials of my *work* having thus been collected from among the physical and moral stores, which Nature spreads around and treasures within us, those whom she teaches cannot fail to understand it; neither, it is presumed, will it prove uninteresting to those who delight in exploring her rich casket, in search of the invaluable jewels that contains.

"After having traced my sketch of the Immaterial System of Man, and followed up the train of conceptions, which a contemplation of its whole and of its parts has by means of analogy called forth, I shall briefly state what I have to offer respecting the nature and origin of the Beautiful and the Sublime; and, in conclusion, suggest a few observations on what appears to me the most advantageous method of giving due employment to the aggregate of power yielded by that system, and of rendering available the aid these auxiliary influences promise, in the improvement of individual man, and consequently of the community; in enlarging the sphere of happiness, and in ensuring to it a more certain and lasting foundation."—vol. i, pp. 10, 11.

"We shall not attempt a precise summary of the writer's system; for it could not be done, without wasting more of our time and space than justly belongs to it. It is indeed so much in the apple-pie order, and its detail so minute and inaccurate, that no ordinary labour would be required to render it exact, intelligible, and useful. At the same time, if lopped of arbitrary distinctions and definitions, its redundancies and mistakes, the whole might be compressed into a very small size. One thing holds strikingly true of the work—it is innocent of any thing like enviable originality."

In entering on her subject, the writer proposes to consider man

as he was, when he first became a "living soul"—the image of his Creator. She views the whole mystery of the Immaterial System to be contained and displayed in the trifold power, designated by the terms, Heart, Mind, and Soul. "These," says she, "are the ethereal elements which constitute his Immaterial System; these are the parts into which I venture to resolve it; and I shall endeavour, under each division, to point out the important office allotted to them individually: and to trace the subordinate agents which act under their control, and more particularly belong to each separate part." In her clipped or patched system, which she displays and details, as if the immaterial being could be dissected and spread out like the bodily frame, the heart is the first of the tri-fold elements that is discussed.

"The *heart* first presents itself for our consideration; not its nature, which we have determined to be elementary, and consequently incapable of receiving further illustrations; not the manner in which the *immaterial essence* combines with the material organ; but simply to prove its locality, to unfold its capabilities, and to take a survey of its powers. The *immediate* residence of the mind does not yet appear to be so positively ascertained; from what region of the brain issue all the phenomena which distinguish it, is a question which still floats on the tide of opinion; and we search in vain for the habitation of the soul. But, for those phenomena which characterize the heart, we can without hesitation fix on a mortal dwelling-place: our passions, our affections, are immaterial agents, which impart life and energy to a material organ; and *at the very source from whence the vital current issues, the expanding essence presides*. As the grosser element, caloric, enters into material substances, and causes them to expand, so does this ethereal essence cause the wide range of feeling to dilate, under the glowing influence of its power. The circulation of the stream of life, retarded, or accelerated, as various and varying feelings prevail, is a convincing proof of the presence of *that* secret influence which occasions the change we experience in the movements of the material organ;—now slow, now scarcely felt: and now full of energy, throbbing wildly: the chilling breath of unkindness seems to contract it to the very core, while the *sheering* warmth of affection causes it to expand with delight. The earliest days of infancy yield the clearest evidence in favour of the *presiding influence* of the immaterial power; and *the first throb of affection is the first movement which indicates that man is immortal*. Long before any of the mental faculties are developed, the heart has received the delightful impressions of love, and expanded beneath its genial glow. Of this, the symptoms of joy which beam over the infant features at the sight of the mother, or of any one who takes on herself the kind attentions of *that sacred office*, are indubitable proofs.

"The heart, considered in its original state, was the seat of innocence, the chosen abode of love, and the fane of happiness. The purity of innocence has been sullied; but virtue, aspiring after her immortal reward, claims it as her home; and *love*, though no longer pillowed on the downy bosom of innocence—*love*, the chamber of virtue, still rejoices in his eternal abode; and happiness still delights in the incense which is offered around."—vol. i, pp. 38-40.

As respects style, we must admit that the above is a specimen on an original scale, when applied to philosophic and metaphysical subjects; unless we mean the lady-like philosophizings of novels. But this may to some be a sweetener of hitherto abstruse points. As to the doctrine, however, that the immaterial Heart should have its defined and mortal dwelling-place, while the immediate residence of the immaterial Mind, and also the immaterial Soul should still be a mystery, amounts only to a misapplication and confusion of terms, and an absurd averment. Let us now see what is said of the Mind; the following is part of the lady's statement on this profound theme, of which we shall only say, that a thousand other divisions and subdivisions might be drawn.

"The *mind* of man, constituting the second division of the Immaterial System, now offers itself for consideration; and in ignorance of its essence, our investigation must be confined to the variety of its powers, and to the consequences which result from their separate or combined operations. In regard to the seat of the mind, we may by due attention to our own sensations, arrive at some insight; these sensations apparently indicate its abode to be in the brain, and most evidently so, in *that* part of the brain where a constant communication is kept up between *that* organ and the principal organs of sense—the eye and the ear—by means of nerves serving as conductors, through whose agency *mind* and *matter* seem to act in unison: and by a reciprocation of kind offices produce all the phenomena which distinguish *their* joint performances, and appear so evident in all the works in which man is concerned.

"The powers of the mind appear to me to arrange themselves under two orders:—First, the intuitive or involuntary powers; and, secondly, the reasoning faculties, or voluntary powers. The first order resolves itself into three genera. 1st, the perceptive powers, which include perception, attention, and imagination; 2nd, the conceptive powers, which include conception, abstraction, and fancy; 3rd, the retentive powers, which include reflection, memory, and association. The second order resolves itself into three genera:—1st, the understanding; 2nd, the judgment; 3rd, the will. The *voluntary* powers I have denominated *faculties*, because they are distinguished by a *superior* degree of power, by which they are enabled not only to control themselves, but also all the other powers of the system.

"The first division of our first order thus includes the perceptive powers. These independent powers, ever busily employed, are incessantly roaming over the beautiful domains of Nature, and searching among her inexhaustible stores: no *material* object can elude their pursuit, or remain concealed in its dark retreat. It is their office to collect the *images* of things, by means of which the mind is stored with *ideas*; for these images being received by the retentive powers, they are at all times ready to obey the wand of the imagination. The imagination may be considered by some individuals as degraded by being ranked among the perceptive powers; but I have thus ventured to class it, on account of its dependence for existence upon perception, which is unremittingly employed in catering for it—simples or luxuries—to meet all its wants and indulgencies; while the attention is devotedly employed in giving consistency and durability to such objects among those collected, as are most deserving of selection. The imagination is subservient to the conceptive powers; and the reasoning

faculties possess the right of controlling its waywardness and its wild exuberance ; but it enjoys the full command of the retentive powers, whose assistance is never refused.

“ While the perceptive powers are limited to the collecting of images, or representations of material things, the conceptive powers take a far bolder flight. These *unincumbered* aspirants, soar beyond the reach of the visual orb—they sweep around the unfathomable space which encompasses the limits of Nature—they enter the precincts of the Immaterial world, and from those boundless realms are supplied with *conceptions* or evidences of the existence of things not apparent to the external senses ; *these* also are received by the retentive powers ; and being from thence called forth at pleasure by the fancy, they furnish her with the elements of the mysterious and the sublime.

“ Among the retentive powers, which next claim our notice, *reflection* may be considered as the recipient of the *images* which have been *seized* upon by perception—and of the *conceptions* which have been *generated* in the mind, and which only take the forms of ideas and of notions after they have been received, and are again transmitted through *its* agency. Ideas therefore are reflected perceptions, and notions are reflected conceptions. It will thus appear that the word *reflection* is not here intended to represent the meaning commonly attached to it—as expressing *that* mental process, during which the reasoning faculties are all called into activity in deducing consequences from premises—but to designate the act by which images and conceptions are collected, as into a receiver ; and from whence, as called forth, they diverge in a more concentrated form.”—vol. i, pp. 67—69.

“ Under Order the Second, we arrive at the consideration of the Reasoning or Voluntary Faculties,” which constitute the other great division of mind, according to our philosopher, wherein the Understanding, instead of being stated in its usual philosophic sense, as embracing all the intellectual or reasoning powers, one of which has hitherto been called the Judgment, is said to be “ devoted to the acquisition of knowledge, and whose powers are directed to the investigation of the nature of every object presented to it ;” while the Judgment is named as a distinct faculty, “ whose office it is to deliberate on the various qualities and properties of objects, to weigh their several pretensions, and on their claims to pass either the sentence of approbation or of condemnation.” We have always understood that definitions, and particularly in abstract reasoning, should, to be of any value, be possessed of these three requisites, precision, adequacy, and perspicuity. A well defined word or object cannot be for a moment mistaken for any other. We leave our readers to apply these rules to our philosopher’s distinctions, but whether it be the Understanding or the Judgment they are to employ, is not for us to mention.

A good deal is claimed to be known by the writer about the seat and feelings of the immaterial Heart, and not a little is guessed about the abode and faculties of the Mind—but,

“ For the soul, we can neither find locality, nor institute arrangement. The soul is *power*, and as already said, no conception can be formed of its

energy but through the magnitude of effects. It is therefore with awe that we approach *that* secluded portion of the immaterial regions—that we venture near those precincts from whence issues all that gives illumination, energy, and elevation to the whole system. But who can gaze on the focus from whence they radiate? on the concentration of light from whence the soul itself emanates? ‘Thou deckest thyself with light, as it were with a garment,’ and this garment is impenetrable; yet, impervious as it is to the mortal eye, enough is conceived to elucidate our present subject so greatly to our satisfaction, that we can borrow from it an image at once illustrative and cogent: for though we disclaim any co-mixture of a material nature, in treating on *that* of the soul, we cannot object to similitude with *that* element, which veils the majesty of the Supreme. As power therefore (and consequently liberty) may be considered as the *attribute* of the soul, so light may represent its element; and among material substances, the element of light seems to approximate the nearest, and to admit of the closest analogy with the energy of the soul: for light is the purest, the most mysterious and sublime of substantial forms, and it was the *first* element to obey the mandate of the creating word. The soul, therefore, like a halo, beams upon the regions of intellect and of feeling, and produces a consciousness of culminating energy; but as the centre of the Immaterial System, like the sun, the prime source of light in the planetary system, it glows on every side; and commingling with other immaterial elements, *that* internal fervour—that exalting illumination—is produced, which convey to us the most convincing proofs of *its* existence, and the most satisfactory evidence of *its* presence: thus the energies of the soul can alone be sought after and appreciated through *attraction* for those exalted conceptions, which, as they rush from *their* secret abodes, assimilate with its essence. And until a more appropriate term can be selected, we must content ourselves with fixing on the word *emanation* as best suited to convey to the mind a notion of the vigour and activity, the purity and sublimity of the soul. One single ray emanating from the soul, kindles *that* magnanimity, *that* true greatness, from whence all our own sublime emotions arise—all those which are diffused around us—and all those which ascend to heaven.”—vol. i. pp. 113—115.

We exceedingly admire some very pretty phrases that sparkle in our fair philosopher's pages, such as *emanation*, *radiation*, *the emanations that radiate*, and the like, were it not that their frequent repetition intimates something like poverty, or an ambition, after too much of a good thing. As to the writer's System, we think that it offers no advantage over the old fashioned arrangement as regards the mind, the soul, the heart, the spirit, the thinking principle, the immaterial being, or by whatever other terms our immortal part is named, but a great deal of useless, incorrect, and absurd terms, that fatigue and bewilder us. It has been usual with the ablest philosophers to consider the thinking principle as indivisible and one in its nature; but that for our convenience, and as suitable to the ideas gathered of matter, from which alone all our imagery of language is drawn, certain plain and simple, and now established distinctions, should be employed, such as, that the mind is endowed with an Understanding, a Will, and with Affections,



which we think infinitely superior to Elizabeth Hope's *Heart, Mind, and Soul-system*, while it is generally explained and developed without contradictions and inapplicable illustrations. We cannot, however, but acknowledge that she has not only evinced great ingenuity, considering the nature of the subject, in relation to her sex, who have hitherto seldom cultivated the field here chosen, but we must also bestow great praise upon the zealous, pious, and Scriptural spirit that pervades the whole of the performance. We only lament that such abilities, as are here displayed, should not have been more wisely directed. We may also add, that we have not been unamused by the manner in which she criticises certain giants in philosophy; especially in her confused notions regarding the Beautiful and the Sublime, has a celebrated author come in for a schooling; many of the disquisitions before us, for which we are so highly indebted, having been suggested in the manner thus told.

"It was a difference of opinion respecting what Burke has advanced in regard to the Sublime, that gave the first impulse to those thoughts, which had during so many years claimed my attention, without assuming *that* order, or presenting *that* congruity of *form*, likely to make them acceptable to others;—whether *that* under which they are *now* embodied may prove so, is the anxious doubt, yet not unaccompanied by perhaps the too presumptuous hope of the writer."—vol. i, p. 217.

We have been particularly speaking hitherto of the two first parts of the work, which are contained in the first volume. The third, which fills the second volume, is upon Education, and is, as we think, by far the most valuable and instructive of the two. We do not, however, perceive even here (where political, ecclesiastical, intellectual, social, domestic, and self-tyranny, are treated of, besides several other subjects), any thing claiming a close review from us, especially as our object has been to impress the lesson, that it is wise in the tender sex generally to eschew such knotty points and themes as form the subject of the first volume.

ART. V.—*Memoirs of George Dana Boardman, late Missionary to Burmah.* Boston. 1834.

In the wide range of literature which is every day and in every department receiving additional contributions, there is a peculiar excellence belonging to that in which memoirs and biographies take their place. It is natural, and it is a cherished exercise, to call up the images of those that are gone, and when the memory of the departed is thus embalmed, it becomes a living and never-dying tutor to posterity. Well and faithfully written lives become contemporaries in all succeeding generations. There is a double office served by such productions. Generally the person whose history is thus recorded and trans-

mitted, has been distinguished by singular qualities of character or talents. If he has been intellectually or morally eminent, his life creates something of a corresponding nature—the strong hold upon our admiration and sympathies, begets a kindred style of character. If his eminence be of an opposite order, a true portraiture sets up, in the height of our astonishment, a warning beacon, of perhaps almost equal value. Memoirs and biographies have another tendency; they beget in the living, a desire to merit posthumous respect and honour, like that which is paid by us to our celebrated ancestors. There is thus and therefore a continually enlarging host of witnesses gathering around every succeeding generation, whose examples, admonitions, and warnings, may be expected to make every new race wiser and better than its predecessor.

In speaking of the lives of eminent men, it may admit of a question, whether those that have been short, or those that have been lengthened to the utmost verge allotted our race, be the most instructive. We certainly think nothing can be more impressive than the death of a young man. To be cut off in the vigour of life, and ere it has been ripened, is the most arresting and appalling of events. But when the life, though short, has been lovely, that is, when it has been well occupied with the duties upon to its possessor, there is a solemn attraction in an early death, that makes the living look upon it, as an event most worthy of imitative preparation.

The life of G. D. Boardman is one of the most attractive to be met with in the whole circle of biography. He was an American, and the son of a Baptist clergyman. At the age of twelve he resolved on the choice of a liberal education, where an extraordinary ardour in the pursuit of learning, and his fine mental powers, were soon displayed. At the age of sixteen (he was born in 1801), he became a teacher in a village school, and as an instructor possessed extraordinary qualities. He had a wonderful talent in quelling, almost as it seemed without an effort, the most unruly and turbulent schools to perfect order. His countenance, by its power of expression, which was benignity tempered by severity, did much to control his pupils, and he used to say that he considered a pupil as almost hopeless whom he could not look into good behaviour.

At the age of eighteen he became a member of the Collegiate Institution in the town of Waterville, Maine; and in 1820, when it was constituted a college, he was found qualified for admission as a third year pupil. He is described by the late president of that college as being at this time a youth of sober habits and superior intellectual power, but showing no strongly marked piety. He seemed to possess, however, an unusual share of the heroic character. He was quick in his sensibilities, jealous of his fame, eager in his attachments, inflexible in his purpose. Religion, ere long from the period of his being admitted into the college had obtained

a manifest power over his mind, and produced no ordinary result. His independence of character continued, but the haughtiness connected with it disappeared, and his promises of future eminence were so great, that the president and others anticipated the time when he should be over the college as president himself. But his genius was were destined to exercise a different, but we doubt not a far more influential sway over the condition of mankind. For this narrative we are indebted to that able and enlightened journal the *North American Review*, from which, when a hasty summary of the particulars of the life of this high-souled and gifted young man, would seem destructive of the current of the story, we take leave to borrow the full statement.

"We have Boardman's own authority for saying, that soon after his conversion, his thoughts and feelings were turned towards Missionary subjects. 'In the winter of 1820,' he says, 'the thought occurred to me that I could take my Bible and travel through new settlements, where the gospel was seldom, if ever, heard, and *without sustaining the name of a preacher*, could visit from hut to hut, and tell the story of Jesus's dying love. Then, in imagination, I could welcome fatigue, hunger, cold, nakedness, solitude, sickness, and death, if I might only win a few cottages to my beloved Saviour.'

"Not long after this he began to meditate upon the condition of the Western Indians, and modestly considering himself unfit to preach among civilized Christians, he rejoiced at the thought of labouring, and at last finding a grave, in the forest.

"In 1822, his mind was directed, by the death of the Rev. Mr. Colman, to the Mission in Burmah; and his soul was stirred within him by the reflection, that millions and millions were every year perishing in that devoted land without the slightest knowledge of the gospel. It is consoling to those who mourn for the dead who die in the midst of their labours, to know that the event for which they grieve does often, as in this event of Colman's death, prove the actual cause of future additions to the missionary band. Colman sailed from Boston for India in November, 1817, and was actively engaged as a missionary in Aracan, when death suddenly cut him down, in 1822. The voice from his grave crossed the Indian Ocean and the Atlantic, and fell upon the ear of one pious student in the heart of the forests of Maine—and that student responded to its call, and resolved in his soul that, God helping him, he would do something for destitute India.

"In February, 1823, the thoughts of Mr. Boardman were for a while most deeply interested in the condition of the Jews—God's ancient people, who remain to this day a sad but wonderful illustration of prophetic truth. 'My mind,' says he, in a letter to his parents, 'has been much occupied about the Jews, as it appears from several parts of the prophetic scriptures, that they are to be eminently active and useful in spreading the Gospel among the nations. I have sometimes thought of becoming a missionary to them. I feel comparatively but little anxiety to what part of the world I am sent, if God calls me there. It is of but little consequence where I live, or where I die. Life is so short, when protracted to the longest, that the difference is comparatively small, whether we live at ease, or are compelled to toil in poverty, and live without a settled habitation.' "

His affections for relatives and friends were uncommonly strong, but he controlled them for the sake of accomplishing his grand design. "And as for a resting-place for my body," said he, "when I shall lay it aside, my bones can rest, my ashes sleep, as securely in Burmah as in America, on a desolate, unfrequented island, as in a Christian churchyard. Why should I fear to lay me down in Burmah? I shall hear the voice of the archangel, and arise from the grave as soon as though buried in the sepulchre of my father." Thus he strengthened his resolution and philanthropy. He elsewhere says, "My whole soul is engrossed with the state of the heathen, and I desire to go among them." At length he accordingly offered his services to the Baptist Board of Foreign Missions, and was at once accepted as a missionary; and although he had signified his willingness to be sent wherever he could be supposed to be of most value, Burmah was, to his delight, the field assigned him. He now entered upon those studies at the Theological Seminary of Andover, more particularly connected with his destination and profession, making the study of Hebrew a particular branch. With occasional interruptions he remained here for nearly two years. At last he was called on to bid a last farewell to his friends, when, notwithstanding all his ardour in the great cause to which he had set his heart, this final earthly separation agitated his bosom in a manner that may be judged of from the following passages.

"In his journal he thus writes. 'What! must I bid adieu to my dear, very dear parents, brothers, sisters, and friends? Must I die before the time? For what is it less than death, to be separated from them, probably to see them no more on earth? But at length it occurred to me that it was Jesus, the dearest of all my friends, who called me to go;—then I said, *welcome separations and farewells; welcome tears and cries; welcome last sad embraces; welcome pangs and griefs—only let me go where my Saviour calls and goes himself; welcome toil, disappointments, fatigues and sorrows; welcome an early grave!*'"

"In a letter to his sister, he says, 'that some may perhaps think him destitute of natural affection,' but he adds, 'they know not my heart, and are unacquainted with the struggles I have often felt. Be assured, my love to my friends was never warmer, my affection for them never stronger, than when I regarded them in the light of a speedy separation.' Had I not an enlarged view of the greatness and importance of the work before me, I could not have endured the trial!"

"In another letter, he expresses himself yet more forcibly. He says, 'Think not, my sister, that I have lost all sensibility on the subject. Be assured, if tenderness of feeling—if ardour of affection—if attachment to friends—to christian society and christian privileges—if apprehension of toil and danger in a missionary life—if an overwhelming sense of responsibility, could detain me in America, I should never go to Burmah! Since my appointment I have known seasons when the thoughts of parting from my friends seemed almost insupportable.'"

But Mr. Boardman was not the only adventurer in the cause. One whom he most tenderly loved was ready and willing to unite

her fortunes with his. Accordingly he was married a short time before his embarkation for India. That his choice of a partner was a wise one was amply proved in his subsequent history, and Mrs. Boardman still lives to think with melancholy, but grateful feelings, we doubt not, of her eventful career with the object of her admiration and love. On the 16th of July, 1825, they embarked for Calcutta, where they landed in December, and were cordially welcomed by the English missionaries. At this period there was war between the East India Company and the Burmese, which wholly broke up the mission in Burmah. Dr. Price, and Mr. and Mrs. Hudson, were prisoners at Ava; other missionaries had been driven from the empire, and Mr. and Mrs. Boardman were obliged to remain near Calcutta for twenty months, during which time, besides studying the language, he preached almost constantly to English residents and American sailors. When the war was terminated, Sir Archibald Campbell, in prescribing the conditions of peace within forty miles of the Burmese capital, required the safe delivery of the Judsons and Price, and Mr. Boardman proceeded at once thither, in March, 1827, entering upon his operations as missionary to Burmah. His mission establishment was fixed at Maulmein, where he says the native population is supposed to be 20,000; and he hailed the little spot that he was to occupy after two years of wanderings with the highest satisfaction. Yet lest romantic notions of quietness and comfort should present themselves to our imaginations, his journal states that not long after his settling there, his house was robbed of every valuable article in it.

“ On this occasion the plunderers, taking advantage of Mr. Boardman's solitary situation, broke into what was called his house;—‘a house of such frail materials,’ to use the words of Mrs. Boardman, ‘that it could be cut open in any part with a pair of scissors;’ they broke open and rifled every trunk, box, and bureau, and carried off looking-glass, watch, spoons, and keys, in short, every article of value they could find. Fortunately, Mr. and Mrs. Boardman were not awakened by the noise of the marauders, and knew nothing of their loss till morning. Had their slumber been broken, there can be no doubt that they would have been instantly murdered; for there had been cut through the moscheto curtains of the bed two large holes, one at the foot, and the other at the head, through which the villains doubtless watched with murderous eye the faces of the sleepers.”

Mr. Wade and wife, and Mr. Judson, joined our young missionary, nor were their labours unattended with success. But ere long a dreadful conflagration devastated the country in their immediate neighbourhood, and at the close of the day they fled to save their lives from the devouring element. After this, Mr. and Mrs. Boardman were once more without a house, and wanderers where their paths were often beset by tigers, and other wild beasts. In accordance with the plan of the board at home, a new station was



established in the province of Tavoy, which was ceded to England at the close of the war. It lies at the head of that peninsula which separates the Bay of Bengal from the Gulf of Siam, north of the Malay country, and adjoining the Kingdom of Siam. To the capital of this province, which is a hundred and fifty miles to the eastward of Rangoon our missionary was sent; and now the chief interest belonging to his labour commences:

"Soon after Mr. Boardman was established in Tavoy, he was brought into connexion with the *Karens*, a singular and hitherto almost unknown race of men. Of this race we are induced to speak more particularly, inasmuch as recent inquiry seems to establish, or at least render extremely probable, its descent from a Hebrew root.

"The Karens are a wild and ignorant race of men, scattered in prodigious numbers over all the wilds of Aracan, Burmah, Martaban, Tavoy, Mergui, Siam, and other countries. They live in places almost inaccessible to any but themselves and the wild beasts—differing most essentially from the other inhabitants of the abovenamed countries, with a peculiar physiognomy, a peculiar language, peculiar mental and moral qualities, and characteristics. They had no written language, and of course no literature, until Mr. Wade, one of the missionaries of the American Baptist Board, reduced their language to writing. But they abound in curious traditions, handed down from generation to generation, in the form of both prose and poetry. Amongst other traditional stories is this:—that when some superior being was dispensing written languages and books, to the various nations of the earth, a surly dog came along and drove away the Karens, and carried off their books. Because of their singular habits, their ignorance and want of written language, they are called *Wildmen* by the Burmans. Mr. Boardman supposed that they were atheists—but incorrectly; for although we find among them few traces of religious belief, it is evident from the tradition just related, and from the discoveries of Mr. Mason, a missionary now amongst them, that they have a tolerably clear conception of a Supreme Being. They are not, however, idolaters. Their simplicity of life may be learned from the short inventory of the chattels and personal property, which constitute their domestic wealth. These are a box of betel made of bamboo—a little rice, a basket, a cup, two pots, a spinning-wheel, a knife, an axe, a mat, a few buckets, and a moveable fire-place. This is their whole array of valuables. They manufacture an intoxicating liquor, and are much addicted to intemperance. Too idle and effeminate to be quarrelsome, they are peaceful and mild in their disposition and habits, and being persecuted and trampled on by their haughty neighbours, they are driven together by community of suffering, and attached by brotherhood in misfortune."

It is stated in the account before us, that at the request of the English commissioner, a Mr. Mason, who had been much amongst the Karens, communicated to him the result of his observations regarding them. Their countenance is decidedly Jewish; many of them wear long beards, and their dress, differing from that of surrounding nations, is precisely that of the Hebrews. But their traditions indicate most strikingly a descent from or an affinity with that

ancient race, which are preserved and repeated with the fondness that the poems of Ossian have been cherished nearer ourselves. They believe in a God whose denomination, Kin-tsa, means great Lord; another name, Yu-wah, signifies Jehovah, which they regard as sacred—fearing to utter it.

“ They repeat a verse containing this sentiment :—

‘ God created us in ancient time,  
And has a perfect knowledge of all things :  
Call him not Yu-wah, but call him Pu ;—(great ancestor) ;  
*When men call his name he hears !*’

“ With regard to God’s attributes, their belief is thus expressed :—

‘ God is unchangeable and eternal :  
He was in the beginning of the world :  
The life of God is endless :  
A succession of words does not measure it.’

“ They believe in the existence of heavenly beings, who have never sinned, and who are the angels, or messengers, of Deity. The following beautiful verse is a part of one of their old poems :

‘ The sons of heaven are holy,  
They sit by the seat of God :  
The sons of heaven are righteous,  
They dwell together with God,  
They lean against his silver seat.’

“ *Satan*, or a sinful and fallen angel, enters into their company of supernatural beings. The following stanza might be mistaken for the production of David or Isaiah :—

‘ Satan in days of old was holy,  
But he transgressed God’s law :  
Satan of old was righteous,  
But he departed from the law of God,  
And God drove him away.’

“ They also believe that woman was made from the rib of man. The dispersion at Babal is thus described :—

‘ Men were all brethren :  
They spoke the language of God :  
But they disbelieved the language of God,  
And became enemies to each other.  
Because they disbelieved God,  
Their language was divided.  
God gave them commands,  
But they believed him not,  
And divisions ensued ;’

and the ultimate fate of the earth, to which frequent allusions are made in their poetry, they say will be destruction by fire.”

These are striking coincidences ; and other quotations from their unwritten language, are before us, while it is stated that many more might be given, to illustrate the similarity which exists between the Karens and the Hebrews. The following are most remarkable points of belief.

“ Respecting their own nation, the Karens say that God formerly loved it above all others, but that on account of its sins he punished it, and re-

duced its inhabitants to their present condition. 'But,' say they, 'God will again have mercy on us; God will save us again.' 'Oh children and grand-children! the Karens will yet dwell in the city with the golden palace; the Karen king will yet appear, and when he arrives there will be happiness.

' Good persons, the good,  
Shall go to the silver city,  
Righteous persons shall go,  
To the new town—the new city!  
When the Karen king arrives,  
There will be only one monarch:  
When the Karen king comes,  
Rich and poor will not exist!  
When the Karen king arrives,  
Every thing will be happy:  
When the Karen king arrives,  
*The beasts will be happy:*  
When the Karens have a king,  
*Lions and leopards will lose their savageness!*"

But what is still more interesting, we are here informed that when they heard of the religion of Jesus Christ from Mr. Boardman, they were ready to admire and embrace him.

"Immediately after his arrival in Tavoy he was visited by some of the neighbouring Karen tribes, who were able to converse in the Burman tongue, and who listened with the simplicity and candour of children to his conversation, and displayed so great a willingness to adopt Christianity, that he was led to question their sincerity. He could not readily believe that a people so barbarous, so far removed from all Christian countries, and who seemed to him wholly irreligious, were sincerely gratified to learn the story of the Gospel, and adopt the religion of Jesus. To us, who now know more about them, it seems by no means strange that they were thus affected.

"The few Karens who first called on Mr. B. soon returned to their mountain fastnesses, and circulated the thrilling news that a teacher, from a strange and far distant land, had come to preach a new religion—a religion that told of one God, of a Saviour, of a pure, and peaceful, and holy life, of love to God and love to man; of an immortality, and of a heaven of blessedness. The glad tidings ran, like fire upon the mountains, from village to village, and was every where hailed as the dawning of a long expected day—the day when the poor Karens should once more have a national faith—a religion answering to the traditions of their fathers.

"From far distant hills, and remote valleys and forests, Karen inquirers flocked to Tavoy, and thronging around *the teacher*, hung upon his lips, and eagerly listened to his instructions, and manifested child-like pleasure and credulity in receiving as true all his assertions. Mr. Boardman was amazed;—he knew not what to believe or think. They urged him to come up into their wild hills, and visit them; and promised that he should be welcomed as a messenger of joy."

They told him this singular story:—that more than ten years before, a man in a strange dress came among them, and preached a

strange doctrine, and left among them a book in a strange language, which he ordered them to worship; and this they continued to do.

The treasure turned out to be the copy of an English *Prayer Book and Psalter*, but whether left by a really pious Englishman or a profane scoffer, who wished to try the experiment of furnishing a barbarous tribe with an object of worship, is not known. Mr. Boardman laboured with unceasing zeal and exhausting ardour, to good purpose. A Karen, who had become a Christian, moved by the desire of extending the gospel to his countrymen at a distance, made three excursions for this end, each one of longer duration than the former, and with him went many joyful members of these rude tribes. At last Mr. Boardman complied with an oft-repeated request of the Karens to visit these distant settlements, for the news of the American teacher reached them far and near, many of them travelling long journeys to converse with him. When speaking of his great exertions, it will afford pleasure to the pious to hear how he himself describes one scene, which must have been surpassingly delightful to him.

“ Having previously examined Moun-Bo and Kee-Keang, the two persons who applied for baptism last month, we could not, consistently with our feelings of duty, defer their case any longer, and this day has been fixed on for administering the ordinance. Accordingly, after worship, a little band of us, passing through that part of the town most sacred to Guadama, bent our way among Pagodas, temples, and Kyoungs—~~all~~ unheeded and unheeding—and entering the high Pagoda road, we passed on till we came to the baptismal tank. Near the tank was a tall Pagoda, pointing its gilded summit to the skies. It being Burman as well as Christian worship day, the multitude were gathered around to pay their devotions to the gilded shrine. In that tank, under the shadow of that Pagoda, and in sight of their former companions, who now gazed with mingled astonishment and malice, the two young disciples solemnly renounced their vain idols, and put on the Lord Jesus Christ, by a public profession of his name. Oh! it was a joyful and memorable occasion. Some of the heavenly host, I doubt not, gazed on the sight with approbation; and he who promised to be in the midst of two or three assembled in his name, was, I trust, in the midst of us.”

Amid his multifarious duties, and under the load of the most weighty concerns and anxieties of mind, his health was rapidly giving way; and he was, towards the close of 1828, attacked with an alarming expectoration of blood, intimating a fatal consumption. But these symptoms only served to excite him to additional exertions, and to “work while the day lasted.” He accordingly left his family, to make his long projected visit to the Karens, accompanied by some of his scholars.

“It was the hottest season of the year; the road was a winding foot-path, traversing cultivated fields, and uncultivated hills and valleys, and thick, tangled, and lofty bamboo jungles. They suffered from the burning heat, and were completely drenched by an unexpected shower of rain, which overtook them in an uninhabited spot, and beat upon them fu-

riously. They were obliged to encamp in the open wilderness; where they were again wet through by a storm that lasted till midnight.

"On the 6th they rose early, feeling grateful that they had not fallen a prey to the tigers, wild elephants, or other savage animals which haunt these forests. Their road this day lay over rough cliffs and precipices, across large streams and along the rugged banks of mountain torrents. They slept in the hut of a hospitable Karen.

On the 7th they met messengers from a Karen village, who came out to receive them with a warm and Christian-like hospitality, which cheered Mr. Boardman's heart. At three o'clock they reached the village, found a large house prepared for them, and were literally overwhelmed with presents of provisions and fruits. The faces of the villagers beamed with delight, and they exclaimed 'Ah, you have come at last; we have long wanted to see you!' Mr. Boardman, notwithstanding his fatigue, preached to the natives who assembled this evening, and again he delivered three sermons on the day following. On the 9th he delivered several sermons, and spent the day (Sunday) in a manner to himself most delightful. As he intended to depart early next morning, nearly half the congregation remained in the zayat all night, so as to bid him farewell."

At this rate he laboured during a long journey, and repeatedly was he deluged with rain. He was, however, convinced that his former doubts as to the sincerity of the people among whom he travelled were unjust, being now satisfied that they were prepared to become Christians in belief. But on his return to Tavoy he had his feelings severely wrung in various ways. He found that some of the native members of his church had disgraced their profession; his wife ere long was seized with a serious illness; one of his children also came to be in a dangerous state, and another died. He prepared a record of the various afflictions by which he was tried within the year. There were three successive losses of property by shipwreck; the apostacy of several of his church; two attacks of hemorrhage on the lungs; and the illness and death in his family, already mentioned. But nothing could quench his spirit, or deter him from the discharge of his momentous duties, so long as life was lengthened out to him.

"Encouraged by increasing attention among the natives, he now commenced a course of itinerary preaching in the scattered villages of Tavoy; visiting three or four of these villages each week, and teaching both publicly and from house to house. It is impossible for us to form adequate notions of the arduousness of this mode of labour, in the burning climate of India. Within two months he visited nearly thirty villages in this manner, being almost universally received willingly and with pleasure, though sometimes treated with unkindness. The Karen village Ts'heikkoo, the one in which he first preached in February, became wholly Christian in its character, paying a sacred regard to the sabbath, and in other respects conforming to Christian customs and institutions. The schools became more full and flourishing than ever—the church increased in numbers, and a delightful prosperity seemed destined to follow the short reign of confusion and danger."

He repeated more than once his journeys among the Karens,



where the gospel was hailed as glad tidings. By the close of 1830, the Tavoy church included thirty-one members, of whom eighteen Karens were baptized at once. It was now manifest to all, however, that he had but a brief period of life before him; but he was joyful in the prospect of death. The last record that has reached America, in his own handwriting, announces the expected addition of one or two Missionaries to the Tavoy station, and of several Karens to the church. On the 23d January, 1831, the Rev. Mr. Mason and wife arrived, in time to accompany the dying man in his last tour among the people by whom he was so beloved. He was too much debilitated to walk, and was carried by his faithful admirers on a cot bed the whole distance of three days' journey.

"On arriving at the zayat, which had been prepared for his reception, the Karen converts who were anxious to be baptized came in for examination, and the worthy missionary, reclining on his couch, devoted his failing breath to the agreeable duty. Of more than fifty who applied, thirty-four were deemed fit subjects of baptism. When the hour for performing this ceremony arrived, Mr. Boardman, at his own request, was carried to the water-side, though so weak that he could scarcely breathe without the use of the fan and smelling-bottle. His great desire was to behold the administration of the ordinance—and he said that he could then die with the exclamation of Simeon on his lips—'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!' His emotions were almost too powerful for his frame. He afterwards addressed a few words to the natives around him, and offered a short prayer. The party attempted the following day to return; they were overtaken by a violent shower of rain; the dying man was again drenched with wet among those hills, where he had so often before been exposed to tempest; he survived the night, but died at noon of February 12th, in the arms of the Karen attendants, who were bearing him homeward. The sorrow of wife and friends, who shall describe?"

The Karen nation wept bitterly over his grave; he is still forgotten; his name, who first preached salvation to the poor *wild men*, is whispered by hundreds of grateful voices at the evening circle of friends, and at the altar of simple and pure devotion. The following epitaph is intended to be inscribed on his tomb:—"Sacred to the memory of George D. Boardman, American Missionary to Burmah. Born, Feb. 8, 1801,—Died, Feb. 11, 1831. His epitaph is written in the adjoining forests. Ask in the Christian villages of yonder mountains—Who taught you to abandon the worship of demons?—who raised you from vice to morality?—who brought you your Bibles, your Sabbaths, and your words of prayer? Let the reply be his eulogy! *a cruce corona.*"

Even this hasty glance at the young Missionary's life and labours admits not of any enhancing reflections that we can offer. It is too bright, great, and solemn, for any embellishment from us. We can only exclaim—what a glorious life—what a happy death!

ART. VI.—*Journal of a Visit to Constantinople, and some of the Greek Islands, in the Spring and Summer of 1833.* By JOHN AULDJO, Esq. F.G.S. London: Longman and Co. 1835.

THESE hurried notices of Constantinople and some of the Greek Islands, have all the freshness and spirit that may be expected from a lively tourist, who has committed to paper the impressions as they came from the objects described. The author pretends not to have digested his notes, or to have dressed them for the market, preferring to give them in their original shape, and thus at least securing a faithful sketch, if not a finished picture. He has thus from his journal, kept during a few months, produced a volume well suited to amuse and interest the reader for an hour, especially as Greece and Turkey are at the present moment in the world's history, countries regarding the condition and fate of which there is a singularly intense curiosity. We cannot, indeed, figure to ourselves a more pleasureable and stirring summer trip than that described in the pages before us, whether we consider the places visited, or the number, renown, and variety of characters introduced, and with whom the author was in some shape brought in contact. Between the 6th of April, and the 10th of August, 1833, the author saw as much as may well furnish him with pleasant anecdotes and novelties, whereby to enliven his conversation fifty years hence.

He sailed from Naples in his Majesty's ship *Actæon*, which conveyed, upon that occasion, Lord Ponsonby as ambassador to Constantinople, the measures and movements of the Russians at that period putting our government on the alert. We shall therefore pass over the notices which a hasty visit to some of the islands and parts of Greece afford our author in his passage outwards, and come at once to that "Queen of cities," the capital of the sublime porte, the outline splendour of which call forth the strongest expressions of rapture. The Turkish fleet had by that time assumed an imposing appearance, which was the more wonderful, considering the short space that had intervened since the sultan lost his entire naval strength. Among his new ships were two three-deckers, which are represented as the largest in the world, one carrying 140, the other 136 brass guns; there were also four-line-of-battle ships, eight frigates, three corvettes, three sloops, and a number of cutters, all completely equipped for active service. The Russian fleet, consisting of ten ships of the line, a number of frigates and small craft, lay in the channel, while the encampment of the Russian army covered an extensive range of neighbouring hills. It is satisfactory to learn, however, that while the Russian, Austrian, and German ambassadors reside in one place, the French and English representatives are along side each other in a different quarter. There are various incidents described by our author,

which prove the jealousy which the northern autocrat's troops entertained respecting the English, as also a number of testimonies of Turkish dislike of the former, and partiality to the latter. The vigilance of Lord Ponsonby, and the dexterity which he evinced in spite of Russian deceit and intrigue, there can be no doubt were, early after his arrival at Constantinople, called into exercise.

"I again went up to Terapia, where there is a report that the pilots of the Sea of Marmora and the Dardanelles have gone on board the Russian fleet, and that more troops have arrived. The Russians, however, strongly deny both facts. Our ambassador had a private audience of the Sultan this morning, an express having arrived, somewhat unexpectedly, at the palace of the British embassy yesterday evening, intimating that the Sultan would receive Lord Ponsonby at nine o'clock on the following day. It seems that Count Orloff had peremptorily demanded an audience; but as our ambassador arrived before him, he was entitled to precedence in this matter; and Count Orloff's reception was accordingly arranged to take place one hour afterwards. Lord Ponsonby went with his nephew, Captain Grey, and Mr. Waller, the *attaché*. They were received at the palace or new koisk at Dolma Batché, on the European side; and as they landed, the Sultan's band struck up 'God save the King.' On being ushered into the presence, they found his Highness seated on his divan, an apartment splendidly painted and decorated, and after the ambassador had paid and received the usual compliments, coffee and pipes were introduced. The Sultan shewed them a portrait, in a wide gilt frame, of himself on horseback, painted by some Sardinian artist. It was a resemblance, but indifferently executed. After remaining an hour, they took leave; and found a Russian steamer, with Count Orloff on board, waiting near the palace. The Count's audience lasted *two hours*. Many plans were, no doubt, formed; and every one feels in great anxiety to know the result of this conference. I dined to-day at the palace. Admiral Roussin, the French ambassador, came in, in the evening. He is frank and undisguised, as a sailor ought to be; and entered at once upon the policy intended to be adopted by his government. He seemed persuaded that Ibrahim would retire behind Mount Tarsus; and expressed himself very doubtful of the good faith of the Russians."—pp. 63—65.

Our author was admitted into the first court of the seraglio, a large oblong enclosure, formed by the sultan's garden, and other appendages. Within a niche near the entrance to this court the heads of rebellious pashas, and other traitors are exhibited to the gazing multitude, and among the more recent of those placed there, is mentioned that of Ali Pasha. Among other customs singular to us, the sultanas' mosque, near to the seraglio, may be noticed, where the bodies of the late sultan, and of the wives of his two predecessors, lie in state. The present grand segnior's favourite sultana and her son, also repose upon the same bier. On looking through the window, the sultan's coffin was seen, deposited on a kind of throne, with four large wax tapers burning around it, and covered with the most splendid cashmere shawls—a poor effort to distinguish or preserve the enclosed dust. As a suitable anecdote, when on the subject of funeral pomp, we quote the following account,

" In one part of the canal, near the palace, where the water is very deep, the favourite sultana of Selim drowned herself. She was young and exceedingly beautiful, but grew so jealous of the attentions paid by her lord and master to a Greek slave whom he had recently purchased, that she determined on committing suicide. Accordingly, having succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the guards and eunuchs, she one night escaped from the palace; and having procured a large stone, she carried it to the edge of the canal, and there fastened it to her person by means of the Cashmere shawl which she wore round her waist. On her absence being discovered the next morning, the utmost consternation prevailed throughout the harem; and her slaves and attendants trembled at the fate which awaited them when the Sultan was informed of his favourite's escape. The harem, the palace, the gardens, the whole neighbourhood, were instantly searched, but in vain; no one had seen the sultana, and her absence remained a mystery. The eunuchs were threatened with death, if she were not found; and the horror of all was aroused by the suggestion that she might possibly have eloped with some *gïaour*, and several of the slaves were sent to atone for their neglect with the forfeit of their lives. In the mean time, the poor Sultan remained inconsolable: all his former love returned, and the Greek slave was sent as a present to one of the *Pa-has*. At the expiration of a few days, as the disconsolate Selim was seated smoking on the borders of the canal, the body became detached from the stone, and rose to the surface of the water. Overwhelmed by the heart-rending spectacle, which too well explained the mystery of his beautiful queen's disappearance, he was with difficulty prevented by his attendant slaves from throwing himself upon the corse. When he retired, it was taken out, and sent into Constantinople to be buried. Thus ends this little episode in the life of the mighty Selim."—pp. 85, 86.

As a contrivance to instruct the Turkish soldiers in European forms, we are told that the sultan's valley was kept by out-posts of Turks and Russians, one of each nation mounting sentinel together, the latter having orders to teach the other in the manual exercise, and in marching, during the time they are on duty. The Russians, indeed, seem to be as domineering in Constantinople as if they were undisputed masters there; and as we have before stated, scrupled not to offer marked affronts to the English. In consequence, as we are here told, of an invitation from the Russian Commander-in-Chief, the Captain of the *Actæon* waited upon him at head-quarters, and sent in his name; but after having been kept standing for twenty minutes in the hall, among orderlies and common soldiers, he came away in disgust. The General afterwards endeavoured to show that the whole matter of complaint had originated in a mistake; but our author is incredulous, and thinks it is full time that these northern barbarians should be instructed with the point of the bayonet, in the respect due to a British officer.

It is here said that the sultan, from a dread of tumult or assassination, never visits any mosque in the city—contrary to the custom of his predecessors—and for similar reasons he never announces to which he will go until the same morning, and that as late as possi-

ble, time only being allowed for the guards to assemble, and the ordinary preparations to be made for receiving him. Our author witnessed one procession when the emperor thus went to prayers.

“ Namick Pasha, who had arrived from England, France, and Prussia, only a few days before, now came to tell us, that as it was past the usual time of the Sultan's going to mosque, he was afraid he would not come at all to-day ; that he had left him with Count Orloff, with whom he was in a towering passion, many angry speeches having passed between the cunning diplomatist and the enraged sovereign. However, soon after, the order to fix bayonets and shoulder arms, both which were very well executed, announced his approach, and in a few minutes afterwards the band struck up his favourite march. At the head of the procession were three led horses, richly caparisoned, having saddle-cloths embroidered with gold and precious stones, and bridles ornamented in a similar gorgeous style. They were noble-looking animals, and seemed as if conscious of the magnificence with which they were decorated. Next to these followed about thirty officers, consisting of generals, colonels, and captains of the fleet, walking two and two : they wore a sort of frock coat, with that description of cap called a fez. After the ministers of state, came his Sublime Highness himself on horseback, closely wrapped up in a greyish brown cloak, with a collar of diamonds, emeralds, and rubies, arranged in the form of flowers—the richest and most brilliant ornament I ever beheld. Like his officers, he also wore a plain fez, to the silk tassel of which the paper was still left attached, as is customary with the lower orders of the people ; this fashion, in fact, seems almost universal ; and when the paper is destroyed, a new tassel is put to the cap. It was drawn close over his ears, and down to his large black eyebrows, and his beard hung over the diamond clasp of the cloak. His face is long ; his nose, slightly arched, indicates talent and resolution ; and his eye is remarkably large, bright, and penetrating. We took off our hats as he passed : he looked earnestly at us, without turning his head, and after acknowledging the salute by a slight inclination of his body, again addressed himself to Namik Pasha, with whom he had been conversing before he came up to us. Another party of officers closed the procession. The Sultan has the appearance of being about fifty-five years of age ; and his blotched face, and red nose, sufficiently indicate a *penchant* for the bottle : indeed, on the present occasion, he displayed strong symptoms of being in what is called ‘ a state of liquor,’ as well as in a most particular bad humour. It is reported that he and his sword-bearer get drunk together every day, and that he once forced the Grand Mufti to drink half a bottle of Champagne, which he refused at first, declaring that to do so was contrary to the religion and ordinances of the Prophet. But the Sultan told him that he was himself the Head of the Church, and that he would make a new ordinance, bidding the Mufti swallow what was offered to him, or take the consequences of disobedience. Upon this the Chief Priest drank off the potion, perhaps, after all, by no means new or unacceptable ; and the Sultan, turning to a certain officer of state, who had also refused the wine on account of similar scruples, said, ‘ Now then you may drink, seeing that the Head of the Church and the Chief Priest have set you the example.’ ”—pp. 96—99.

The regiment that constituted the guard is described as present-



ing a sorry appearance, in so far as the men, or rather the boys that constitute it, are concerned—their arms and clothing being a heterogeneous mixture. The officers, however, are of an opposite order, being good looking, well dressed, and of a soldier-like appearance. When speaking of the sultan's procession to prayers, the author alludes to a German baron, who communicated the following account of an adventure in which he had been engaged, a year before. He, the baron, was out shooting one day, when his highness rode up, accompanied by two or three officers; and as it is unlawful to appear in the sultan's presence with fire-arms, the German felt himself in a very embarrassed situation. However, he stood still, taking off his hat. The sultan, on passing looked hard at him; and just at that moment, a swallow happening to fly towards the party, he pointed to it, and said "Tirez!" The German, though in a great fright, understood him perfectly; he fired, and killed the bird, which fell at the head of the sultan's horse. His highness was quite delighted, exclaiming, "Eh, eh," (good, good), and desired one of the attendants to inquire who the sportsman was, and where he lived; after which he rode away. Next morning, a person attached to the court came to the baron's house, with a present of china, flowers, and a purse containing 5000 piastres. The baron requested the bearer to take his compliments and thanks to his master, and say, that he was ready to kill a swallow every day for the same reward.

We meet in these pages with a spirited account of several of the bazaars; that for the disposal of slaves is necessarily of an affecting character. The market is situated in a square, three sides of which are occupied by low stone-buildings, with wooden sheds projecting in front, for the convenience of such barbarous traffickers as those who deal in human flesh.

"They were divided into rows of cells, each having a window and door opening into the wooden enclosure just mentioned. Within these dens—and they exactly resemble the cells usually occupied by wild beasts—a 'crowd of shivering slaves' were seen either penned up within the inner apartment, or lying about, like cattle, in the open space in front. They appeared to be all Nubians—black, dirty, and clothed in ragged blankets. Born to no other inheritance but slavery, they seemed wholly unconscious of their degraded state; and continued chattering unconcernedly, and, to all appearance, very happy. As I stood gazing on the novel scene, the ruffian keeper (and never did a vile, debasing occupation stamp its character more indelibly on the physiognomy of man) led one of the black victims forth, to meet the speculating caprices of a haggard old Turkish woman. He proceeded to point out her good qualities, and to descant on the firmness of her muscles, the robustness of her limbs, and her mature age; at the same time pinching her tender flesh, by way of proving the nature of his assertions, till the poor creature shrieked out with agony. He then tore down her eye-lids, to exhibit the healthiness of her eye-balls; and wrenched open her mouth, to prove, by ocular demonstration, that he practised no deception in speaking of her age. The old woman herself

examined her all the time, and haggled; as to the price, like a butcher when purchasing an ox in the cattle market. As I witnessed all this, my heart sickened, and I turned with loathing from the disgusting spectacle. Yet the poor negress was wanted only for a domestic slave, and would, probably, be kindly treated, when once the property of the old hag, who, I believe, purchased her at last for 1000 piastres, or fifty dollars. Indeed the girl appeared to be conscious that the change would be advantageous to her, from the meekness with which she bore the treatment of her persecutors. Proceeding a little further on, we observed, sitting at the window of one of the cells, a solitary female, whose head was covered with a linen veil. On hearing our approach, she looked at us through its folds; in an instant after, the covering was removed, and a pair of brilliant, dark eyes shed their lustre upon us. Nowadays a white slave is seldom found in the market, the Russians protecting the Circassian and the Georgian, and the French and English the Greek. When they do appear, they are generally disposed of at a high price. This beautiful captive, who appeared to be a Georgian, was neither bashful nor timid. She saluted us with smiles, severing her raven locks, and trying to captivate the spectators, by making her beauty appear to the greatest advantage. However, it did not seem to possess any power over the Turks; and as to the Christians, they are not allowed to purchase slaves publicly, though sometimes it is done indirectly, and by the assistance of some friendly Osmanli. I saw but three, or four men-slaves, with a few boys, all Nubians, and, like their female companions, in a dirty, miserable condition. They were chained together, two and two, by the ankles. Having now satisfied my curiosity in regard to this much talked-of but loathsome spot, I was most glad to hear the proposition that we should adjourn to Mustapha's. From him we learned that the Georgian beauty had been exposed to sale for several days; but that no one had offered to purchase her, the sum demanded being exorbitant. Her proprietor was a rich man, and could afford to wait until some one consented to put down the 2500 piastres at which he valued her."—pp. 106—109.

The author speaks strongly in praise of Turkish civility even to Christians, as witnessed and experienced by himself—a change in this respect, from what fanaticism at no remote period displayed, of a remarkable kind. At that time, continues our author, the wealthy Christian, in passing through the streets, was often stopped and compelled to sweep the muddy crossings; the dogs were allowed to worry him, without his daring to beat them off; and when observed looking out of his window, he might be made a mark to shoot at. Even the Seven Towers, the Bastile of the east, where, contrary to the law of civilized nations, the minister of any power against whom the sultan happened to declare war, was immured, is now fast falling to decay.

"From the time when the Seven Towers thus became the prison of ambassadors, they acquired an interest and celebrity which otherwise they never could have attained. Mystery and romance took them under their especial protection; and Eastern imaginations joined themselves to those of the West, in inventing tales of horror, dark, deep, and tragical, connected with the dungeons and caverns beneath these dreaded walls. That gloomy aperture which yawns beneath your footsteps is called the Well of Blood;:

even the Turkish guide acknowledges that it has often overflowed with human gore ! Within this low arched vault, from which the cheerful sun is for ever excluded, the victim lay extended upon the rack, until death itself became a welcome relief ; and upon its walls were arranged, in dreadful order, all the infernal instruments of torture, by which the cruelty of man endeavoured to extort from the wretched prisoners a confession of crimes, perhaps never committed, and of conspiracies, existing only in the guilty imaginations of their oppressors. A little court within the precincts of the building was pointed out to me as having frequently contained a pyramid of human heads, reaching so high, that, standing upon its summit, you might have looked over the walls, and beheld the pure and peaceful Sea of Marmora. The guide also made me remark a number of narrow passages, scarcely high enough to admit a dog, through which it is reported that the miserable captive was formerly compelled to crawl upon his belly, and then left to perish from starvation, while he licked the dust in the extremity of his agony.

" Thanks, however, to civilization, these horrors are now no longer perpetrated ; and, indeed, for the honour of human nature, one is desirous of believing that the greater portion of them are mere fables, invented by the guides, for the purpose of gratifying a morbid taste for the horrible, and to enhance the interest of the place. A few old soldiers are at present the only occupants of this redoubtable fortress, which is rapidly falling to ruin, though a remnant of the jealousy of former ages still requires a firman to be obtained, before you are allowed to visit its once formidable interior."—pp. 132—134.

A friend of the author's visited Ibrahim Pasha, who was at no great distance from Constantinople at the period embraced by the contents of the volume before us, and who declared, that had it not been for the interposition of the French and English, he would have been in that city ; adding, that ere long they would back him, and wish they had not interfered. He said the day must arrive when he shall be in Stamboul, and that the above interposing powers will find their truest policy in establishing him on the Turkish empire, by thus erecting a barrier against the encroaching ambition of the northern powers. We think, however, that Ibrahim's principle and statement will not be realized as correct.

Our author complains repeatedly of the insults to which the English were exposed in Constantinople, and furnishes some anecdotes to shew how differently the subjects of Russia are served. The following is one illustration.

" A few weeks since, Costingen had gone on horseback to Buyukdere, where, in passing the Sultan's kiosk at Dolma Batché, it is always necessary to dismount. Woe betide the unlucky wight who, failing to comply with this custom, happens to ride through the precincts of the palace. Our Turk, however, forgot all this, and was instantly arrested and insulted by the officer of the guard and the soldiers, who dragged him into the guard-house, preparatory to his being sent off to prison. Having discovered that he was mistaken for an Englishman, and finding matters were assuming a rather serious aspect, he luckily bethought of saying he was a Russian, ' Rusky effendi ben ! Rusky, Rusky ! ' roared he. Const-

reaction immediately spread itself over the sleepy countenances of the Turks at this announcement. The captain, in the utmost alarm, begged his pardon, and pipes, coffee, ices, &c., were offered him by the soldiers, who declared themselves ready to fulfil his slightest commands. The captain of the guard, as well as he could explain himself, inquired why he did not at once say that he was a Russian? 'Mashallah! it was an unlucky mistake. Am I not blind, not to see that you were no Englishman?' Further to propitiate the newly created Muscovite colonel's wrath, a guard of honour—hear it, ye Englishmen!—was sent to conduct him safe home, and to protect him from further insult; and with this guard of honour Costingen the Turk actually marched through the streets of Pera, and came to Tongo's house!

"Such is the respect paid to the subjects of an energetic government. Yet it must not be supposed that the Russian finds any real sympathy in the breasts of the people: no! the Turks hate them as they do Satan, and declare in private that they would 'spit upon their beards, and burn their fathers;' an oriental expression; indicative of extreme hatred and contempt."—pp. 139—141.

The author is in such raptures about a fine specimen of oriental beauty, whose profile, after using a good deal of persuasion, he was allowed to copy, that we are half inclined to fear, had he been long, or often in her presence, he might have turned Turk, and dreamed of a paradise peopled with houris.

"Her eyes and eyelashes were intensely black; though I suspect the latter were stained of a dye deeper than the natural one. Her complexion was beautifully fair, with the slightest tint of carnation suffused over the cheek. Her lips! sweet lips! 'that make us sigh even to have seen such.' Her glossy hair, which was bound with a kalemkeir or painted handkerchief, representing a whole parterre of flowers, fell in loose curls upon her shoulders, and down her back: she wore a short black velvet jacket, embroidered with gold lace; trowsers of sky blue silk; an under-jacket of pink crape, and one of those beautiful transparent shirts which ravish the beholder, and 'half reveal the charms they fain would hide.' A magnificent Persian shawl encircled her waist, which had nature's own form, never having been compressed by the cruel bondage of stays.

"Her feet were in slippers, and two or three ugly rings deformed her white and slender fingers, the nails of which were dyed with henna. Around her neck she wore a double row of pearls, from which hung an amulet. Her skin was very white and beautiful; the constant use of the dry vapour having reduced it to a fineness, which I can only compare to highly polished marble; and it looked as glossy and as cold. She was well pleased with the drawing I made of her; and on rising to go away, she put on her yellow boots over the beautiful white foot and ankle, which it was a sin to conceal: then donning her gashmak and cloak, she bade us adieu, with a grace and elegance which few English ladies could equal."—pp. 160, 161.

In the course of a long ramble with Lord Ponsonby, our author speaks of an interesting conversation held by them on the position of the Turkish empire, from which it would appear that his Lordship was decided in his plan that the empire should be maintained,

and that if England and France would go hand in hand in energetically carrying out the measures necessary to the fulfilment of this plan, which sooner or later will be adopted, Austria would forsake Russia—Persia would rise in arms—the southern provinces of the overgrown northern empire would probably rebel—Poland again revive, and the whole fall to pieces.

During our author's stay in Constantinople, the Austrian ambassador, the Prince of Bavaria, and brother of the king of Greece was there also, who failed to obtain for a time an audience of the sultan. On the eve of taking leave of the city and proceeding on a visit to his brother, it seems that Orloff went and commanded his highness to receive the unwelcome prince. So much for Russian power in Stamboul. By the same steam-vessel in which the prince proceeded towards Greece, our author took his departure from the "Queen of cities," as also did a variety of other passengers.

"What a motley crew! A royal prince; Spanish nobles; Italian counts; French marquises; Dutch chevaliers; and, I may proudly add, English gentlemen. We had also a quack doctor from Paris; a gaming-house-keeper from Milan; a clergyman, poor as an Apostle, from Iceland; a grim-looking student from the University of Göttingen; a Danish baron, music mad; a singing count from Sienna; a crazy architect from Paris; and two Russian noblemen. There were only two ladies;—a Russian countess, who read nothing but Homer, and made classical mistakes; and a Bavarian lady, whose great merit was her inclination to render herself agreeable. Then there were the chief captain, the second captain, and the sub-captain; the manager, second manager, and sub-manager. However, two things most necessary to the establishment were still wanting; namely, a good cook, and an honest steward."—pp. 192, 193.

In the sketch of the characters and manners of the prince and King Otho, a very different picture is found.

"There is a striking difference in the tempers and dispositions of the two royal brothers; the one being greatly beloved, while the other is disliked by every person in the ship. The King is very kind and affable, giving no unnecessary trouble, and mixing freely with the midshipmen and sailors: many a luncheon has he partaken of in the *den* of the former. His brother, on the contrary, is all fuss and superciliousness; and the very first morning after he embarked, the captain was compelled to read him a practical lecture on the necessity of complying with the established regulations. He had been told that, as punctuality was a most indispensable maxim on board a man-of-war, where every thing depended on the example afforded to the sailors by their officers and superiors, he would be expected at breakfast by eight o'clock every morning.

"On the following day, at the hour prescribed, the King was seated at the cabin table, and after waiting a quarter of an hour, as the Prince came not, breakfast was finished. About half-past nine his Royal Highness made his *début*, and expressed some surprise at seeing the table cleared; however, the Captain told him he was sorry he had lost his breakfast, particularly as it was a long time to dinner; and the regulations of the ship precluded his having any meal served before that was ready. The Prince frowned and looked marvellously discomfited; but, pocketing his lecture, he made an apology, and went sulkily on deck.



"The moment of parting between the royal brothers had now arrived, and they came on board the steamer together at a late hour. The anchor was already up :—' Give way !' cried the captain : the heir of Bavaria and the hope of Greece fell into each other's arms ; and, after a short embrace, and a kissing of each cheek, the latter hurried down the ladder ; the Prince hastened to his cabin ; and in a few minutes more we were merrily ploughing our way through the rippling waves of the calm and beautiful harbour of Milo."—pp. 234, 235.

At Palermo, our author had an opportunity of first catching a glimpse of one who had soared high and sunk low ; he afterwards enjoyed frequently nearer access to her. This was the Duchess de Berri, who was residing at Prince Butera's villa.

"As this illustrious lady had expressed a desire to go to Naples, we were requested to agree to a delay of a few days. Who could resist the temptations of a longer sojourn in the city of the syren of pleasure ? and it was readily agreed to. It was not, therefore, until the morning of—

"*Friday, 9th*—that we bade adieu to Sicily. The Duchess came on board with her husband and suite, Count Menars, and the Prince and Princess ———. Her face is by no means a handsome one ; and she is very short, thin, and vulgar-looking. Nothing in her personal appearance makes her out a heroine, or is calculated to inspire her followers with the awe and respect with which they seem to worship her. She soon sat down to whist with her husband, Butera, and the old Princess St. Theodore ; but the game received many unpleasant interruptions from the pitching and rolling of the boat. Each time the fit came on, she sprang upon the bench upon which she had been sitting, and after bending her head *sans cérémonie* over the vessel's side, quietly sat down again to resume her cards. This rather unroyal and unlady-like exhibition occurred repeatedly ; and we were impressed with the idea that her manners altogether were very unfitting her rank and station. As it was publicly known that we had the Duchess de Berri on board, she attracted considerable attention ; otherwise her carriage would never have distinguished her from the most ordinary passenger. Our Carlist friend appeared on the quarter deck, wearing the colours of his party : at first, she took no notice of him ; but at length it occurred to her that he might be a spy in disguise, and she haughtily demanded who he was. His loyalty and devotion were not proof against this affront : in an instant he retreated below, and, having disencumbered himself of the once-cherished badge, reappeared on deck with a countenance glowing with indignation ; and, if I am not much deceived, ' Louis-Philip ' gained a convert from that moment.

"We had a great increase of passengers, besides the Duchess and her suite ; most of whom, being unaccustomed to sailing, were quickly on their *beam ends*. The weather, which, at starting, threatened to be stormy, now cleared up ; and, though the evening was calm and beautiful, a heavy swell still continued to render the motion of the vessel disagreeable. The heroine of La Vendée is sleeping in her arm-chair : the faithful Menars reposes at her feet ; and her husband, whom she hardly seems to notice, is sitting on a bench beside her."—pp. 253—255.

Such specimens of royalty afford any thing but an imposing object ; nor can we suppose that our author, after such discoveries as he has pleasantly described in these pages, can entertain any overweening romance about the heroine of La Vendée.

**ART. VII.—*The Mechanics of Law-Making. Intended for the Use of Legislators, and all other Persons concerned in the Making and Understanding of English Laws.* By ARTHUR SYMONDS, Esq. London: Churton. 1835.**

THE Statute Law of England is confessedly one of the largest and clumsiest matters that can be contemplated. Its very magnitude produces darkness, while the confusion, obscurity, and contradictory character, of its several parts are so great, that it has become a toilsome profession of itself to be able to understand them. And yet, it is presumed that the simplest and most illiterate peasant is fully acquainted with every clause of every enactment, especially of that complex department called the Criminal Law, in which, from his condition and temptations, he is apt to be so directly concerned. In applying critical rules to the structure of our written laws, it is well laid down by the author, that they should be written in the mother tongue, and that language should not be used with the volubility of thoughtlessness. The law should be well conceived, well arranged, expressed clearly and briefly; it should be single in purpose, and harmonize with the general tone of the doctrine of which it is to form a part. But to any one who has ever read an act of parliament, we need not state that these rules have been most signally violated; while a great proportion of our readers must know that such specimens of unintelligible jargon no where else are to be found.

The cause of the obscurity, untoward shapelessness, and contradictions in our public enactments, in a great measure is owing to the want of system, and established principles in the process of legislation—in putting to action the machinery that is to work out improvement upon the previous order of things. We think the present little unpretending work goes far to supply a key to the art of law-making; and although we may not see the wisdom of some of the suggested views and steps, there is so much common sense brought to bear on the whole subject, as to indicate a line which any ordinary mind may easily follow out, whether as a legislator or an interpreter. The work has also this merit, that it shows the present complex state of our written laws might, without any prodigious labour, be remedied, while the future accessions might be symmetrically embodied, to the ready apprehension and satisfaction of every ordinary student of them.

The plan of the present work does not begin by laying down general principles founded on arbitrary analyses, and afterwards proceed to test the subject by them; but as the author lays claim to, it supposes the reader to have before him an Act of Parliament—not unlike a piece of statuary, whose value is unknown from being encrusted with mud and other substances, but which, by cleansing and clipping, the real beauty and value of the figure is discovered. The mind is thus left at liberty to rest on essentials, and to see

how the idea sought to be conveyed, may most happily be expressed and placed. It is in this way, the author flatters himself, that he has shown to those who cling to the present system of framing acts of parliament, how all possible improvements compatible with it, may be introduced; while, to the more decided reformer, who would make the laws as brief, clear, and simple, as laws might be made, he certainly has furnished some excellent hints.

The work commences with the art of reading an act of parliament, as at present written, in which chapter, words, phrases, clauses, and the act generally, are considered. 'The act being before you, the author directs that every word that is not required to fill up the meaning should be struck out, or that may be omitted without affecting the structure of the sentence. And, in this process, nothing short of great patience and good temper are required, after the exercise of which, many ponderous passages will shrink into a nut-shell size. Take, as examples:—

“ ‘ And be it enacted, that no person or persons shall keep or maintain any boat or boats to ply for hire over or across the said river at any place between the distance of one mile above and one mile below the bridge intended to be built as aforesaid, or to carry or convey for hire any passenger, or passengers, cattle, carriages, or goods which is or are subject to or chargeable with toll or duty by this act, over or across the said river Shannon, except such person or persons as shall be licensed or appointed by the said Commissioners or their successors.’ (4 & 5 W. IV. c. 61, s. 23.)”

“ And again, for—

“ ‘ And be it further enacted, that from and after the passing of this act, no child who shall not have attained the age of ten years, shall be bound or put apprentice to any person using the trade or business of a chimney-sweeper.’ (4 & 5 W. IV. c. 35, s. 2.)

‘ Read—

“ ‘ And be it enacted, that no child under ten years of age shall be apprenticed to any chimney-sweeper.’

“ The ‘ from and after the passing of this act’ is not necessary, as it takes effect from the passing, if no other time be named. The other changes are obvious. ‘ Apprenticed’ is a more simple and concise term than ‘ bound and put apprentice.’ The word is in common acceptance; and the little sweeps will understand the term ‘ chimney-sweeper’ more readily than ‘ any person using the trade or business of a chimney-sweeper;’ but to guard against all ambiguity, or the risk of it, the definition might be inserted once for all in the interpretation clause, that the word chimney-sweeper should include every person carrying on the trade or business of a chimney-sweeper. Perhaps the phrase ‘ who shall not have attained the age of ten years,’ is more formally complete, but it is idiomatically excessive. Our acts of parliament are written in the style of a foreigner who has learned the language out of book, with the aid of a grammar. Grammatical rules are nowhere violated, yet it is difficult to recognise in his finical preciseness one’s own language. A law should be written in the tone of the language of the time (for which we have Lord Coke’s authority;) and when that has become obsolete, it

should be altered; but it will be found that the idiomatic structure, which has relation to the matter of a thing, does not change so fast: and the laws would help to preserve the sameness of meaning."—pp. 3, and 7, 8.

In many Acts the same phrases occupy, by their needless repetition, a number of pages, to the oppression and confusion of the reader. Besides the rejection of unnecessary words and repetitions of phrases, the structure of the sentences is often susceptible of very advantageous modification. The verbal elongations and diffuseness having been reduced, the necessity for those constant references in so many words to other parts of the same act is done away with; for, surely, where such phrases of reference are abundantly used, the arrangement of the act is not good and clear. The following example of roundabout *phrasing* is taken from the last Assessed Taxes Composition Act.

"And be it enacted, that every person who is or shall be duly assessed to, or who hath compounded under the said former Acts for his dwelling-house, warehouse, shop, or other premises in respect of the windows, or lights therein, for the year ending on the fifth day of April, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-five, shall be entitled to make, or open and keep open, free of duty any additional number of windows or lights in his dwelling-house, warehouse, shop, or other premises so assessed or compounded for, and that no person not so assessed or compounding by reason of his dwelling-house, warehouse, shop, or other premises not containing seven windows or lights, shall be brought into assessment, or made liable to rates and duties, because of the opening of any additional number of windows or lights in such dwelling-house, warehouse, shop, or other premises, provided always, that if any such person as aforesaid whether he shall be assessed, or hath compounded, or shall be liable to be assessed as aforesaid or not, shall erect or build any addition to such his dwelling-house, warehouse, shop, or premises, or make or open any communication with any other tenement or building adjoining or near thereto, then, and in any such case, all the windows and lights in such dwelling-house, warehouse, shop, or premises and in such additional or adjoining tenement or building shall be rated and assessed together to the said duties in like manner as the same would before the passing of this act be liable to be rated and assessed under any act or acts in force."—p. 17, 18.

The author's paraphrase, or rather collection and combination of all the meaning that is hid under such a servile use of multitudinous jargon, shows what may be done by common sense in this branch, and how worthy it is of any one to devote his ingenuity and labour to liberating the community from such unsightly evils as our established forms in law-making. No better test can be thought of, whereby to judge of our author's services, than the principles he lays down in his Section on *Phrases*, as illustrated in the following amended form of the above example.

"That no person shall be charged with window duty for any additional number of windows which he may open in the premises in respect of which he is now assessed or has compounded, or is free from assessment on account of the same not containing seven windows, unless he shall build any addition to such premises, or open any communication

between them and any adjoining building, and that in any such case he shall be chargeable with the window duty as he would have been under any other act in force.' "—p. 19.

Other instances, of even more prolix phraseology, and darkening of counsel by a multitude of words are given, regarding which it is justly observed, that a *generality* is sought through an accumulation of specified particulars, and not by any leading or characteristic points, for the mind immediately to behold and turn upon; just as if a man should describe a house, not merely by telling its height and depth, but every room within it, and the furniture and ornaments of each room. The author suggests, that in the unmasking the true meaning of an act, it would generally be a safe rule to strike out the following and similar phrases, "as aforesaid," "hereinbefore mentioned," or "hereinafter mentioned," and many others; and that the best manner of trying the value of the rules laid down by him, is to recur to the practice which men of business usually adopt in taking notes, where they catch the substance of the phrase, casting away the reference either backwards or forwards.

As to clauses and their structure, many things are brought together in the same clause that would be more intelligible if separated; or the appearance of complexity is produced by putting that first which should be last, even where matters are not inappropriately brought together. But we must pass over the specimens of conglomeration under this head, and merely assert, that it is seldom that any one act abounds in all the defects alluded to; the fault of some consisting in want of arrangement, in verbosity in others, in an overlooking of the subject in a third class, in unnecessary and minute provisions in a fourth. The grand pervading evil seems to consist in this—that there is no general plan or spirit, by which a construction of one act may be known by a knowledge of the rest. In some it rests on a reference to minute facts specifically enumerated; in others on a reference to large principles and entire kinds of subjects.

The author next treats of the Art of Making a Law; in which the form of a law and its constituent parts; the character of a law and its more common constituent provisions; and the characteristics of the leading divisions of a law are discussed. The form and constituent parts of a law consist, according to the author's analysis, in the title, the preamble, the expression of the enacting power, the body of the act, the provisos of exceptions, the schedules, and the index. Then, acts of parliament are in their general nature, enacting or directing, or explaining, or amending, or declaratory. The characteristics of the leading divisions of the law may be learned by stating them thus: The constitutional laws, the official laws, the municipal or police laws, the civil law, and the criminal law. On the latter the following judicious observations are here to be found.



## I. ORIGINAL LAWS.

"These laws being of most extensive popular application, affecting, in a more remarkable manner, not only the rich, but the poor, the educated, and the illiterate, more skill and reference to the ignorance of the most stupid are required in framing them. As yet, there appears to be much misconception on the subject, into which some of the most able philanthropists, who have considered it, seem to have fallen. It is supposed not only that the crime (with its precise characteristics in form) and its attendant circumstances, should be foreseen by the law; but that a penalty exactly proportionate to its degree in the gradation of offences generally, and of the circumstances of aggravation in that particular case should be beforehand awarded by the law.

"Would such particularity be of any use? Would the poor unlettered peasant, and the ignorant artizan, who are the chief offenders against the criminal law, understand its minute distinctions? But, if he should understand them, would he, before he set out on his crime, make out an elaborate calculation of consequences, as a merchant does before he embarks in a speculation? Here there is so much gain with such risk, or less risk here and more gain. Would this be the general habit of the class of offenders, whatever it may be with a few accomplished rogues in the metropolis (to whom less mercy is due), whose practice has enabled them to baffle the wit of lawyers skilled in all the chicane of the craft. Is not the simple prohibition, 'Thou shalt not steal,' more solemnly impressive than 'thou shalt not steal ducks, or money, or faggots, or bank notes, or bills of exchange, or bread,' with all the rest of the thousand-and-one articles that may be made the subject of theft?

"In the first report of the commissioners employed to digest the criminal law, two large folio pages are occupied in telling what things may be stolen, and what may not be stolen, and four more in detailing all sorts of stealing. If the law be made on this plan, it will be like an epitome of practice for the rogue—the art of stealing carefully compiled by authority.

"The crime ought to be described by the body of its nature. Mere circumstantialities, mere accidents, should be left out of the definition. Say, if 'Thou shalt not steal' be too simple, 'No person shall take to himself anything which is not his.'

"If any one shall find anything which is not his, he shall deliver it to the nearest magistrate, who shall advertise the thing found, and take all proper measures to restore it to the right owner."—pp. 99—101.

Such is the body of the law of theft. The author, after noting various other points characteristic of our criminal code, remarks, that the whole difficulty consists in the selection of penalties and the adjustment of them to the magnitude of the offence, and that it is less the precise amount of penalty that should be fixed, than the class of penalty; no distinction being allowed to be founded on a mere distinction in names, such as between felonies and misdemeanors. But this is leading us from the form somewhat into the spirit of legislation. We therefore proceed to mark what is said of the classification and consolidation of the statutes, which go far to the perfect modelling of a single law, since it must be regarded, not

only in its independent character, but in its connection with the general body of the law of which it forms a part.

“ CLASSIFICATION.

“ An excellent prelude to a system of consolidation would be found in the classification of the statutes of each session. It would give a ready means of connecting the works of one session with those that have preceded it, while it would also accustom the members of the legislature, and the public generally, to view the law in a more systematic and clearer light. The statutes of the last session have been adopted as the example. They are not so numerous as those of preceding sessions, yet, on that account alone, they furnish a means of showing how to mark the fact, that no law has been passed on some branches of public affairs. It is difficult to say to whom this work of classification should be entrusted. If it had not been effected before or during the progress of the law through the legislature, the task might be assigned to a functionary, answering to the minister of public instruction in other countries—the utility, and even the indispensableness of whose office, in this and other matters, will be shown in another chapter.

“ CONSOLIDATION.

“ If the method recommended for the classification of the statutes of a single session were pursued for past legislation, from the beginning of the statute book to the present time, the work of consolidation would be an easy task, and it might proceed gradually, as the exigencies of the times and the public interest called for a reform in any division of legislation. This labour, beyond the superintendence of a competent head, would be clerical, and might be accomplished in a few months, and at no great cost to the country. It would be a good, and is, indeed, a necessary prelude to the labours of more enlightened jurists, in the work of consolidation, who should not be exhausted by the consideration of small and worthless details.

“ Indeed, if this undertaking should be ever honestly set on foot, the selection of the agents would require great attention. Lawyers would be better counsellors than law makers; quicker to discover points of error than to scheme the arrangement of the provisions, or even to express them happily. Their minds are too technical—their habits too conventional. A master of the English language would be a better law-maker than a master of common law or equity. There should be men of the latter class associated with the framer of the law—critics of his labours. But Molière’s old woman would be a better critic of the greater purpose—the plainness of the law to plain understandings. The nation wants clever laws, more than clever lawyers. The last are often the fruit of bad or abstruse laws, which are productive of one-sided legislation, and many of the vices and miseries of litigation.

“ If we would not wait for the all-perfect mode of accomplishing the work on the one hand; or the absence of all difficulties on the other; a ready way of consolidating the law might be fallen upon, which would be good, at least, for a beginning. The whole work of consolidation, if honestly intended, might be effected in the short space of five or six months.”—pp. 111, 112, and 127—129.

It is lamented as one of the defects in most acts of parliament, that they have to carry all the machinery for their execution. In

the way of supplemental legislation, therefore, it is proposed, with the view of classifying the statutes according to their subject matter, and to produce simplicity and uniformity of practice, to pass sundry general laws, regulating many incidental matters, which, more or less, form a part of every law. The author's plan is thus more fully explained.

"There seems to be no reason why there should not be an Act declaring all the penalties which attach to all sorts of offences. It would not be a bad way of consolidating the criminal law. Let there be two returns, one showing the offence in its gradation of enormity; in a second column, the punishment on the first offence; and in a third column, the punishment on the second offence; and if there are alternative punishments, the second and third columns, showing in each case the alternative. The second return should contain the name of the penalty in its gradation of amount, with the crimes and offences to which it attaches in parallel columns. If all the sorts of penalty were in the latter manner to be arranged and numbered, and made the subject matter of a distinct enactment, other Acts might refer to the scale as to a standard. In the case of pecuniary penalties and forfeitures, the mode of recovering them ought to be declared in one Act; and if there are to be two methods, one summary by the aid of justices, and the other by action, the mode and conditions of these two methods of procedure should be set forth. By this expedient, economy in printing might at once be obtained, and all men might attach a distinct idea to penalty. The subject would cease to burthen every Act.

"By arranging the penalties in this manner, a common fallacy would be exposed. In the enumeration of the hardships of the penal law, it is customary to say that such and such a law imposes so many penalties; the whole amount of which would make up some enormous sum. The same fallacy is also used with regard to oaths. The absurdity results from the manner of imposing penalties. If, as was the case before it was so usual to attach a definite penalty to a given offence, no penalty were named, and the disobedience of the law were to be punished by a fine imposed by the courts, nobody would say that the law was dreadful: that it imposed so many penalties. It is a part of the condition of the law, that its disobedience in each instance should be followed by punishment; and of the limited number of punishments, which it is in the power of man to impose on his fellow, the question arises, of what kind shall it be? and of what degree of that kind? To say that this offence shall be punished by a 5*l.* penalty, or that by a 200*l.* penalty, is but to say that it shall be visited by a pecuniary fine of a particular degree. It may be a fair question—whether the fine be disproportionate to the offence, or whether that which is imposed on one class of persons, is more or less oppressive, the circumstances of each being regarded, than that which is imposed on another class?"—pp. 133—135.

We next come to what is said of institutional reforms connected with law-making; in which the preparation of a law—the making a law—the promulgating the law—the enforcing it—the superintendence of its operation—and the amending it, are severally discussed, which go to modify the individual character of each act of

parliament, as well as the general character of the law. Our author thinks, as a guarantee for good workmanship, no law should be received until it had been referred to a committee of the House to report in connexion with it, on the following points; 1st. A chronological statement of the acts passed on the same subject: 2nd. A chronological statement of the decisions of the courts upon those acts, and the branch of law which they concerned: 3rd. A chronological statement of petitions, debates, and proceedings of the legislature on the subject, with the reports by committees and commissioners: 4th. A statement of the views of different public writers on the subject: 5th. The opinion of the committee as to the state of the question: 6th. The opinion of the committee on the bill submitted to the legislature: and 7th. A statement as to what part of the country the law applies; and why not to all parts. The four first divisions to be worked up by an individual before the committee was appointed, so that the committee might be in a condition to comply with the duties imposed by the last three. We are afraid, however, that the remedy here proposed would equal the obstinacy of the disease, and that the observance of these several points would lead to additional perplexity and scope for complaint. Let us, however, hear what our author advances in behalf of his suggestions on this matter, or rather in way of criticism on the working of the present system.

“ The loss of time and exertion in bringing forward any new legislative measure is almost computable. Even if the subject be popular, unless introduced by the government, or under its auspices, it will usually require three sessions before it can pass:—but it more usually happens that three sessions are expended in attracting the attention of the House, as a body, to the subject. This arises partly from the nature of a large mingled body of persons of various interests and experiences; and partly, and chiefly because our debates are started without material, except on the more ordinary constitutional questions. The mover and a knot of friends, it may be, are enlightened, but the mass have neither line nor compass. Failure always attends the mover's first efforts, his facts astound but are not examined;—his very enthusiasm is quoted as evidence of the absurdity of his proposals, and the subject is discarded to be renewed year after year, till a sufficient number of the legislators are awakened to the importance of it. The press begins to speak, the public decides first, and afterwards the legislature. Its attention and assent both forced, it adopts hastily a crude measure, and learns the subject in its true bearings, only when it discovers the inefficiency of its first attempt. Whence this backward progress? Because the legislature does not inquire in a systematic manner in the first instance. Hence, too, the complaint of crowded distracting deliberations; questions, reasonable or the reverse, are all classed together as impertinences:—and the men who have devoted years of time, and labour, and no inconsiderable expense, to do a public service, are scouted as rash projectors because the legislature adopts no method of distinguishing the good from the bad. The prudent, able, retiring member, who will risk much of personal inconvenience, by forcing on the attention of the public an

useful project of reform, is deterred from an activity which, in its results, would sober or neutralize the more eager efforts of less informed and more assuming persons :—while the latter are at full liberty to urge the crudest crotchets upon the House at the expense of the national service. The most ordinary architect knows that his future operations depend for their success on a good ground plan, and the laying the foundations of his work at a depth and strength proportioned to his intended superstructure. There is no such forecasting of design in our legislation ; but it proceeds after the manner of those mushroom buildings that of late years have started up in all directions. So that there be a house—so that there be a law—on which a man may raise a name for himself, and a credit with the world, it is enough. And the result corresponds in both cases ; the laws are often left useless carcasses or shells, which no one will be at the pains or cost to complete, on account of their entire worthlessness, yet they encumber the ground, whereon more goodly structures might be erected.”—pp. 155—157.

On the particular point, respecting the making of a law, it is suggested that if a plan of classifying the laws were adopted, the classes into which they should be formed might have their respective committees, and that then the grand audit of the nation might as usefully apply themselves to checking the workings of our judicial system, as they have been in the department of finance.

“ It is in vain to sneer at the labours of the legislature, or at the legislators. The results are traceable to the machinery, which puts it out of the power of one half of the men, ambitious to be useful, who enter the house, to turn their services to any account in favour of the nation.

“ In conjunction with such committees, there would necessarily be a clerk or officer to assist in their proceedings. To him might be entrusted the verbal revision of the laws of his department, under the direction of a single officer, who might arrange the whole into chapters and sections, as elsewhere required.

“ But until the appointment of such committees and officers, this duty of verbal revision might be executed by a single officer, with able assistants, who should be skilled in the different walks of judicature and the law ; while, from the executive departments, they would be provided with the aid of the usual law advisers.

“ With the help of a general Statute of Directions and Constructions, the law would speedily acquire an uniformity of expression.

“ It is obvious that the revising officer should be selected for his skill in verbal expression. It is not meant that he should have an absolute control over the language of our legislation. His duty might be confined to pointing out the departure from the provisions of the Statute of Directions and Constructions, and suggesting words more apt for the purpose.

“ No bill should be presented for a second reading without being reported upon by such officer—nor read a third time without a repetition of the same proceeding. The skill which such an officer must, by constant practice, acquire, would enable him to peruse and report upon four or five bills in a day ; and the labour would every year grow less and less, as all whose task it would be to prepare bills, would, to spare delay



or expense, take care to have them properly drawn in the first instance.

“The principal officer should read all laws. The duty of his assistants in the departments, would be confined to pointing out any inaptitudes of expression for their peculiar subject matters, and the omission of any unnecessary provisions.

“It would be necessary that the verbal revision should be performed by one man (under such advice and assistance), that he might draw the language of all statutes to the same uniformity of expression; and this is said with the full conviction that the other points of the law—its materials—must be furnished and digested by other persons, whose qualifications are more peculiarly fitted for that duty. There should be more than one, not a mere lawyer, nor a mere philosopher, nor a mere draughtsman, nor a mere official man, but all of them should be conjoined for the varied function. Nothing can be worse conceived for such a purpose than a commission of all lawyers, especially practising lawyers, in a single department of their profession. But again, whatever may be the component parts of the body who shall digest the law, there should be but one reviser of its form, and its terms; and he should be skilled—not in the drawing of money bills, or official bills, or justice of the peace bills, or Irish bills, each after the fashion of its kind, but—in all the forms of statute law; and therefore, because the energies of one man could not accomplish more, and it is necessary to obtain the highest skill in this direction, his task should be confined to revision alone.”—pp. 161—164.

We confess ourselves incompetent to speak as to the practical results of such a system as is here recommended, although we cannot hesitate to express our conviction that an approach to it, or some such arrangement, is highly deserving the consideration of legislators and institutional reformers. Frequent mention and recommendation are found in these pages, of an officer to whom should be confided the duties of public instruction, and the charge of superintending the promulgation of the law.

“Before the laws are enforced, it would be seemly to promulgate them. This duty is wholly neglected, beyond the circulation of a few thousand copies to the public offices and the magistracy—and what is worse, the law taking effect from its passing, whether the party affected live in the northernmost parts of the realm, or in Palace Yard, it operates instantaneously, and hence great injustice is often inflicted upon innocent parties. This is carrying the fiction of the virtual presence of the people in the Commons’ House of Parliament somewhat too far. If, what would be a just precaution, the proposed law had been in terms announced in the National Gazette, there might be some pretence for this sharp practice; but that is not done, and many people learn only by accident of the existence of prohibitions which may subject them to ruin. Immoral acts—acts obviously injuring others, as theft or murder, do not require any specific prohibition, as every man is more or less sensible of the enormity of them; but the countless number of things forbidden, which no man’s conscience, however enlightened, would pronounce to be wrong, ought to be signified by some timely notification. The National

Gazette might do much, and if the provincial press refused to acquiesce, local Gazettes might be established in aid, to make known to the people the laws under which they live; and if ever a public system of education should be adopted, and the laws should have reached the excellence which Montesquieu conceived in the following passage:—"The laws ought not to be subtle: they are designed for people of common understanding, not as an art of logic, but as the plain reason of a father of a family;"—they might become no small part of the ordinary system of education.

"This training, with the chance information collected from reports of trials, and with the experience gained as electors, jurors, and in the other positions to which we all arrive, would help in its turn to make a good degree of knowledge in the law common among the people, and by no far result, improve the law itself, and facilitate its administration.

"In a popular government, where the people have an immediate influence on the legislature, and take an active part in judicial affairs, this is an object of instant importance—for it is in vain to hope to draw clean water from a muddy pool."—pp. 165, 166.

Next, as to the mode of enforcing the law, it is well observed, that it may to a high degree be made a self-operation, by making public opinion go along with it as a coadjutor, although there will always be refractory cases which require the aid of the courts of law; and as there is a great want of unity in our judicial proceedings, rise is given to much complication and lengthiness in our laws. We cannot, however, enter upon the author's suggestions as to the particular mode of proceeding in certain cases, or the establishment of certain courts of local jurisdiction. The discussion respecting the superintendence of the operation of laws, we must also merely glance at. The author insists that there should be an established system for this particular branch, and exclusively devoted to it; and argues, that while there is not enough of division of labour in the higher departments of the service, such as in the Home department, there is too much in the lower. Besides the institution of the office of minister of justice, or minister of public instruction, subordinate agencies are recommended.

"Of this sort is the National Gazette. At present it is regarded as a source of revenue, and not as a means of aiding the execution of the state functions. It might be made an excellent means of keeping up the communication of the minister with every part of the country, while it would operate as a check on the conduct of all the inferior functionaries. But then the Gazette must not be charged with the enormous price of two shillings, or three shillings and sixpence, nor be edited on the most diffuse scale. It might and ought to be published at the mere cost of the paper and presswork, and a trifle, as in the case of stamps, for the remuneration of the retail vender. The advertisements would more than repay the cost of editing, and that part of the printing which is technically called the composition.

"The London, or National Gazette, should contain those matters only which concern the whole kingdom, such as general laws. It should be published daily; and every general law proposed in the legislature should be published, in the first instance, in the Gazette, that all interested in

its enactments might know wherein they need to instruct their representatives. Decisions of cases referred to the Treasury, the Excise, and the Customs, should also be recounted. The statistics in a general form of our courts of justice—the actions and other cases brought—the what done, when, and by whom—that the public may see how its judicial institutions work.

“ Besides the National Gazette, local gazettes, that is, one for each county, should be established. In these should be published all information of the same kind. Every return now required to be made to the clerk of the peace at the county court—to the sessions or other public office, should be published in this gazette.

“ The county should publish therein its expenditure, and the sources of revenue; the parishes should do the same. The quarter sessions and the petty should publish the names of the cases brought before them, and the results. The state of education should be exhibited by a return of the number of schools, of scholars, and the expenses. Every public charitable institution should be required to publish an account of its revenue and expenditure. The appointment of every public officer, be his rank what it may, should be signified, whether his office be national, but exercised in the county, or peculiar to the county, or parochial. All public affairs carried on by means of public money, should be regularly announced in the county gazette.

“ And every local or bye-law proposed by a corporation, or local body, should be published before the law is passed, and when it is passed. Not as now, in vague and unintelligible terms; before the law is determined upon in form and words, but published *ipsissimis verbis*—precisely as the law is intended to be submitted to the legislature, or the body by whom it is to be enacted.”—pp. 184—187.

While a bad law is considered by our author as the greatest of mischiefs, the greatest benefaction is stated to be a good amendment. The difficulty, however, is to arrive at a correct knowledge of defects.

“ Many people laugh at the blunders of legislators; but individuals are only to blame for not struggling to remove the difficulties, which are immense. There is not, probably, a greater labour than the making of a law, in the present state of our judicature and the laws, and the means of information within reach of members; and it is not wonderful that so few attempt the work of legislating completely, seeing that the thanklessness and improbability of success are only to be matched by the labour and the cost. The cause of the *excessive* legislation that takes place, is the bit-by-bit manner of proceeding. A more deliberate and painstaking investigation at the outset would prevent the making of bad laws, and thus save one half of the amending and explaining Acts to which the hurried blundering now gives rise. And the changes which altered circumstances render necessary, would be reduced in number if the legislation proceeded upon principle, instead of making petty attempts to cope with peculiar, casual, or merely incidental circumstances, which ought to be left to work their own cure.”—pp. 189, 190.

The personal agency, however, that should be employed in the institutional reforms connected with law-making, should be exerted in the amending it. Besides—

“ At intervals of fourteen or twenty years, or even fifty, as the laws become more simple and comprehensive in their nature, the alterations made in the interval might be consolidated. These amendments would be remarkably few; if the system of judicature were made uniform, and one mode of procedure were adopted in all cases. The great bulk of amendments in our present laws results from anomalies in the administration of the laws. But as there must always be need of amendments, the object should be to introduce them with the least possible risk of confusion. It has been elsewhere suggested, that the chapters and sections of the statute should be numbered, in order that any additions or substitutions might be introduced without much affecting it in other respects. According to such a plan it would be better to make each addition or substitution, to any one section of the statute to which it refers, a separate Act. This is necessary, in order to guard against difficulties of construction, it being a rule that the whole Act must be taken together, in order to judge of a part. It would not be a bad plan under the present system:—at least in no amending statute should new matter be introduced, having no relation to the amendment. The Act passed last session, relating to the Management of Excise, is an instance of the soundness of this rule. It consists of several distinct matters of amendment, of which no specific warning is given in the title. By inserting in the title of the statute the scope of the amendment, and by confining the body of the enactment to the matter of the amendment, it would be impossible to go wrong. If this plan had been pursued in the present law, the statute would have been divided into *five Acts*; each of which might, without confusion, have been appended to the main body of the Law of Excise. It is the neglect of such a rule that makes it necessary to refer to and fro from one statute to another, and creates so much confusion when it is necessary to repeal only a part of the statute. This gives rise to the abundance of dead and useless matter that encumbers the statute book long after it has ceased to be law. Whether the general practice is the result of design in any case, it would be rash to pronounce. There are few bills which do not comprise many objects; which has the effect of depriving the legislature and the country of fair notice of what is going forward. Hence, too, bills which contain useful objects are resisted, because they are combined with useless or mischievous ones. Further, the debates become a jumble of unfairness and irrelevancy, where there is no issuable point on which a decision can be taken. Without an improvement on this point, our laws must always be confused: the work of consolidation will ever remain to be done in some form or other.”—pp. 193—195.

Our author has a chapter devoted to the exhibition of parallel illustrations of the law, as it is, and as it might be; one being a specimen of interference with particular trades, with a view to their regulation in some points or all, for which the Chimney Sweeper's Act of 1834 is selected; the other being a government measure, relating to taxation, exemplified in the Spirits' Duties Act of the same session. Upon this chapter, as also upon his critical notices on particular statutes, there is much sensible and acute observation. Suggestions are next offered for a Statute of Directions and Constructions, by which the uniformity of expression and structure

may be secured, and without the concurrence of the Court of Judicature, neither of which objects can be obtained, except by the intervention of a legislative enactment, affording directions for the framing of our laws, and laying down rules for the guidance of the courts in the construction of them. There is a curious glossary also given of proscribed words and phrases.

“ This glossary might be entitled ‘ A Help to the Elongating the Verbiage and Phraseology of an Act of Parliament, or Statute in the way and manner heretofore used and accustomed by all legislators, lawyers, and other persons, or any or either of them, who have been in anywise engaged or concerned in the drawing, preparation, making, and passing of the aforesaid Acts of Parliament or Statutes, or by whatever other name the same may have been denominated, called, styled, or entitled.’

“ There are upwards of two hundred brace of words, that are made to hunt in couples in our Acts of Parliament.”—p. 377.

A few specimens may be added.

“ *Act, matter, or thing.*—The lawyers have no idea of an abstract or general proposition; every idea must be reduced to a definite, tangible form. The word act is here meant to apply to the physical doing of a man; the word thing to any thing that is reducible to shape, as a house or deed. Matter is a neutral term, describing whatever is abstract in its nature; as a practice or proceeding apart from its forms. It is sometimes amusing to observe the distinctive uses which are made of these terms, and how often the writer does not know what he says, but uses the three altogether, from a mindfulness of the old maxim—‘ Between two stools.’

“ *Adulterated, or mixed with.*—This is extracted from revenue laws, which are apt to forbid any unions, legitimate or otherwise, which have not been sanctioned by them. Hence it is made as criminal to mix, sometimes for good purposes, as to adulterate. Other people, copying the phrases, have used both where they only meant to employ one, and that the former.

“ *Advance and lend; Advanced and laid out.*—There is all the difference here between a tender of money and paying it—between a showing of it in the hand and giving it; but in the manner of using these terms there is no such difference. To judge of the absurdity of some of these phrases, they must be seen in their places. They are put here in order to put the unwary on his guard.

“ *Affidavits or affirmations.*—An affirmation is an affidavit not taken on oath. It ought to have all the conditions of such a proceeding except that; and (as the law is) where an affidavit is required, an affirmation should be taken from those persons who are by law permitted to make affirmation instead of an affidavit, wherever an affidavit is required from other persons. The word affidavit would, therefore, answer all the purpose.

“ *All and every; All and each; All whatever.*—When all are subjected to a condition, every one and each is. This is of the old schoolman’s species of precision—when men worked out treatises by quibbling on the shadows of words, for want of more substantial matter whereon to exercise their wits.



" *Alter and vary ; Alter and effect ; Altered or changed ; Alter and amend.*—All these are but brothers and sisters ; or, at farthest, first cousins.—pp. 379, 380.

Enough has been shown by us of this talented little volume, to prove how useful is the spirit of its criticism and suggestions. We have not, for a long time, met with a work which so fully and nicely comes up to that which its title declares, viz. "*The Mechanics of Law-Making: intended for the use of Legislators and all other persons concerned in the making and understanding English Laws;*" and this is the best praise we can bestow.

ART. VIII.—*Journal by Frances Anne Butler.* 2 vols. London: Murray. 1835.

IF Barry Cornwall's *Life of Kean*, which came under our review not many days ago, conveyed any thing but a tempting picture of an actor's existence off the stage ; and if the poverty and debasement of mind that generally characterise such a class of artists, were frightfully illustrated by his example, we cannot but feel that the force of these convictions has been redoubled by the late Miss Fanny Kemble's *Journal in North America*, which is now before us. As to the case of poor Kean, there were, however, many extenuations to be found in his early misuseage and future privations. He possessed, besides, unquestionable genius, and commanded our admiration upon the stage, in spite of his errors in other situations ; whilst his decision of character, his independence of mind, his reckless generousities, and his splendid deeds of charity, never failed to interest us, and guide our sympathies towards him, as a person of no common-place order.

But Mrs. Butler, who belongs to what may be called the aristocracy of play-actors in this country, who has enjoyed all the indulgencies and all the advantages which a family of first-rate theatrical performers has been able to secure in generous England, in these volumes exhibits such a picture of vulgarity and heartlessness, of indecency and sensuality, as would disgrace the name of the prompter to any strolling party, whose home and theatre may at best be a chance barn. The work professes to be strictly a personal journal, a registry of her private and immediate impressions, written from day to day, and therefore to all intents and in the fullest sense it is to be taken as a faithful portraiture of her ordinary thoughts, feelings, and style of observation. It indeed shows itself to be decidedly such an unbosomed detail kept for a series of months, in as much as it speaks of every sort of person, scene, and thing that can be conceived to come into the mind of a pert, weak-minded, and spoilt young woman.

There is another sense, however, in which this journal sorely exposes the state of moral and intellectual acquirements among the

heads of the profession, which we think is even more disgusting than when merely taken in reference to the writer's mind and habits. For, is she not to be presumed a fair representative, nay, a flattering one, of the Kemble family? We cannot doubt of her being the pride and boast of the whole house. If so, we ask any citizen's wife in London, if such a book as the one before us could be matter of rejoicing to her. Besides, it can hardly be conceived that a father's eye has not been employed in reading these sheets before being finally dismissed from the press. If so, what are we to think, but that the tone of intellect and feeling is at a fearfully low ebb at the fountain head of genius, as respects the acted drama in England. We are sorry for this—we were unwilling to think of the race of artists we allude to, otherwise than through the exaggerations of an artificial and flattering medium; or if we could not disguise that actual life must be unlike those gawdy and tinselled representations, which lifetimes of study can throw around unseemly realities, we were entitled and inclined to repose our soberest approval of perhaps a questionable career and profession upon the unobtrusive and ordinary respectability in the private capacity of the parties alluded to. But we confess that the work before us has driven from us, even much of this refuge of charitable feeling, nor can we now doubt that actors and actresses off the stage, are almost universally a pitiful sect, as respects every thing substantially good and great, and every thing perfectly refined. It is often matter of lament that the drama is fast declining into disrepute in England; and we hesitate not to affirm that it has received, through the publication before us, a blow that will be speedily felt, and this too in the quarter from whence the damage came.

Who is Mrs. Butler? Hitherto the British public have known her by a family name that was a passport on the stage of a theatre; and though only of a second or third-rate order of performers, have been willing to transfer to her a portion of admiration that belonged merely to recollections. She has also written some pieces, especially a tragedy, which, considering her years and her family name, obtained a brief and overrated honour; their chief excellence, which consisted in some very sweet passages of poetic diction, being now unfortunately contrasted with two volumes of feeble and bad prose. But to the question, who is Mrs. Butler? in reality and in daily life, the answer can alone be found by the public in these volumes. We have already intimated that they are characterized by a great want of feminine delicacy, and intellectual power; we are now going to show from the work itself, that there are hundreds of blemishes to be found every where in the modes of expression, and still more in the conception of the whole—in the bathos of feeling and moral reflection, that characterizes the whole.

In August 1832, Mrs. Butler, then plain Fanny, and her father Charles Kemble, embarked for the United States of America, of

course, like others of their order, to better their fortune, to turn their theatrical talents to the best account, in short, to be stars for a season among transatlantic play-actors. Now for a few sentences of trifling, silly egotism, interspersed with graven sins, which we shall gather together from the journal of her feelings and observations on the outward passage. "Our passengers are all men, with the exception of three; a nice, pretty-looking girl, who is going out with her brother; a fat old woman, and a fat young one. I cried almost the whole of dinner time." "I am weary and sad, and will try to go and sleep. It rains; I cannot see the moon." On another day—"slept nearly till dinner-time." At dinner I took my place at table, but presently the misery returned (that of turning very awful); and getting up, while I had sufficient steadiness left to walk becomingly down the room, I came to my cabin; my dinner followed me thither, and lying on my back, I very comfortably discussed it. Got up, devoured some raspberry tart and grapes, and being altogether delightful again, sat working and singing till tea-time; after which wrote journals, and now to bed." "Bed! quotha! 'tis a fearful misapplication of terms. Oh for a bed! a real bed! any manner of bed, but a bed on ship-board!"

Eating and sleeping are not the only things spoken of; the ocean is the subject of a variety of cockney exclamations and descriptions, some of which, with scraps of poetry, are pretty enough, and such as a voluble confident Miss may at any time be conceived to have at command. For instance:

"The day was bright and bitter cold—the sea blue, and transparent as that loveliest line in Dante,

: *Dolce color di orientai zaffiro,*

with a lining of pearly foam, and glittering spray; that enchanted me. Came and sat down again:—wrote doggerel for the captain's album, about the captain's ship, which, when once I am out of her, I'll swear I love infinitely. Read aloud to them some of Byron's short poems, and that glorious hymn to the sea, in *Childe Harold*:—mercy, how fine it is! Lay under our canvass shed till nine o'clock:—the stars were brilliant in the intense blue sky, the wind had dropped, the ship lay still—we sang a song or two, supped, and came in; where, after inditing two rhapsodies, we came to bed.

"On my back all day: mercy, how it ached too! the ship reeled about like a drunken thing. I lay down and began reading Byron's *Life*. As far as I have gone (which is to his leaving England) there is nothing in it but what I expected to find—the fairly sown seeds of the after-harvest he bore. Had he been less of an egotist, would he have been so great a poet?—I question it. His fury and wrath at the severe injustice of his critics reminds me, by the by, of those few lines in the *Athenæum*, which I read the other day, about poetical shoemakers, dairy-maids, ploughmen, and myself. After all, what matters it?—'If this thing be of God,' the devil can't overthrow it; if it be not, why the printer's devil may. What can it signify what is said? If truth be truth to the end of the reckoning, why, that share of her, if any, which I possess, must endure when

recorded as long as truth endures. I almost wonder Byron was moved by criticism: I should have thought him at once too highly armed, and too self-wrapped, to care for it;—however, if a wasp's sting have such virtue in it, 'tis as well it should have been felt as keenly as it was.—Ate nothing but figs and raisins; in the evening some of our gentlemen came into our cabin, and sat with us; I, in very desperation and seasickness, began embroidering one of my old nightcaps, wherein I persevered till sleep overtook me.

"Rose at about half-past eight, dawdled about as usual, breakfasted in the round-house—by the by, before I got out of bed, read a few more pages of Byron's life."—vol. i, pp. 10—12.

We have abundance more of this sort of sneering at critics, to whose indulgence she has been in her professional character singularly indebted, and of her rash mouthing of the most sacred name in connexion with the most frivolous context. The above extract left us on Saturday. On Sunday—"did not rise till late, dressed and came on deck—I breakfasted (of course, as well as dressed) and then amused myself with finding the lessons, collects, and psalms for the whole ships' company." It appears that her father officiated as chaplain. "The bright cloudless sky and glorious sea seemed to respond, in their silent magnificence, to our *Te Deum*—I felt more of the excitement of prayer than I have known for many a day, and 'twas good—oh! very good! After prayers wrote journal." Our religionist and journalist is not long afterwards, laying "all day on my back," remarking that "there is something irresistibly funny in the way in which people seem dispossessed of their power of volition by this motion (the heaving of the ship), rushing hither and thither in all directions but the one they purpose going, and making as many angles, fetches, and side-long deviations from the point they aim at, as if the devil had tied a string to their legs and jerked it every now and then in spite—by the by, not a bad illustration of our mental and moral struggles towards their legitimate aims." But, "The only of our crew whom I cotton to fairly, are the —, and that good-natured lad, Mr. —, though the former rather distress me by their abundant admiration, and the latter by his inveterate Yorkshire." Thus the conceited and supercilious actress speaks of many unquestionably her superiors, in every enviable attribute of character. Queer fancies, however, she lays claim to. "A curious thought, or rather a fantastical shadow of a thought, occurred to me to-day in reading a chapter in the Corinthians about the resurrection. I mean to be buried with H——'s ring on my finger; will it be there when I rise again? What a question for the discussers of the needle's point controversy!" We rather say, such a question is only suited to play-actress Fanny—we beg her pardon, Mrs. Butler, now the sneerer at her former profession and associates. So much for a good-natured husband's transplantation.

She pertly even includes her father's manner in her abhorrence of theatrical effect, "lamps and orange peel."

My father read to us, this afternoon, part of one of Webster's speeches. It was very eloquent, but yet it did not fulfil my idea of perfect oratory—namely, as I thought it too pictorial—there was too much scenery and decoration about it, to use the cant of my own trade;—there was too much effect, theatrical effect in it, from which Heaven defend me! for I do loathe it in its place, and fifty times worse out of it. Perhaps Webster's speaking is a good sample, in its own line, of the leaven which at these times are leavened. I mean only in its defects—for its merits are sterling, and therefore of all time.

But this oil and canvass style of thinking, writing and speaking, is bad. I wish our age were more sculptural in its genius—though I have not the power in any thing to conform thereto, I have the grace to perceive its higher excellence; yet Milton was a sculptor, Shakespeare a painter. How do we get through that?—My reason for objecting to Webster's style—though the tears were in my eyes several times while my father read—is precisely the same for not altogether liking my father's reading—his slightly theatrical—something too much of passion, something too much of effect—but perhaps I am mistaken; for I do so abhor the slightest approach to the lamps and orange peel, that I had almost rather hear a "brazen candlestick turned on a wheel," than all the music of emphasis and inflection, if allied to a theatrical manner."—vol. i, pp. 26, 27.

We doubt not, however, that it is nothing but affectation that leads her to despise the field she has been bred to cultivate, although rather a poor labourer in it; and that her pretensions to a more natural and fresh taste, are of the same order with her claims to a knowledge of high life in England, and to effective sentimentality. Here is a touch of the last named sort of tasteless artifice, and exaggerated pretension. Surely it is not Sterne that writes:

"The captain brought me to-day a land-swallow, which having flown out to far, came hovering exhausted over the ship, and suffered itself to be caught. Poor little creature! how very much more I do love all things than men and women! I felt sad to death for its weary little wings and frightened heart, which beat against my hand, without its having strength to struggle. I made a cage in a basket for it, and gave it some seed, which it will not eat—little carnivorous wretch!—I must catch some flies for it.

"My poor little bird is dead. I am sorry! I could mourn almost as much over the death of a soulless animal, as I would rejoice at that of a brute with a soul. Life is to these winged things a pure enjoyment, and to see the rapid pinions folded, and the bright eye filmed, conveys sadness to the heart, for 'tis almost like looking on—what indeed is but—utter cessation of existence. Poor little creature! I wished it had not died—I would but have borne it tenderly and carefully to shore, and given it back to the air again!"—vol. i, pp. 35, 36.

But we must get on shore. "It is true, by my faith! it is true; there it is written, here I sit. I am myself, and no other. This is New York and nowhere else—Oh! singular, strange!" Some days after:—

"Colonel—— came in after tea, and took my father off to the Bowery



theatre. I remained with D—— singing, and stitching, and gossiping, till twelve o'clock. My father has been introduced to half the town, and tells me that far from the democratic *Mister*, which he expected to be every man's title here, he had made the acquaintance of a score of municipal dignitaries, and some sixty colonels and major-generals—of militia. Their omnibuses are vehicles of rank, and the *Ladies* Washington, Clinton, and Van Rensselaer, rattle their crazy bones along the pavement for all the world like any other old women of quality.

"These democrats are as title-sick as a banker's wife in England. My father told me to-day, that Mr. ———, talking about the state of the country, spoke of the lower orders finding their level: now this enchants me, because a republic is a natural anomaly; there is nothing republican in the construction of the material universe; there be highlands and lowlands, lordly mountains as barren as any aristocracy, and lowly valleys as productive as any labouring class. The feeling of rank, of inequality, is inherent in us, a part of the veneration of our natures; and like most of our properties seldom finds its right channels—in place of which it has created artificial ones suited to the frame of society into which the civilized world has formed itself. I believe in my heart, that a republic is the noblest, highest, and purest form of government; but I believe that according to the present disposition of human creatures, 'tis a mere beau idéal, totally incapable of realization. What the world may be fit for six hundred years hence, I cannot exactly perceive; but in the mean time 'tis my conviction that America will be a monarchy before I am a skeleton."—vol. i, pp. 60, 61.

Our journalist has picked up the crumbs of conversation, and may be right or wrong on the subjects introduced in the above extract; but we presume she contemplates not ever being compelled to look for a livelihood again on the American stage. There are other drawbacks; for "one of the curses of living at an inn in this unceremonious land—Dr. ——— walked in this evening, accompanied by a gentleman, whom he forthwith introduced to us. I behaved very ill, as I always do on these occasions; but 'tis an impertinence, and I shall take good care to certify such to be my opinion of these free and easy proceedings." Indeed! a young lady who has face enough to be any hero's heroine on the boards of a theatre, can be at little loss to behave very ill. Next morning however:—

"Rose at ten: after breakfast tidied my dressing-box, mended and tacked my white muslin gown—wrote journal: while doing so, Colonel ——— came to take leave of us for a few days; he is going to join his wife in the country. Mr. ——— called and remained some time; while he was here, the waiter brought me word that a Mr. ——— wanted to see me. I sent word down that my father was out, knowing no such person, and supposing the waiter had mistaken whom he asked for; but the gentleman persisted in seeing me, and presently in walked a good-looking elderly man, who introduced himself as Mr. ———, to whom my father had letters of introduction. He sat himself down, and potted a little, and then went away. When he was gone, Mr. ——— informed me that this was one of the men of New York, in point of wealth, influence, and consideration. He had been a great auctioneer, but had retired from business having,

among his other honours, filled the office of Mayor of New York."—vol. i, pp. 62, 63.

On the following day to that of whose morning occupations we have just now extracted a description, our journalist was, for a time, more particularly in the shop, and chats like an oracle of her profession.

"Worked till dinner-time. ——— dined with us: what a handsome man he is; but oh, what a within and without actor. I wonder whether I carry such a brand in every limb and look of me; if I thought so, I'd strangle myself. An actor shall be self-convicted in five hundred. There is a ceaseless striving at effect, a straining after points in talking, and a lamp and orange-peel twist in every action. How odious it is to me! Absolute and unmitigated vulgarity I can put up with, and welcome; but good Heaven defend me from the genteel version of vulgarity, to see which in perfection, a country actor, particularly if he is also manager, and sees occasionally people who bespeak plays, is your best occasion. My dear father, who was a little elated, made me sing to him, which I greatly gulped at. When he was gone, went on playing and singing, wrote journal, and now to bed. I'm dead of the sidenche."—vol. i, pp. 67, 68.

After having been in New York a week, we find her on a particular occasion reading a canto in Dante (we suspect it was Caryl's), and sketching till four o'clock. Then follows, "I wish I could make myself draw. I want to do every thing in the world that can be done; and, by the by, that reminds me of my German, which I must *persecute*." What a capacious soul! Such alone of her sex and years can be entitled, we suppose, to write in the following tone, with regard to which we offer no comment.

"Sat stitching all the blessed day. So we are to go to *Philadelphia* before *Boston*. I'm sorry. The H——s will be disappointed, and I shall get no riding, *che seccatura!* At five dressed, and went to the ———, where we were to dine. This is one of the first houses here, so I conclude that I am to consider what I see as a tolerable sample of the ways and manners of being, doing, and suffering of the *best society* in New York. There were about twenty people; the women were in a sort of French demi-toilette, with bare necks, and long sleeves, heads frizzed out after the very last petit courier, and thread net handkerchiefs and capes; the whole of which, to my English eye, appeared a strange marrying of incongruities. The younger daughter of our host is beautiful; a young and brilliant likeness of Ellen Tree, with more refinement, and a smile that was, not to say a ray, but a whole focus of sun rays, a perfect blaze of light; she was much taken up with a youth, to whom my neighbour at dinner informed me, she was engaged. \* \* \* \*

The women here, like those of most warm climates, ripen very early, and decay proportionably soon. They are, generally speaking, pretty, with good complexions, and an air of freshness and brilliancy, but this, I am told, is very evanescent; and whereas, in England, a woman is in the full bloom of health and beauty, from twenty to five-and-thirty; here they scarcely reach the first period without being faded and looking old. They marry very young, and this is another reason why age comes prematurely upon them. There was a fair young thing at dinner to-day, who did not

look above seventeen, and she was a wife. As for their figures, like those of French women, they are too well dressed for one to judge exactly what they are really like: they are, for the most part, short and slight, with remarkably pretty feet and ankles; but there's too much pellemne and petticoat, and 'de quoi' of every sort to guess any thing more."—vol. i. pp. 103—105.

The blanks and asterisks that fill up much of the most piquant pages of these volumes, we cannot allow much room for. It may, however, be proper to mention, that at the close of our last extract there are three lines of such dumb, yet significant marks, whereby "to guess any thing more."

How can persons of a craft similar to our own survive such scorn as the following expressions convey, coming as they do from such an authority as that of Mrs. Butler? "A newspaper writer is my aversion." "The inditers of the paragraphs of a newspaper, in my poor judgment, seldom go beyond the very threshold of criticism; i. e. the discovery of faults." We marked a passage somewhere, though we cannot now recover it, in which she declares a magnanimous resolution never to allow a merely literary person to be introduced to her. But even this is out-done by what is said of a certain critic's notes on the *Winter's Tale*. "What a dense fool," says she, "that fat old Johnson must have been in matters of poetry; his notes upon Shakspeare make one swear, and his summing up of the *Winter's Tale* is worthy of a newspaper critic of the present day—in spirit I mean, not in language. Dr. Johnson always wrote good English—what dry, and sapless, and dusty earth his soul must have been made of, poor fat man! After all, 'tis even a greater misfortune than fault to be so incapable of beauty." The ignorance displayed in the above passage is as pitiable as the presumption is laughable. The sentences we now cite are more fitting for our authoress. "Oh, bugs, fleas, flies, ants, and musquitoes, great is the misery you inflict upon me! I sit slapping my own face all day, and lie thumping my pillow all night; 'tis a perfect nuisance to be devoured of creatures before one's in the ground; it isn't fair." "I did not get to bed till three o'clock, in spite of all which I am as fat as an overstuffed pincushion." We might cull a string of phrases from these volumes, savouring so much of the tap-room, that one cannot conceive how a well educated female could ever hear them uttered. Perhaps the underlings about a theatre transport to the scenic field the eloquence of their jovial hours, for the benefit of the *stars*. There are graver charges that might be abundantly proved against our journalist. We need not speak particularly of such ejaculations as many of our dramas render familiar to the players; but what sort of delicacy do our readers perceive to be conveyed by such passages as the following?

"Rose late: when I came in to breakfast, found Colonel —— sitting in the parlour. He remained for a long time, and we had sundry discussions on topics manifold. It seems that the blessed people here were

When we arrived in London we were struck by the coarseness of the language of the English. We were struck by the coarseness of the language of the English. We were struck by the coarseness of the language of the English.

There is a long note attached to the word humbug, which to our mind exhibits a levelled sensibility in a department that has hitherto been the boast of Englishwomen, whether maidens or matrons. We think the subject reasoned on is such, that no chaste female but an actress could approach, in any piece of writing, that was to meet the public eye. In the extract we now furnish, is there not an association of names and circumstances that never were so employed before by any person of good principles; does not the reader shudder at the rash and unseemly grouping?

The people here make me mad by abusing Lawrence's drawing of me. If ever there was a refined and intellectual work, where the might of spirit triumphing over every material impediment has enshrined and embodied spirit itself, it is that. Talking of Lawrence (poor Lawrence), Mrs. said, 'Ah, yes! your picture by—a—Sir—something—Lawrence!' 'Oh, fame! oh, fame! Oh, vanity and vexation of spirit! does your eternity and infinitude amount to this? There are lands where Shakspeare's name was never heard, where Raphael and Handel are unknown; to be sure, for the matter of that, there are regions (and those wide ones too) where Jesus Christ is unknown.'—vol. i, pp. 150, 151.

The manner in which our oracle speaks of the best society in the United States, may be just enough, for any thing we know. But what will the first circles in England think of their representative? for this rank she has unhesitatingly assumed in these pages. We suspect that any reproof or exposure of our friends on the other side of the Atlantic, will not be supposed by them, as worthy of much attention, coming from such a quarter, whose training and vocation belong to a species of public exhibitions, that never have been supposed the same or similar with the nameless polish, grace, and elevation of bearing, which nothing but early and constant intercourse with the aristocracy has ever been able to confer. But let us hear something of what is said of American manners.

The dignified and graceful influence which married women, among us, exercise over the tone of manners, uniting the duties of home to the charms of social life, and bearing, at once, like the orange-tree, the fair fruits of maturity with the blossoms of their spring, is utterly unknown here. Married women are either house-drudges and nursery-maids, or, if they appear in society, comparative ciphers; and the retiring, modest, youthful bearing, which among us distinguishes girls of fifteen or sixteen, is equally unknown. Society is entirely led by chits, who in England would be sitting behind a pianoforte; the consequence is, that it has neither the elegance, refinement, nor the propriety which belongs to ours, but is a noisy, rickety, vulgar congregation of flirting boys and girls, alike without style or decorum.

In a lengthened note to the above quoted passage, the subject is more minutely treated.

" When we arrived in America we brought letters of introduction to several persons in New York; many were civil enough to call upon us: we were invited out to sundry parties, and were introduced into what is there called the first society. I do not wish to enter into any description of it, but will only say that I was most disagreeably astonished; and had it been my fate to have passed through the country as rapidly as most travellers do, I should have carried away a very unfavourable impression of the best society of New York. Fortunately, however, for me, my visits were repeated, and my stay prolonged; and, in the course of time, I became acquainted with many individuals whose manners and acquirements were of a high order, and from whose intercourse I derived the greatest gratification. But they generally did me the favour to visit me; and I still could not imagine how it happened that I never met them at the parties to which I was invited, and in the circles where I visited. I soon discovered that they formed a society among themselves, where all those qualities which I had looked for among the self-styled best were to be found. When I name Miss Sedgwick, Halleck, Irving, Bryant, Paulding, and some of less fame, but whose acquirements rendered their companionship delightful indeed, amongst whom I felt proud and happy to find several of my own name, it will no longer appear singular that they should feel too well satisfied with the resources of their own society, either to mingle in that of the vulgar *fashionables*, or seek with avidity the acquaintance of every stranger that arrives in New York. It is not to be wondered at that foreigners have spoken as they have of what is termed fashionable society here, or have condemned, with unqualified censure, the manners and tone prevailing in it. Their condemnations are true and just as regards what they see; nor, perhaps, would they be much inclined to moderate them when they found that persons possessing every quality that can render intercourse between rational creatures desirable, were held in light esteem, and neglected, as either bores, blues, or dowdies, by those so infinitely their inferiors in every worthy accomplishment. The same separation, or, if any thing, a still stronger one, subsists in Philadelphia between the self-styled fashionables and the really good society. The distinction there is really of a nature perfectly ludicrous. A friend of mine was describing to me a family whose manners were unexceptionable, and whose mental accomplishments were of a high order: upon my expressing some surprise that I had never met with them, my informant replied, 'Oh, no, they are not received by the Chestnut-street set.' If I were called upon to define that society in New York and Philadelphia which ranks (by right of self-arrogation) as first and best, I should say it is a purely dancing society, where a fiddle is indispensable to keep its members awake; and where their brains and tongues seem, by common consent, to feel that they had much better give up the care of mutual entertainment to the feet of the parties assembled; and they judge well. Now, I beg leave clearly to be understood, there is another and a far more desirable circle, but it is not the one into which strangers find their way generally. To an Englishman, this fashionable society presents, indeed, a pitiful sample of lofty pretensions without adequate foundation. Here is a constant endeavour to imitate those states of European society which have for their basis the feudal spirit of the early ages, and which are rendered venerable by their rank, powerful by their wealth, and refined, and in some degree respectable, by great and general mental cultivation. Of Boston I have not spoken. The society there is



of an infinitely superior order. A very general degree of information, and a much greater simplicity of manners, render it infinitely more agreeable." *Vol. 4, pp. 202—204.*

There is clearly shrewd observation in these remarks. We also do allow that a considerable portion of cleverness may be found in the course of the two volumes, which, under a judicious curtailment, and a regulated tone of feeling, might, in one half of the present size of the work, be not only pleasant but useful reading. The vulgarisms and petulancies are, however, so abundantly strewn throughout, the repetitions are so frequent, the trifles so multiform, the egotisms so unblushing, the indecencies so prominent, that what is tolerable or good receives not a fair countenance, and must be depreciated by the bad company in which it is found. Would any one expect, from the same pen, the two following styles of description?—The first is of "a pretty-spoken, genteel youth enough;" who was, "it seems a great fortune; consequently, I suppose (in spite of his inches), a great man. Now, I'll to bed; my cough's enough to kill a horse." The second is of enchanting American scenery:—"This beautiful younger world appears to me to have received the portion of the beloved younger son—the 'coat of many colours.'" Had the romping and vulgar girl, who may be supposed to have written the one, been duly under the spirit that breathes in the other, we might have had vigour, beauty, and taste combining their influences in the present work, to the enhancement of Mrs. Butler's fame. Her fellow citizens were never backward to encourage her worthy efforts.

There are a number of pieces of poetry interspersed in these volumes, and they are generally sweet and pleasing. We quote an Autumn Song:—

"The merriest time of all the year  
Is the time when the leaves begin to fall,  
When the chestnut trees turn yellow and sear;  
And the flowers are withering one and all;  
When the thick green sward is growing brown,  
And the honeysuckle berries are red,  
And the oak is shaking its acorns down,  
And the dry twigs snap 'neath the woodman's tread.

The merriest dance that e'er was seen  
Is the headlong dance of the whirling leaves,  
And the rattling stubble that flies between  
The yellow ranks of the barley sheaves.

The merriest song that e'en was heard  
Is the song of the sobbing autumn wind;  
When the thin bare boughs of the elm are stirr'd,  
And shake the black ivy round them twined.

The merriest time of all the year  
Is the time when all things fade and fall,

When the sky is bleak, and the earth is drear,  
Oh, that's the merriest month of all."—vol. i, pp. 217, 218.

It may be supposed, that as our extracts have been gathered from distinct and distant parts of the work, an unfair representation has been furnished. We shall conclude, therefore, with giving a long quotation, which unites all her best qualities as a journalist, with something of the opposite kind.

"Stayed with her till time to go to the theatre. The house was very full; the play was the Wonder—my first time of acting *Violante*. My dress was not finished till the very last moment—and then, oh, horror! was so small that I could not get into it. It had to be pinned upon me; and thus bebundled, with the dread of cracking my bodice from top to bottom every time I moved, and the utter impossibility of drawing my breath, from the narrow dimensions into which it squeezed me, I went on to play a new part. The consequence was, that I acted infamously, and for the first time in my life was horribly imperfect—out myself and putting every body else out. Between every scene my unlucky gown had to be pinned together; and in the laughing scene, it took the hint from my admirable performance, and facetiously grinned in an ecstasy of amusement till it was fairly open behind, displaying, I suppose, the lacing of my stays like so many teeth, to the admiring gaze of the audience; for, as I was perfectly ignorant of the circumstance, with my usual easy *nonchalance*, I persisted in turning my back to the folk, in spite of all my father's pulls and pushes, which, as I did not comprehend, I did not by any means second either. — was at the play, also Dr. —, also Henry Clay, who was received with cheers and plaudits manifold. Came home in my dress, and went in to show it to Mrs. — and her mother, who were both in bed, but marvellously edified by my appearance.

"*Thursday, 20th.*—The day was beautifully brilliant, clear, and cold; winter, but winter in dazzling array of sunshine and crystal; blue skies, with light feathery streaks of white clouds running between them: dry, crisp, hard roads, with the delicate rime tipping all the ruts with sparkling jewellery; and the waters fresh, and bright, and curling under the keen breath of the arrow-like wind. After breakfast, — called. Walked out with him to get a cap and whip for D—. The latter he insisted on making her a present of, and a very pretty one indeed it was, with a delicate ivory handle, and a charming persuading lash. Went in for a short time to Mrs. —, who entertained herself with letting all my hair down about my ears, and pulling it all manner of ways. At twelve habited, and helped to equip dear D—, who really looked exceedingly nice in her jockey habiliments. Went to the school, where we found — waiting for us. Mounted and set forth. We rode out to Laurel Hill. The road was not very good, but no mud; and the warm, gleesome sunlight fell mellowly over the lovely undulations of the land, with their patches of green cedar trees, and threadbare cloak of leafless woods, through which the little birds were careering merrily, as the reviving sunshine came glowingly down upon the world, like a warm blessing. Passed that bright youth, Mr. —, on the road, riding very like an ass on horseback. When we reached Laurel Hill, we dismounted, tied up the horses, slacked their girths, and walked first up to that interesting wooden monument, where I inscribed my initials on our first ride thither. Afterwards, — and I

scrambled down the rocks to the river side, which D——declined doing, 'cause vy?—she'd have had to climb up again. The water was like a broad dazzling river of light, and had a beautiful effect, winding away in brightness that the eye could scarce endure, between its banks, which contrasted by the sunny stream, and blue transparent sky, appeared perfectly black. As I bent over a fine bluff (as they here call any mass of rock standing isolated), I espied below me a natural rocky arch overhanging the river, all glittering with pure long diamond icicles. Thither conveyed me, and broke off one of these wintry gems for me. It measured about two feet long, and was as thick at the root of my wrist. I never saw any thing so beautiful as these pendant adornments of the silver-fingered bog-people. Tilled up to the house again, where, after brushing our habits, we remounted our chargers, and came home. The river was most beautiful towards the bridge that they are building; the unfinished piers of which have a very pretty effect, almost resembling their very opposite, a ruin. The thin, pale vapour of the steam engine employed in some of the works, rising from the blue water, and rolling its graceful waves far along the dark rocky shore, had a lovely, fairy-like look, which even drew forth the admiration of —, who, from sundry expressions which have occasionally fallen from him, I suspect to be rather endowed with ideality. Reached home at half-past four. My father dined out. It was past —'s dinner time; so we invited him to stay and dine with us. After dinner, we fell somehow or another into a profound theological discussion, — suddenly proposing for my solution the mysterious doctrine of the inherent sin of our nature, and its accompanying doom, death—inherited from one man's sin, and one man's punishment. I am not fond of discoursing upon these subjects. His long since I have arrived at the conviction that the less we suffer our thoughts to dwell upon what is vague and mysterious, in our most mysterious faith, and the more we confine our attention and our efforts to that part of it which is practical and clear as the noon-day, the better it will be for our minds here and our souls hereafter. Surely they are not wise who seek to penetrate the unfathomed counsels of God, whilst their own natures, moral, mental, nay, even physical, have depths beyond the sounding of their plummet line. — spoke in perfect sincerity and simplicity of the difficulty he found in believing that which was so "hard a saying;" and as there was not the slightest particle of levity or ridicule in his manner, I spoke as earnestly as I felt, and always feel upon this subject; very strenuously advising him not to strain his comprehension upon matters which baffle human endeavour, which, after all our wanderings and weary explorings, still lead us back to the wide boundless waste of uncertainty; concluding by exhorting him to read his Bible, say his prayers, and go to church if he could; or, if he could not, at all events to be as good as he could. While we were at tea, young — and Dr. — came in. They put me down to the piano, and I continued to sing until past eleven o'clock, when, somebody looking at a watch, there was a universal exclamation of surprise, the piano was shut down, the candles put out, the gentlemen vanished, and I came to bed. — vol. ii, pp. 42—53.

is much in the morning yet and the day is not yet over. The sun is out and the air is fresh and the birds are singing and the flowers are beginning to show themselves. The weather is very pleasant and the day is very beautiful. The sun is out and the air is fresh and the birds are singing and the flowers are beginning to show themselves. The weather is very pleasant and the day is very beautiful.

**Art. IX.—*Lives of Eminent Roman Catholic Missionaries.***

**JOHN CARNE, Esq.,** Author of "*Lives of Eminent Protestant Missionaries.*" 8 vols. London: Fisher, Son, and Co. 1835.

It is worthy of Mr. Carne, the author of "*Lives of Eminent Protestant Missionaries*," to come forward as he has here begun to do with a series of missionaries belonging to the Roman Catholic faith. He is, we learn, a Protestant himself; and, although consistently claiming for the Christian labourers that are more immediately his brethren, the highest praise in the mission-vineyard, he, with a laudable candour, calls upon us to admire those also that first went out to its cultivation. The Jesuit missionaries have, centuries ago, distinguished themselves by their perseverance and learning in the East, planting and watering fields which the Protestants have reaped. We, who have been frequently expressing a strong opinion, in various papers, in favour of missionaries, and in testimony of our sense of their matchless heroism, are happy to have this opportunity of recurring to the theme, taken in connexion with a different church from any to which our lately noticed labourers belonged. We shall also have an opportunity on this occasion to join our author, and follow him in those researches by which he vindicates some illustrious names from aspersions that have long been unjustly heaped upon them, without inquiry, and merely from a popular prejudice.

"The biographer is fortunate," says Mr. Carne, "who has to consider the 'Society of Jesus' only in its purest career, in heathen and idolatrous lands, where it did much for the glory of God and the welfare of man. Whether we think of its mighty mass of intellect; of the thousands of immortal souls saved through its agency, or the sufferings of its eight hundred martyrs, we cannot but follow its details with the liveliest interest." But the founder of this Society, while his fame has been great as a man of profound policy, has had his moral character assailed, and the representations of his enemies have been popularly taken for true, without inquiry and question. It is usual to class him among impostors and fanatics; whereas, by a fair view of his history, he appears one of the greatest and best of men—the manners of the age in which he lived, colouring, no doubt, his conduct.

Loyola was born of a noble family, and addicted, as says our author, to all the excesses of the profession of arms, into which he early entered, excepting those of cruelty and rapine. At a siege of Pampeluna, he was struck by a cannon-ball, and fell in the breach. On his sick-bed the light of heaven broke on his soul; and, after many unequal and unsteady symptoms, it became at length the fixed and guiding principle of his heart and life. He gave himself up to deeds of charity and devotion. He kept, says our author, a journal of his feelings, which were vividly and wildly

awake ; retaining, however, his mental vigour, and becoming an agent chosen for a great work. He had made a pilgrimage, in 1523, to the Holy Land, having, from his quitting the army, applied himself to learning. On returning to Spain from his pilgrimage, he attracted the admiration of many, and even the notice of the Inquisition. In 1528 he came to Paris, with a resolution to pursue his studies vigorously, going through a course of philosophy and divinity ; and here he began the formation of his celebrated Society.

It is not by the measure of present times, but by that of nearly three centuries ago, that we are to try the founder of this Society ; while, in his works, and in his life, we find all the evidences indicative of a real and advanced Christian, as also of a master mind. Loyola and his immediate followers were undoubtedly holy men, and not to be confounded with the Jesuits as a body, of later times. In the period of which the volume before us treats, the men who went forth from the Society proved their character to be that of men who sought not their own temporal glory, but the advancement of Christianity and the glory of the true God. When we find men not only die, as they did, in seeking to save their fellow-men, but undergo years of privation and suffering in their philanthropic work, we may rest assured that no ignoble ambition fires them, but an exalting, sustaining, and purifying principle, that ever distinguishes the true missionary. If it be true, that the Protestant church is more enlightened than that of Rome, let it then rather be believed, to use our author's words, "that the piety, which could shine amid so much darkness, must indeed be bright ; and that the gold which came forth from such dross and corruption, was even as the 'fine gold.' " Such, we assert, ought to be the spirit with which even a rigid Protestant ought to look upon the men whose lives are now before us ; and whilst we refrain from uttering a single word of preference between the conflicting claims of different churches, we hesitate not to affirm, that he who is blind to the good, because of some surrounding evils, is destitute of the very essence of true religion, charity, and love. We admire the tender hand, and intelligent eye, of our author, in tracing the character and opinions of Loyola. Speaking of the earlier period after his conversion, Mr. Carne says :—

" With all his failings, it is not too much to say, that in this and the after period of his life, Loyola was not a fanatic, and far less an impostor. His mind was too powerful to condescend to the former ; and who that reads his Spiritual Exercises will venture to say he was the latter ? It was his passionate desire that Christ might be preached to the utmost ends of the earth, and that all nations of the earth might know the Lord, and call him blessed. He was ambitious, it is true, but not as the world accuses him ; his was not the ambition of earthly honour and glory, it aimed at a loftier flight. Never were disciples more obedient to the spirit and commands of a master, than were those of Loyola. They strove to



labour in lands where barbarism alone reigned, and where without a murmur they loved to endure contumely and ill-usage, to court the stake or the faggot, and to look with unblanched cheek on agony more fearful than words can describe. These were not the friends and followers of an impostor. But he did not attain this settled love of religion, and this collected steadfastness of purpose, till after a long struggle. The year passed by him at Manreza, near Montserrat, immediately after his conversion, was spent in meditations of a wild and various character. There was the remainder of the world and the world's thoughts commingled with thoughts which were not of the world, but of things beyond it and above it: a conflict that, long and intensely maintained, might have made a weak mind give way, but caused a mind of more than ordinary strength to retrace, and cleave to the blessed path it had entered upon. On his couch, in the privacy of his morning and evening, and in the fulness of his day, this struggle went on within him—for the heart and the intellect, resolved alike on great things, which as yet they felt and saw but dimly, strove for a perfect freedom from the past. At times he even doubted, and this was agony: again and again he reviewed his mind, and observed the effect produced on it by evil thoughts and good thoughts, by evil imaginings, and good imaginings: but of what avail was this research, till he looked simply to God for succour? Perhaps this strife sharpened his naturally acute judgment, and tended also to give it too exquisite a subtlety, and a love of distinctions, which to many minds may be at first scarcely distinguishable, and of shades of difference which to many may be unappreciable. The fruits of this year at Manreza are to be found in those meditations which, revised by himself at a later period, were published at Rome in 1548, under the title of '*Exercitia Spiritualia*.' "—vol. iii, pp. 12, 13.

Our author glances at the detail of these exercises, and says, if the study of them produced at times terror and fanaticism, it could only be in minds naturally weak and prone to that species of enthusiasm, for that their tendency and intention are to give man a spiritual command over himself. To be sure, like many other Societies which have been suited admirably for the cure of the evils which led to their institution, that of the Jesuits, in the hands of corrupt and selfish men, in the course of time fell into disrepute, and the maintenance of the most dangerous doctrines. Let us consider the period when Loyola founded this Society.

"At the period of his conversion, the religious world was in a manner convulsed: abuses, and those to a great extent, had crept into the church of Rome; there was a rottenness in its state, and the enemy was on the watch. The foundations of the stately fabric of the Romish church were loosening, its walls were tottering, and decay was visibly at work; decay not to be perceived by its blind worshippers, but apparent to those who looked on with a cooler glance and a more understanding heart. Luther, Calvin, and other reformers, saw the time was arrived when the power of that church could be shaken, and its glory and mightiness taken away for ever. The primary elements of the convulsion were notoriously existent in the bosom of the church itself. At this crisis, Loyola stood forth in a broad and remarkable light. He saw the threatening storm: he saw whence the evil came, and that a bulwark must be instantly

raised against the bulwark of the enemy. He confessed that in the church in which he laboured for salvation there was fault, and he set himself to repair that fault; and raise the bulwark. Did he succeed in his object? In one respect he did, for the foundation of the Society of Jesus checked the rapid progress of Protestantism; and the sons of Loyola threw back by their united labours the torrent which was threatening to overwhelm the temples of their faith.

At a time when conflicting opinions unsettled the minds of men, and made them ardent in pursuit of change, it was absolutely necessary that Loyola should be rigid in enforcing those laws which were to regulate his new Society. It was quite evident that its members must be effectually guarded from the contagion which was abroad, and this was only to be done by strictness and severity in all spiritual matters. At a time also when the activity and energy of the reformers were contrasted with the laxity and indifference of the members of the Catholic church, it was right that the members of this Society should be doubly endowed with energy and perseverance. At a time when the dissolute morals of churchmen gave a handle to reproach and to scoffers, it was right that the 'Society of Jesus' should be as complete an example in morals as in talent. At a time when the intellectual powers of the Protestants were beginning to astonish the world, it was necessary that those who set themselves in array against their progress should, if possible, excel also in intellect. Did Loyola, or his followers, fail in any one of the above particulars? Are not theirs the greatest number of martyrs in the cause of the Lord among the heathen? Is not the most brilliant, the most varied, the most extensive talent to be found among the sons of Loyola? In that age, the most complete sacrifice of human feelings and passions for the good of mankind; and the purest moral conduct, is to be found in these much calumniated men. Even their most bitter enemies, who abused the Jesuits as a body, were often found to praise them individually. Perhaps mere assertions like these may appear unsafe and inconclusive; may it be allowed to attempt a balance of the evil and the good? If, on one hand, we accuse the Jesuits as disturbers of thrones, and regicides, may we not, on the other, point to the eight hundred martyrs in the solitudes of Asia and America? Pascal exposed the infamy of the Jesuits, as did Voltaire and D'Alembert their crimes; but Cardinal Fleury confessed their value, Bossuet praised them, and Lord Chancellor Bacon applied to them the words, *take cum sis, utinam noster esses.* Leibnitz indignantly defended them; Montesquieu, Buffon, and Haller honoured their labours, and witnessed to their virtues."—vol. iii, pp. 16—18.

Was it not consistent with the character of a great and good man, to stand forward at such a period to attempt a thorough purification of his own church, and resist those who sought to overthrow it? It appears that, with his enthusiasm, there was joined a cold, clear intellect, especially in his maturer years; and that his ambition was directed altogether for the attainment of spiritual power, and at a time when that sort of dominion was not subject to the aspersions that the phrase now calls down upon its ministers. Our author defends Loyola from the charge of maintaining certain dangerous points of doctrine that are now a-days lavishly heaped upon the Jesuits, but which have been accessions unre-

by him, although, through the subtlety of disputing spirits, his system was exposed to such perversions. The brief account here introduced of the intellectual preparation of the novitiates of the Society, as also of some of its tenets; we must, at present, pass over, although such sketches are necessary to the complete understanding of the minds and career of the Christian heroes that fill up the body of this volume. The following portraiture, however, of the master-spirit, the profound devotion, the human frailties of the founder of the Jesuits' Society, seems to us unexaggerated, while it conveys a lofty and delightful image.

Obloquy has been heaped upon Loyola, yet few men in that age gave less good ground for accusation; for he seems to have possessed a tranquillity of mind, a firmness of purpose, a clearness of perception, a soundness of judgment, and at the same time a simplicity of manners, which few of his contemporaries possessed; and these qualities became more apparent as he advanced in years. An enthusiast—ambitious also; but it was a noble enthusiasm, a justifiable ambition. Surely his heart was inspired by the love of God, and his passionate desire was that the uttermost parts of the earth should know and love him also. Thus he says, "It is not enough to serve the Lord, all hearts ought to love him, all tongues ought to praise him." Those who study his life, his actions, his writings, and the lives and characters of his coadjutors, by which his own may also be judged, will hardly fail to come to this conclusion, that Loyola, amidst many errors, laboured for the glory of God and the welfare of mankind. If the attachment of friends and intimates is an assurance of a man's amiability of heart and temper, Ignatius was fortunate. The veneration of his followers was very great, and it was sometimes mixed with a tenderness of expression and feeling which is surprising. The most celebrated of his missionaries, a nobleman by birth, always wrote to him, on his knees. "God is my witness," he writes, "my best and dearest father, how much I wish to behold you again in this life. I think continually of what I have often heard you say, that those of our Society ought to exert their utmost force in vanquishing themselves, and in banishing all those fears which usually hinder us from placing our whole confidence on God. As you know the bottom of our souls, awaken our languishing, and drive us to virtue, and inspire us with a love of true perfection. I am all yours, even to a degree that I cannot express, yet I am the least of your children." In writing to his brother missionaries he thus expresses himself, "I pray you by our Lord, I conjure you by the obedience and by the love that you owe to our father Ignatius, that all of you, both great and small, respect his wishes, for he is our parent. It behoves us to obey him."—vol. iii, pp. 22—23.

These statements and vindications are at least enough to make the student of ecclesiastical history, or of the lives of illustrious persons, pause and inquire for himself ere he joins in the sweeping denunciation of a Society or of a familiar name. Besides, lessons not less valuable as attractions than as warnings are richly presented in Loyola's life; and we consider that the whole community, at the present epoch, when a freedom and candour of research is so predo-

ministry, owes much to our author for his able contribution in this charitable service.

Of the several lives contained in the volume before us, we shall confine ourselves to that of Francis Xavier, one of the earliest and greatest missionaries to Heathen countries. He was a native of the Kingdom of Navarre, born in 1506, and of an illustrious descent. His home was at the foot of the Pyrenees, and during his boyhood it was his delight to walk amid the wildest and most sequestered scenes. After obtaining a good knowledge of the classics, he repaired to the University of Paris, where he entered upon the study of philosophy, and succeeded so well, that ere long he took this degree of Master of Arts, and was judged worthy to teach philosophy, which he did with great reputation. But it was not for such fading honours as lectures on Aristotle can convey, that he was conducted to Paris.

“About this time Ignatius Loyola came to finish his studies in Paris. He had renounced the world: had given up its pleasures and vices, and now sought to erect a powerful Society, of which he was to be the head and soul; a Society ‘devoted to the salvation of men.’ He soon heard of Xavier, and, insinuating himself into his acquaintance, he omitted no opportunity of leading his thoughts to religion: on which he conversed admirably, but without any effect on his hearer. He then changed his battery, and began to flatter the wit and talents of the professor; he procured him several pupils, whom he conducted even to his chair, and made it his business, by every means, to augment his fame. Ignatius had looked into his heart: Xavier had repulsed and ridiculed him, but, by these pointed and incessant kindnesses, his vain yet generous nature was softened, and he became the friend, and listened with increasing attention to the discourses of Loyola. Some time after, Xavier’s finances being in a low condition, ‘which frequently happens to foreigners, who are at a great distance from their own country,’ Loyola assisted him. Still did the haughty spirit of the aristocrat, whose head was filled with lofty thoughts, make a fierce resistance to counsels ‘which were so contrary to his natural bent.’ Was it any wonder, that when he turned from his brilliant auditory to the weak bodily presence and mean attire of Ignatius, who affected poverty, that he recoiled from the contrast? The perseverance of the latter was at last rewarded: finding his friend one day unusually attentive, he repeated those words of our Lord, ‘What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?’ he then spoke impressively on the fleeting honours and passions of men, and asked why a mind so noble and lofty should confine itself to them alone! that heavenly glory was the only sufficient object of his ambition, enduring eternally, when all else would be as a dream.” The words sank deep in the mind of Xavier. Then it was that he began to see into the emptiness of earthly greatness, and found himself touched with the love of heavenly things. But these first impressions of grace had not all their due effect. It was not till after serious and painful reflection, and many a hard struggle, that, being overcome at length by the power of those eternal truths, he took up a solid resolution of living according to the maxims of the Gospel.”—vol. iii, pp. 36, 37.

He strove to subdue the haughtiness of his spirit thereafter. He began to lecture during the vacation on the Exercises of Loyola, and gradually estranged himself from his former companions, tastes, and pursuits. Having finished his course of philosophy, which lasted three years and a half, he entered on the study of divinity, resigning his preferments, his fame, the triumphs of genius, and the pleasures of learning, to become a homeless man, living on alms, preaching to any one who would listen to him. But the field was too narrow for such a spirit. With five other students and Ignatius Loyola, he repaired at night to the summit of Montmartre; and there the seven engaged themselves, by a solemn vow to God, to cast themselves at the feet of the Pontiff at Rome, for the service of the Church, into whatever part of the world he would please to send them. Several years elapsed, during which he incessantly laboured among the poor, and in hospitals, for the salvation of men. The strain of his preaching was terrifying, but in a manner so plain and so moving, that the people who came in crowds to hear him, departed out of the church in profound silence. At length he was sent to plant the faith in the East, by John the Third, King of Portugal, one Rodrigues being appointed as his coadjutor. Loyola, about the same time presented the model of his Institution to the Pope, by whom it was ratified, and with the title of General to the founder, who saw that Xavier was a fit instrument for the conversion of the nations, as well as possessed of ambition, for the power of his order.

“The rules which Xavier received from his friend were few and simple; the consummate system of subsequent years was so unformed at this time, that Francis, on his departure from Rome, put a memorial into the hands of Laynez, in which he declared that he approved the regulations which should be drawn up by Ignatius, in case they were confirmed by the holy see. The last words of the two men to each other are richly characteristic: the impassible Ignatius, rarely moved to strong emotion, save in his prayers, still struck the master chord of imagination; he knew its subtle and exquisite power: ‘Go, my brother, rejoice that you have not here a narrow Palestine, or a province of Asia, in prospect, but a vast extent of ground, and innumerable kingdoms. An entire world is reserved for your endeavours; and nothing but so large a field is worthy of your courage and zeal. The voice of God calls you; kindle those unknown nations with the flame that burns within you.’ Xavier wept: ‘It is impossible for me to forget you, Ignatius; or not to recal to my memory that sincere and holy friendship. Father of my soul, when I am afar, I will think that you are still present, and that I behold you with my eyes;—write to me often—the smallness of my talent is known to you; share with me those abundant treasures which heaven has heaped upon you.’”—vol. iii. pp. 43, 44.

On his departure to the East, when passing near to his native castle, the stern and enthusiastic missionary refused to turn aside to bid a last adieu to a tender parent, who still lived there. In Lisbon, where he had to await the sailing of the fleet for a number



of months, he renewed his incessant labours. But the time of his embarkation arrived.

“Xavier was presented by the king with four briefs which had been expedited from Rome, in two of which the pope constituted Xavier apostolical nuncio, with ample powers throughout the East; in the third, his holiness recommended him to David, emperor of Ethiopia; and in the fourth, to all the princes who possessed the isles of the sea. The count of Castagnéra had orders to make a liberal provision for his voyage; he, however, refused all supplies, save some books and a ‘thick cloth habit, against the excessive colds which are felt in doubling the Cape.’ The noble galliot at last spread her sails to the wind—the signal was given. Rodriguez, who was to have been his companion in the mission, was unable from illness to depart; he accompanied his friend on board, who now satisfied the questions often put to him, and as often evaded. ‘Rodriguez,’ he said, ‘you may remember that when we lodged together in the hospital at Rome, you often heard me crying out in my sleep, and asked me the meaning of the words. A vision or dream was given me, in which I beheld a wide ocean lashed by the storm, and full of rocks, desert isles, and barbarous lands, hunger and thirst raging every where, with death in many a fearful form. In the midst of this ghastly representation, I cried out, ‘Yet more, O my God! yet more!’ I then beheld all I was to suffer for the glory of Jesus Christ; and not being able to satiate myself with those troubles which were presented to my imagination, I used those words, ‘I hope the Divine goodness will grant me that in India, which he has fore-shewn me in Italy.’” Rodriguez and he had long laboured together. Xavier was greatly moved as he embraced him for the last time: ‘My brother,’ he said, ‘these are the last words which I shall ever say to you—we shall see each other no more in this present world.’”—vol. iii, pp. 47, 48.

On board the admiral’s vessel there were at least a thousand persons, whose temporal and spiritual welfare occupied Xavier continually. On arriving at Goa, he found that corruption and dissolute manners prevailed to a frightful extent. He at once set to work in a decided shape. He made a turn through the streets every day with a bell in his hand, and gave a loud summons to the fathers of families, that for the love of God, they would send their children to be catechised.

“He was convinced that if the Portuguese youths were well instructed in the principles of religion, and formed betimes to the practice of a good life, Christianity in a little time would be seen to revive in Goa: in case they grew up like their parents, there was no remaining hope. The children first gathered about him in crowds; he led them daily to the church, and taught them in a simple yet earnest manner—and it was through their means that the town of Goa began in some measure to change its face. He then proceeded to public preaching and private visitations. Slowly and surely the reformation of manners advanced. The gentlemen and merchants applied themselves to the regulation of their families and the banishment of vice. They gave Xavier considerable sums of money, which he distributed, in their presence, in the hospitals and prisons. The viceroy accompanied him there once a week, to hear the complaints of the

in. In 1711, he was sent to Goa, and he was ordered to  
 captives, and relieve the poor. His home was reported to by a number  
 sinners struck with remorse, penitents whose tears were shed at his feet;  
 and his bonds were cancelled, and habits of profligacy were laid aside. At  
 the end of the year, morality and piety were loved and practised in Goa. A  
 change so rapid and effectual may well seem surprising; D'Albuquerque,  
 a virtuous prelate, had long tried in vain to stem the torrent of corruption.  
 The extraordinary zeal, 'hitherto so great a novelty,' of the stranger, drew  
 all eyes upon him, and, like the prophet in the streets of Nineveh, he seem-  
 ed to have fallen as it were from heaven into the bosom of the guilty city,  
 against whose impenitence he appealed. Address was mingled with his  
 fidelity; those who were plunged the deepest in 'that darling vice, the  
 more tenderly he seemed to use them, knowing that those silken bands are  
 the hardest to be broken.' He made them frequent visits without fear of  
 scandal; invited himself sometimes to eat with them, and then, assuming  
 an air of gaiety, he desired the host to bring down the children to hear  
 his company. When he had a little commended them, he asked to see  
 their mother, and addressed her as kindly as if she had been a virtuous  
 woman. If she were beautiful or well-shaped, he praised her. After  
 which, in private conversation with the host, 'You have,' said he, 'a fair  
 slave or companion, who deserves to be your wife.' These words, with  
 other persuasions, commonly had their full effect, and these unlawful con-  
 nections ended in marriage. If this reparation was refused, he was again  
 the stern confessor;—and the boldest trembled at his menace. —vol. ii.  
 pp. 49, 50.

It would appear, that he had gone out very unprepared for a  
 mission, particularly one directed to the Heathen world. He was a  
 stranger to every Indian dialect. But at the time he was doing  
 so much good in Goa, he frequently mingled with the people of  
 various nations, and thus gained some acquaintance with their lan-  
 guages and manners. His fame went before him, and a vast and  
 glorious harvest was opening up to his gaze. Michael Vaz, Vicar-  
 general of the Indies told him, that on the eastern shore, called  
 the coast of Fishery, there was a people called Paravas, who had  
 caused themselves to be baptized some time before, in gratitude  
 for succours rendered them by the Portuguese against the Moors,  
 by whom they were cruelly oppressed; but for want of pastors they  
 knew nothing of Christianity but baptism. He embarked in a  
 pinnace, taking with him two young ecclesiastics of Goa, who had a  
 tolerable knowledge of the Malabar tongue. Our author here gives  
 us an account of the ardent missionary's method of instruction,  
 together with such comments as may be expected from a protes-  
 tant.  
 Advancing into the interior, he began to pay the penalty of his scanty  
 knowledge of the language, and, perceiving that his two interpreters  
 frequently altered the things he said, and that but few words, which  
 he said himself, were more vigorous in their effect, he confronted some  
 people of the country who understood Portuguese, with his companions who  
 spoke Malabar, and then consulted both parties for many days together.  
 Thus telling, he translated into the Paravas tongue the words of the sign  
 of the cross, the apostles' creed, the commandments, the Lord's prayer,

the salutation of the angel, the *confiteor*, the *salve regina*, and, in fine, the whole catechism: "What a union of truth with error! The translation being finished, he got it by heart, and took his way through the villages of the coast, in number about thirty. 'I went about with my ball in my hand,' he says, 'and, gathering together all I met, both the young and the old, I instructed them in the Christian doctrine; the former learnt it easily by heart in the compass of a month, and, when they understood it, I charged them to teach it to their fathers and mothers, all of their own family, and even their neighbours. On Sunday I assembled all the men and women, and little boys and girls, in the chapel; all came to my appointment with an incredible joy, and ardent desire to hear the word of God. I began by confessing God to be one in nature, and three in person. I afterwards repeated distinctly and with an audible voice, the Lord's prayer, the angelical salutation, and the apostles' creed. All of them together repeated after me; and it is hardly to be imagined what pleasure they took in it! This being done, I repeated the creed singly, and, insisting on every particular article, asked if they certainly believed it: they all protested to me, with loud cries, and their hands across their breasts, that they firmly believed it. My practice is, to make them repeat the creed oftener than the other prayers; and I declare to them, at the same time, that they who believe the contents of it are true Christians. Then I pass to the ten commandments, and give them to understand, that the Christian law is comprised in those ten precepts; that whoever violates one of them is a bad man, and will be lost unless he repent him of his sin. With all this we intermingle some short prayers. Those who are to receive baptism, I also enjoin to say the *Belief*. In conclusion, I frequently make them an exhortation, which I have composed in their own language, being an epitome of the Christian faith, and of the necessary duties incumbent on it. —In this sketch of a drudgery so often renewed, an instruction so painful, there is much to admire as well as condemn." —vol. iii, pp. 52, 53.

Having instructed, during the space of a month, the inhabitants of one village, he called together, ere his departure, the most intelligent among them, to whom he gave in writing what he had taught, that on Sundays and Saints' days they might teach the people; and committed to these catechists the care of the churches which he caused to be built in populous places. He obtained a salary for each catechist from the Viceroy of the Indies, and placed at a seminary at Goa, several young Indians, to be thereafter his assistants, giving it the name of the College of St. Paul. It was made over to the Society of Ignatius Loyola, whence the Jesuits were called, as they have ever since been in Goa, the fathers of St. Paul.

He had returned from the Paravas to Goa for a short time, but soon hastened back again to this affectionate people; and now his life is often chequered in a highly dramatic style; for example:—

"During his visit of a few weeks to a distant part of the coast, a fierce and numerous tribe of robbers, called Badages, having seized on the territory of Pande, which is betwixt Malabar and the coast of Fishery, made an irruption into the latter. The Paravas, unprepared for battle, took to flight and threw themselves in heaps into their barks, escaping into desert islands;

where they fled from the sword, to die of hunger : exposed to the burning heats of the sun, without nourishment, numbers of them perished daily. No sooner did the news reach Xavier, in the district where he then resided, than, passing speedily to the western coast, where was a colony of Portuguese, he earnestly solicited their succour in this his extreme necessity. He obtained twenty barks, laden with all manner of provisions, and brought them in person to the scenes of misery. The Paravas beheld with rapture the approach of their pastor and friend : the dying lifted up their heads, and pronounced his name ; those who were able, feebly hastened along the strand, where they had languished without hope. He spoke comfort to them, and, when their strength was somewhat recovered, he brought them back to their habitations, from which the Badages had now retired. He raised a subscription among the Christians to recompense their losses, left some missionaries with them, and then bent his steps to the kingdom of Travancore ; the Portuguese having obtained permission of the king that he might preach there."—vol. iii, pp. 55, 56.

In the kingdom of Travancore he followed the same methods of instruction which he had used on the coast of Fishery, but with a precipitate zeal that exhibits a series of contradictions in his conduct, that is to be blamed. He appears at one time as cautious and pains-taking, exhausting months and years in the teaching of one people ; on other occasions he proceeded in a wholesale style, baptizing, as he says himself, in one month, ten thousand idolaters, and frequently in one day, a well-peopled village. Incensed at his progress the Brahmins sought his life. But he relaxed not his labours, the converts keeping guard about him day and night. We must however hasten forward, and note only a few of the remarkable and affecting passages in his evangelizing career ; for invitations came from other nations, yet more distant than any he had during his first years in the East visited. But in reference to the coast of Fishery, where his harvest among the benighted heathen was so rich, we have the following poetical and exciting description of the missionary, that must be borne in mind, in any delineation attempted of him.

" When a commanding spirit is let loose on its chosen destiny, how swiftly and richly it can people its own exciting world ! His head reclining on the rock, his eyes fixed on the ocean, which he peculiarly loved, Francis often saw, with a prescience that to his friends seemed like a familiar spirit, the veil of the future withdrawn—the chequered, the wild, and terrible future. He saw it with a kindling eye, for he panted for the struggle. There was another quality of his mind, that was of inexpressible avail : namely, its wild sublimity, its insatiate reaching unto the things that are before, that first awoke when Ignatius pointed to the thrones of heaven, and never afterwards forsook him. ' Eternity only, Francis, is sufficient for such a heart as yours : its kingdom of glory alone is worthy of it : be ambitious, be magnanimous, but level at the loftiest mark.' This passion, as it may be called, was as absorbing as that of ambition to the successful statesman or warrior, filling every faculty, haunting him when asleep or awake ; ever expecting great events—as in the vision in Lisbon, when islands, empires, and deserts were presented to him, and he cried out,

‘Yet more, O God! yet more!’ If it had been possible, he would have kept his eyes from slumber, and his thoughts from oblivion; he literally ‘murdered sleep,’ allowing himself only three hours’ repose. ‘He often,’ it is said, ‘passed the night in the open air; and nothing so much elevated his soul to God, as the view of heaven, spangled over, and sowed as it were with stars:’ in that ineffable beauty of an Eastern night, when sea and sky, island and grove, seem, like a fairy vision, arrayed in a light that is not of this world. It was to the missionary a season of silence and quiet: no sooner did the morning break on the waters, than he surrendered every hour and moment to the calls of others; the Paravas quickly gathered round to be instructed, or talk with him; numbers crowded to the chapels; the day did not pass without two or three sermons or exhortations; and when night came again, the soul panted to be alone: how welcome, when the clash of tongues, and importunate demands, and hurrying footsteps paused at last, and he heard no sound save the plaintive song of some lonely fisherman, and the low dash of his oar as he hastened to the land. In these solemn moments, he was like the prophet, intensely looking forth, and calling from on high, ‘Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night?’ and he answered and said, ‘The graven images of her gods he hath broken to pieces; within a year all the glory of the heathen shall fail.’”—vol. iii, pp. 61, 62.

Although Xavier’s mission was peculiarly to the heathen, he ever gave his first and most unwearied efforts to the Europeans that were to be met at any of the stations he took up, such as the town of Malacca, which he first visited in 1545. Here he had again recourse to the bell, crying with a loud voice, “Pray to God for those who are in the state of mortal sin.” He, however, tempered more than ever the ardour of his zeal, until he had acquired such an ascendancy as enabled him to commence a resolute reformation of morals, by which even courtezans were thrust without ceremony out of doors, or turned into lawful wives. About this time he heard of certain isles, which were called Del Moro, the inhabitants of which were represented as the most cruel barbarians in the world. These he resolved to visit in spite of the remonstrances of his friends.

“In these dreary isles he endured all imaginable miseries:—hunger and thirst, neglect, hatred, a cruel doom hung every instant over him. Hitherto he had complained of the continued prosperity of his career. Never did a man exist who loved suffering for its own sake, more than Xavier. It was fortunate for the peace of Christendom, that he lived not in the days of St. Bernard of the lust crusade. His buoyant and fearless heart, that arose more strong and exulting from wasting sicknesses, from repeated shipwrecks, wounds, and pains, would have led forth the chivalry and enthusiasm of Europe to his loved Palestine. In the first isle where he landed, he found on the shore the bodies of eight Portuguese, freshly massacred. The barbarians fled at sight of the strangers, believing they were come to revenge the death of the Christians. Xavier followed them into the woods, and by the mildest assurances, in the Malaya tongue, prevailed on them to return to their villages. He then began his work, by singing aloud through the streets, and afterwards he expounded to his



savage audience, 'and that in a manner so suitable to their barbarous conceptions, that it passed at last into their understanding.' There was neither town or village which he did not visit, till at last crosses began to rear their heads, and then a few churches. Xavier's mode of impressing the minds of this people, is a curious proof of his excellent tact, a quality as useful to a missionary as to a finished man of the world. 'To engage these new Christians, who were gross of apprehension, and had lived in deeds of violence and blood, to lead a holy life, he threatened them with eternal punishments, and made them sensible of what hell was, by those dreadful objects which they had before their eyes. For sometimes he led them to the brink of those gulfs which shot vast masses of burning stones into the air with the noise and fury of a cannon, and at the view of those flames which were mingled with a dusky smoke that obscured the day, he explained to them the nature of those pains which were prepared in an abyss of fire. He even told them 'the gaping mouths of those burning mountains were the breathing places of hell.'—vol. iii, pp. 67, 68.

But Francis Xavier's most splendid conquests were in Japan, the account of which, as given in these pages, is of a heart-stirring order. His fame spread so before him, that the king of Fucheo invited him to his palace in these terms:—

"As God has not made me worthy to command you, I earnestly request you to come before the rising of the sun to-morrow, and knock at my palace gate, where I shall impatiently attend you. In the mean time, prostrate on the ground, and on my knees before your God, I desire of Him to make known to all the world how much your poor and holy life is pleasing to him, to the end that the children of our flesh may not be deceived by the false promises of the earth. Send me news of your holiness, the joy of which may give me a good night's repose, till the cocks awaken me with the welcome declaration of your visit.'

"In Xavier's wild and splendid career there is no event more remarkable than this reception, and the affection of the prince for his character and person. The nobles, amazed to see their young monarch, gay, brave, and given up to pleasure, thus awed and delighted by one, whose message is rarely welcome to a court, conceived he was under some magical influence. These honours had a propitious influence on the minds of the people; and when Xavier appeared in public, vast multitudes assembled, to listen to the gospel, and numbers of them heard and believed. He was employed whole days together in baptizing the candidates, and in instructing new believers. The Portuguese could engage none of his attention, unless at a late hour of the night, when he paused for awhile. They conjured him to spare himself. 'My nourishment, my sleep, my life itself,' was the reply, 'consists in delivering from the tyranny of their sins, those precious souls, for whose sake chiefly God has called me from the utmost limits of the earth.'

"He was now in the scene for which he had thirsted, as the hart for the water-brooks. Cangoxina was 'the beginning of his strength,' where God first blest his zeal. Amanguchi saw yet greater fruits, but in Fucheo was 'the excellency of dignity, the excellency of power'. The priests strove fiercely at first, and then desisted, for they saw that their ascendancy was crushed: the cruelties of the mothers, who often slew their children, were forbidden on pain of death; the prince gave

up his infamous vices, and the abominations of the pagan ceremonies were suppressed by an edict. During several hours each day, Francis did not cease to wrestle with God; and when morn broke on the city, it found him strong in faith, and armed for the toils of the day, though he had scarcely tasted food, or closed his eyes in sleep. He had no time to lose, for each moment, as it fled, appeared to him to bear with it the salvation or doom of a soul. The streets of the city were alive with the busy footsteps of men; trade, pleasure, or business, was in every face, when suddenly there was a silence, and then a gathering of the people; the windows and balconies were filled, the shops and markets forsaken. With his usual impetuous step, his hands folded on his breast, Xavier drew near, and with a strong thrilling voice, that could be heard at once by many thousands, painted the terrors of the wrath to come: then, with a face bathed in tears, pointed to his crucifix, spoke of the Saviour of the world, nailed to the cross, expiring in the sinner's place. This was the strength of his soul: at the thoughts of the love of Christ, even when alone, he often wept bitterly. Is it any wonder that he prevailed mightily, and that the cry of the city went up to heaven—not for judgment but for mercy?

“ There were other influences in aid of the stranger. One of the most powerful was the opinion inculcated by the priests, that poverty not only made men despicable and ridiculous, but also criminal, and worthy of the severest punishments. Thus the beautiful child, who first addressed him on his arrival at the palace, said, ‘ Certainly you must be endued with an extraordinary courage, to come into this far country, liable to contempt, in regard of your poverty; and the goodness of your God must needs be infinite, to be pleased with that poverty.’ Many of the bonzas went so far as to allow the poor no hope of a future happiness, as though they were too worthless and low for so great a gift: others of the subtle priesthood, from a hatred to the women, would fain have excluded them also from the elysium of Amida, but were cowed by the wit and boldness of some of the Japanese ladies.

“ Xavier, with an eager charity in his aspect, threw himself into the crowd, to associate himself with his auditors, to become their equal and brother, to hope, to fear with them. He loved poverty, and to throw off its appearance, even for a time, was a loss of comfort to him. The funds that were often placed in his hands for the use of the church or the mission, with what avidity he dissipated them among the destitute, the afflicted, the forsaken! He would not make use of what the governor of the Indies had supplied him with, in the name of the king of Portugal. He thought he should have affronted Providence, if he had done this; and therefore, taking out of the treasury a thousand crowns, he employed them wholly for the relief of the poor who had received baptism. Neither did he rest satisfied with this royal alms, but drew what he could also from his friends at Goa and at Malacca. Though all the miserable were dear to him, yet he assisted the prisoners after a more particular manner with the charities which he gathered. All this was new and wonderful to the poor Japanese, hitherto despised and shunned as if the mark of Cain was on them; and when he opened to them wide the gates of immortality, and told them that the Lord of heaven and earth loved them equally with the proud and the great—his voice was to them, ‘ even as the voice of a God.’ No part of his preaching so much

enraged the bonzas, and the higher classes, who saw the multitude rejoice, and assert a privilege equal to their own. He burst for the poor the bands of that most exquisite tyranny--the oppression of the soul! --vol. iii, pp. 103--108.

After his wonderful success in Japan, China was the mighty field to which our missionary's soul was bent. But death, hastened by the heartlessness and bad usage of some of his own countrymen; now overtook him ere he reached the Celestial empire. His last words were, "In thee O Lord, I have hoped; I shall never be confounded."

"Claudius Buchanan visited his burial-place, of which he thus speaks:--  
"St. Francis Xavier lies enshrined in a monument of exquisite art, and his coffin is encased with silver and precious stones, in the city of Goa." In the Indies, the heathens as well as the Christians heard of his death with a wild emotion: the new converts, with a hasty zeal, built churches in his honour: the king of Travancore, though a Mahometan, built a magnificent temple to him. In Japan the Christians of Saxuma kept with religious care a stone on which he had often preached. The house where he had lodged at Amunguchi was respected as a sacred place. The king of Facheo was afterwards fortunate in war, subdued several kingdoms, and lived in vicious indulgences; but in the course of his victories, recalling often the words of Xavier, he at last made an open profession of the faith. Two months after his baptism, some of his principal subjects, out of hatred to Christianity, and urged by the bonzas, joined with the neighbouring princes, and defeated him in a pitched battle. The ruined prince made a vow at the foot of the altar, to be faithful to God, and rallying his scattered troops, by his valour and address he by degrees, after many reverses, regained his crown. He then sent an embassy to pope Gregory the Thirteenth, full of submission and respect to the holy see. One of the Indian converts gave a touching proof of his regard: devoted to Xavier when alive, he came to his sepulchre, and then, taking passage for Europe, he travelled through part of the continent, and crossing the Pyrenees, arrived at the castle of Xavier. Entering into the chamber where Francis was born, he kissed the floor and the walls, and burst into a flood of tears: he visited the ancient family chapel, the altar, and the crucifix, before which, when a child, the latter had prayed; and then he hastened back to the Indies, carrying with him a little piece of stone which he had loosened from the walls of the chamber.

"Xavier was forty-six years of age at the time of his death, ten and a half of which he had passed in the Indies; he was tall, and finely formed; his countenance was handsome and fresh-coloured, with a large and high forehead, eyes of a piercing and lively blue, expressing quickly and vividly the varying emotions of the soul: his hair was of a dark chesnut." --vol. iii, pp. 132, 133.

Whatever those of a different communion may think of some observances and doctrines confided in by Xavier, which a thorough perusal of the life before us may exhibit more strongly than we have sought to do, the heart must be narrow and hard indeed, that feels not in him the great lineaments of Christianity and the

rarest talents for evangelizing heathen nations. His life, along with those of others of his order, go to prove, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that the most heroic and philanthropic men the world ever knew, are to be found among the Christian missionaries, and that it was the enterprise of the Jesuits which awoke the zeal of other institutions and labourers, "till each year, each month, brings fresh tidings of the triumph of the truth—the uncorrupted, the unclouded, the imperishable truth."

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**APP. X.—A Discourse on Natural Theology, showing the Nature of the Evidence, and the Advantages of its Study.** By HENRY LORD BROUGHAM. London: Knight. 1835.

WE verily believe that Lord Brougham is at any time, at a week's warning, able to undertake any one of some dozen or so of professorships, in any one of our Universities. It would matter little what were the duties of the chair, whether belonging to classical learning, to moral or the exact sciences. In one week, at least, whatever rust may have gathered over past acquirements would be rubbed off; and with a heartiness in the employment, approaching to a passion, would he proceed in the work of renewal and polish, wherein the vast variety and riches of his knowledge would be made to shine with a pristine light. His Lordship is assuredly one of the most remarkable men of the age; not that he is the greatest in any thing, but that he is great, and not less than second in very many things. We take another striking view of his eminence; we think, if his genius were to be shortly and most accurately described, it would be by calling it the genius of activity. We cannot figure to ourselves such a phenomenon as that of Lord Brougham, so long as life and health are spared, becoming indolent. His Lordship and laziness are irreconcilable enemies. We have heard the suggestion, that at an era such as the present, when so many are daily beating their brains in quest of a happy subject for a literary work, in the shape of a heroic tale, nothing could afford a finer scope for variety, activity, and splendour, than to make the learned Lord's history and career the ground-work of such a book. There would be nothing common-place in it; there would be enough of stir—of vagaries and extravagancies—but still more of brilliant achievement in the service of virtue and mankind, to gain the highest interest that any hero can ever claim. We know of no public man who could be beheld in so many different positions to such advantage; there is no one farther removed from insipidity: one thing we may be sure of, when his race has been finished on earth (and distant may that period be), he will furnish to some biographer a splendid theme. The mere enumeration of his literary works, their character and history, will alone be matter enough for

a charming volume. It appears, indeed, from what his Lordship, not long ago announced publicly, that the world does not know one half of his writings ; and that, for many years, he has been constantly sending forth works on a variety of subjects, and to a variety of classes. We need not tell how remarkable it is for a man whose professional and public career has been so multiform as his, to do this, when we have the matter so forcibly put by himself in the dedication of the volume before us ; a dedication not more beautiful in respect of its language, than of its precise and forcible thought, and eloquent sentiment.

The Discourse is dedicated to Earl Spencer, from which we learn, among other things, that it was, with some exceptions, written at the end of 1830, in 1831, and the latter part of 1833, a portion being added in the autumn of 1834. "In those days," says his Lordship, "I held the Great Seal of this kingdom ; and it was impossible to finish the work while many cares of another kind pressed upon me. But the first leisure that could be obtained was devoted to this subject, and to a careful revision of what had been written in a season less auspicious for such speculations."

One great object which the author has had in view, was to define more precisely than had been done before, the place and claims of Natural Theology among the various branches of human knowledge, and to show that it is a kind of knowledge not different from either physical or moral science. It would appear that at one time the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, over which he has taken a great charge, contemplated publishing a new edition of Dr. Paley's popular work, with copious and scientific illustrations, but afterwards abandoned the scheme. His Lordship, however, regarded it as expedient to carry the plan into execution by individual exertion, Sir C. Bell agreeing to share the labour of the illustrations. The present volume is the Preliminary Discourse in this undertaking. Our opinion of the performance we shall at once, and in a few sentences give, and next proceed to exhibit some of its details.

There is to us little originality in the work, taking the word in its highest or most usual application, as consisting in important inventions or discoveries. It might, perhaps, be characterized as a matchless display of genius, were any great argument of a decidedly new order brought to bear on Natural Theology—a field that has so variously and ably been cultivated. But there is another species of originality, which is often not less valuable than that of creating : this consists in forming a new combination of what already exists, or in exhibiting with greater force, clearness, and simplicity, what many hands have previously been employed upon. This last excellence belongs in a remarkable degree to the work before us. The author, by a luminous arrangement, and the application of a mind of uncommon precision and power, has, within a narrow compass, brought the subject of which he treats, before the reader so plainly



and delightfully, that we venture to declare it was never before so popularly treated, unless by Dr. Paley, while it possesses a philosophical character for which that able writer's work is not remarkable. We hesitate not to say, that Lord Brougham's style of treating Natural Theology as a science, and showing that it is no less, just as truly as physical or moral knowledge can be called by such a name, is not only original but perfectly satisfactory. Another striking feature in the work, consists in the riches which a mind of uncommon activity, acquirements, and penetration, has taken delight in lavishing upon his subject. We need scarcely add, that the style of language employed throughout the Discourse is close and energetic. It is also as calm and dignified as philosophy can require. Neither sarcasm nor indignant irony were necessary; so that, as a dispassionate piece of reasoning, it seems to us a model not unworthy to be classed with the highest human efforts on the subject discussed—confessedly one of surpassing magnitude and value; for Natural Theology is essential even to the support of Revelation.

In proceeding to the contents of this volume, it would be wrong to pass unnoticed the accuracy and ease with which certain terms are explained, upon a close and perfect understanding of which the Discourse alone can be properly understood: such as those of Theology and Religion—the former being the science, the latter its subject. The terms *moral, intellectual, ethical, mental, natural, and material*, with others, are put upon a footing of easy acceptance, so as to be employed throughout the performance always in the same sense. It is necessary, also, for the reader to remember particularly, as told by its author, that this is not a treatise of Natural Theology; that it has not for its design an exposition of the doctrines whereof Natural Theology consists. Its object is, first, to explain the nature of the evidence upon which it rests, to show that it is a science, the truths of which are discovered by induction, like the truths of Natural and Moral Philosophy, partaking of the nature of each. The second object of the Discourse is, to explain the advantages attending the study of Natural Theology.

The former part is divided again into seven sections. The first is introductory, and treats, says the author, of the kind of evidence by which the truths of physical and psychological science (that which belongs to the existence of mind), are investigated, and shows that there is as great an appearance of diversity between the manner in which we arrive at the knowledge of different truths in those inductive sciences, as there is between the nature of any such inductive investigation, and the proofs of the ontological (that which treats of the existence and attributes of the Creator) branches of Natural Theology. But that diversity is proved to be only apparent; and hence it is inferred, that the supposed difference of the proofs of Natural Theology may also be only apparent.

The careless inquirer into physical truth would certainly think he had

seized on a sound principle of classification, if he should divide the objects with which philosophy, Natural and Mental, is conversant, into two classes—those objects of which we know the existence by our senses or our consciousness; that is, external objects which we see, touch, taste, and smell, internal ideas which we conceive or remember, or emotions which we feel—and those objects of which we only know the existence by a process of reasoning, founded upon something originally presented by the senses or by consciousness. This superficial reasoner would range under the first of these heads the members of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms; the heavenly bodies; the mind—for we are supposing him to be so far capable of reflection, as to know that the proof of the mind's separate existence is, at the least, as short, plain, and direct, as that of the body, or of external objects. Under the second head he would range generally whatever objects of examination are not directly perceived by the senses, or felt by consciousness.

“ But a moment's reflection will shew both how very short a way this classification would carry our inaccurate logician, and how entirely his principle fails to support him even during that little part of the journey. Thus the examination of certain visible objects and appearances enables us to ascertain the laws of light and of vision. Our senses teach us that colours differ, and that their mixture forms other hues; that their absence is black, their combination in certain proportions white. We are in the same way enabled to understand that the organ of vision performs its functions by a natural apparatus resembling, though far surpassing, certain instruments of our own constructing, and that therefore it works on the same principles. But that light, which can be perceived directly by none of our senses, exists, as a separate body, we only infer by a process of reasoning from things which our senses do perceive. So we are acquainted with the effects of heat; we know that it extends the dimensions of whatever matter it penetrates; we feel its effects upon our own bodies when subjected to its operation; and we see its effects in augmenting, liquefying, and decomposing other bodies; but its existence as a separate substance we do not know, except by reasoning and by analogy. Again, to which of the two classes must we refer the air? Its existence is not made known by the sight, the smell, the taste; but is it by the touch? Assuredly a stream of it blown upon the nerves of touch produces a certain effect; but to infer from thence the existence of a rare, light, invisible, and impalpable fluid, is clearly an operation of reasoning, as much as that which enables us to infer the existence of light or heat from their perceptible effects. But furthermore, we are accustomed to speak of seeing motion; and the reasoner whom we are supposing would certainly class the phenomena of mechanics, and possibly of dynamics generally, including astronomy, under his first head; of things known immediately by the senses. Yet assuredly nothing can be more certain than that the knowledge of motion is a deduction of reasoning, not a perception of sense; it is derived from the comparison of two positions; the idea of a change of place is the result of that comparison attained by a short process of reasoning; and the estimate of velocity is the result of another process of reasoning and of recollection. Thus, then, there is at once excluded from the first class almost the whole range of natural philosophy.” —pp. 20—23. 1808

But, continues the author, are we quite sure that any thing re-

mains, which, when severely examined, will stand the test? The existence of light is only certainly known by seeing objects variously illuminated: and while the diversity of colour is an object of sense, the existence of light is an inference of reason.

“But the very idea of diversity implies reasoning, for it is the result of a comparison, and when we affirm that white light is composed of the seven primary colours in certain proportions, we state a proposition which is the result of much reasoning—reasoning, it is true, founded upon sensations or impressions upon the senses; but not less founded upon such sensations is the reasoning which makes us believe in the existence of a body called light. The same may be said of heat, and the phenomena of heated bodies. The existence of heat is an inference from certain phenomena, that is, certain effects produced on our external senses by certain bodies or certain changes which those senses undergo in the neighbourhood of those bodies; but it is not more an inference of reason than the proposition that heat extends or liquefies bodies, for that is merely a conclusion drawn from comparing our sensations occasioned by the external objects placed in varying circumstances.

“But can we say that there is no process of reasoning even in the simplest case which we have supposed our reasoner to put—the existence of the three kingdoms, of nature, of the heavenly bodies, of the mind? It is certain that there is in every one of these cases a process of reasoning. A certain sensation is excited in the mind through the sense of vision; it is an inference of reason that this must have been excited by something, or must have had a cause. That the cause must have been external, may possibly be allowed to be another inference which reason could make unaided by the evidence of any other sense. But to discover that the cause was at any the least distance from the organ of vision, clearly required a new process of reasoning, considerable experience, and the indications of other senses; for the young man whom Mr. Cheselden couched for a cataract at first believed that every thing he saw touched his eye. Experience and reasoning, therefore, are required to teach us the existence of external objects; and all that relates to their relations of size, colour, motion, habits, in a word, the whole philosophy of them, must of course be the result of still longer and more complicated processes of reasoning. So of the existence of the mind: although undoubtedly the process of reasoning is here the shortest of all, and the least liable to deception, yet so connected are all its phenomena with those of the body, that it requires a process of abstraction alien from the ordinary habits of most men, to be persuaded that we have a more undeniable evidence of its separate existence than we even have of the separate existence of the body.”—pp. 23—25.

The second section of the Discourse continues the application of the same argument, and compares the Physical branch of Natural Theology with Physics, wherein is shewn that they are not only closely allied one to the other, but are to a very considerable extent identical; for it is fairly argued that the same induction of facts which leads us to a knowledge of the structure of the eye, and its functions in the animal economy, leads us to the knowledge of its adaptation to the properties of light, which if not a truth in

Natural Theology, is a position from which, by the shortest possible process of reasoning, we arrive at a Theological truth—namely, that the instrument so successfully performing a given service by means of this curious structure, must have been formed with the knowledge of the properties of light. Of the numberless instances that have been advanced by writers on this subject, of design and knowledge being evinced in the works and functions of nature, we cannot remember any more accurately and beautifully detailed than the following :—

“ When a bird’s egg is examined, it is found to consist of three parts ; the chick, the yolk in which the chick is placed, and the white in which the yolk swims. The yolk is lighter than the white ; and it is attached to it at two points, joined by a line, or rather plane, *below* the centre of gravity of the yolk. From this arrangement it must follow that the chick is always uppermost, roll the egg how you will ; consequently, the chick is always kept nearest to the breast or belly of the mother while she is sitting. Suppose, then, that any one acquainted with the laws of motion had to contrive things so as to secure this position for the little speck or sac in question, in order to its receiving the necessary heat from the hen—could he proceed otherwise than by placing it in the lighter liquid, and suspending that liquor in the heavier, so that its centre of gravity should be above the line or plane of suspension ? Assuredly not ; for in no other way could his purpose be accomplished. This position is attained by a strict induction ; it is supported by the same kind of evidence on which all physical truths rest. But it leads by a single step to another truth in Natural Theology ; that the egg must have been formed by some hand skilful in mechanism, and acting under the knowledge of dynamics.”—pp 33, 34.

The third section under the first part of the Discourse, compares the psychological branch of Natural Theology with psychological science, and shews that both rest alike upon induction. The author here complains, and not without cause, of the modern writers upon the subject in hand, having confined themselves to the proofs afforded by the visible and sensible works of nature, while the evidence furnished by the mind and its operations have been overlooked ; and attributes this omission to the doubts which men are prone to entertain of the mind’s existence independent of matter. By modern writers must certainly be meant those of an established fame in these speculations, such as Smith, Reid, Clarke, and Paley ; for within these late years there have been some first-rate works in which the evidence has been detected and explained. But not to cavil on this point, our author declares the existence of mind to be evidenced more certainly and irrefragably than the existence of matter. Many of the perceptions of matter which we derive through the senses are deceitful ; the inferences drawn concerning it are sometimes erroneous. Indeed it is perhaps possible that matter should have no existence, since all the sensations and perceptions which we have of the material world may be only ideas in our minds. But that the thing or the being which we call “ I ” and

"We," should have no existence, he considers to be a contradiction in terms, and that of the two existences, that of mind as independent of matter is more certain than that of matter independent of mind. This is a part of the work, of unsurpassed power.

The fourth section shews that the *argumentum à priori* is unsound in a great degree—that is, it is insufficient to the purpose to which it is applied, that it serves only to a limited extent, and that to this extent it is in reality not distinguishable from induction, or the *argumentum à posteriori*; which has previously been considered.

The fifth section treats of the second or moral deontological (that which belongs to the doctrine of the Creator's will respecting the duty of his creatures) branch of Natural Theology, and shews that it rests upon the same kind of evidence which moral science does, and is, strictly speaking, as much a branch of inductive knowledge. The means of investigating the probable designs of the Deity are by the author stated to be—the nature of the human mind, and the attributes of the Creator. The subject treated of in the third section, viz. the existence of the sentient principle in man, is naturally resumed, and the doctrine of the immateriality, and consequently the immortality of the soul, are considered. Through this entangling field he walks steadily, carrying with him the minds of all such, we should think, who have not been accustomed to a species of scepticism that is only indulged in when on this and kindred topics. We shall merely here quote part of the author's proofs of the disconnection of mind and matter as illustrated in the phenomena of dreams.

"Another experiment is still more striking, and affords a more remarkable proof both of the velocity of thought, and of the quickness with which its course is moulded to suit any external impression made on the senses. But this experiment is not so easily tried. A puncture made will immediately produce a long dream, which seems to terminate in some such accident as that the sleeper has been wandering through a wood, and received a severe wound from a spear; or the tooth of a wild animal, which at the same instant awakens him. A gun fired in one instance, during the alarm of invasion, made a military man at once dream the enemy had landed, so that he ran to his post, and repairing to the scene of action, was present when the first discharge took place, which also the same moment awakened him.

"Now these facts show the infinite rapidity of thought; for the puncture and the discharge of the gun took place in an instant; and their impression on the senses was as instantaneous; and yet, during that instant, the mind went through a long operation of fancy, suggested by the first part of the impression, and terminated, as the sleep itself was, by the continuation—the last portion of the same impression. Mark what was done in an instant—in a mere point of time. The sensation of the pain or noise beginning is conveyed to the mind, and sets it a thinking of many things connected with such sensations. But that sensation is lost or forgotten for a portion of the short instant during which the impression lasts; for the conclusion of the same impression gives rise to a new set of ideas.



The walk in the wood, and the hurrying to the post, are suggested by the sensation beginning. Then follow many things unconnected with that sensation, except that they grew out of it; and, lastly, comes the wound and the broadside, suggested by the continuance of the sensation, while, all the time, this continuance has been producing an effect on the mind wholly different from the train of ideas the dream consists of, nay, destructive of that train—namely, the effect of rousing it from the state of sleep, and restoring its dominion over the body. Nay, there may be said to be a third operation of the mind going on at the same time with these two—a looking forward to the *denouement* of the plot—for the fancy is all along so contriving as to fit that, by terminating in some event, some result consistent with the impression made on the senses, and which has given rise to the whole train of ideas.

“ There seems every reason to conclude, from these facts, that we only dream during the instant of transition into and out of sleep. That instant is quite enough to account for the whole of what appears a night’s dream. It is quite certain we remember no more than ought, according to these experiments, to fill an instant of time; and there can be no reason why we should only recollect this one portion, if we had dreamt much more. The fact that we never dream so much as when our rest is frequently broken proves the same proposition almost to demonstration. An uneasy and restless night passed in bed is always a night studded full with dreams. So, too, a night passed on the road in travelling, by such as sleep well in a carriage, is a night of constant dreams. Every jolt that awakens or half-awakens us seems to be the cause of a dream. If it be said that we always or generally dream when asleep, but only recollect a portion of our dream, then the question arises, why we recollect a dream each time we fall asleep, or are awakened, and no more? If we can recal twenty dreams in a night of interrupted sleep, how is it that we can only recal one or two when our sleep is continued? The length of time occupied by the dream we recollect is the only reason that can be given for our forgetting the rest; but this reason fails if, each time we are roused, we remember separate dreams.

“ Nothing can be conceived better calculated than these facts to demonstrate the extreme agility of the mental powers, their total diversity from any material substances or actions; nothing better adapted to satisfy us that the nature of the mind is consistent with its existence apart from the body.”—pp. 115—118.

We cannot touch on the moral arguments, or evidence of the Deity’s designs drawn from his attributes in connexion with the condition of the species, which together with those drawn from the nature of mind are as truly parts of legitimate inductive science as any branch of moral philosophy. The sixth and seventh sections of the Discourse we must also leave to the careful study of all who wish to have a feast of earnest and convincing reasoning on abstruse points; the one treating of the doctrines of Lord Bacon respecting final causes—the other examining the true nature of inductive analysis and synthesis.

We come now to the second part of this volume, which treats of the advantages of the study; and though by much the shortest por-

tion of the author is to the general reader, the most instructive. Here the first section goes to show that the precise kind of pleasure derived from the investigation of scientific truths is believed from this study. After taking notice of the fact that there is a positive pleasure in the investigation and contemplation of scientific truth, independent of any regard to practical ends, but that the susceptibility of this, practical application increases the pleasure, the author goes on, in the following delightful strain of reasoning and sentiment.

The branch of science which we are here particularly considering differs in no respect from the other parts of philosophy in the kind of gratification which it affords to those who cultivate it. Natural Theology, like the other sciences, whether physical or mental, bestows upon the student the pleasures of contemplation of generalization; and it bestows this pleasure in an eminent degree. To trace design in the productions and in the operations of nature, or in those of the human understanding, is, in the strictest sense of the word, generalization, and consequently produces the same pleasure with the generalization of physical and of psychological science. Every part of the foregoing reasoning, therefore, applies clearly and rigorously to the study of Natural Theology. Thus, it is pleasing to find that the properties of two curves so exceedingly unlike as the ellipse and the hyperbola closely resemble each other, or that appearances so dissimilar as the motion of the moon and the fall of an apple from the tree are different forms of the same fact; it affords a pleasure of the same kind to discover that the light of the giant-worm and the song of the nightingale are both provisions of nature for the same end of attracting the animal's mate and continuing its kind; that the peculiar law of attraction pervading all matter, the magnitude of the heavenly bodies, the place they move in, and the directions of their courses, are all so contrived as to make their mutual actions, and the countless disturbances thence arising, all secure a perpetual stability to the system which no other arrangement could attain. It is a highly pleasing contemplation of the self-same kind with those of the other sciences to perceive every where design and adaptation; to discover uses even in things apparently the most accidental; to trace this so constantly, that where peradventure we cannot find the purpose of nature, we never for a moment suppose there was none, but only that we have hitherto failed in finding it out; and to arrive at the intimate persuasion that all seeming disorder is harmony, all chance, design, and that nothing is made in vain, nay, things which in our ignorance we had overlooked as unimportant, or even complained of as evil, fill us afterwards with contentment and delight, when we find that they are subservient to the most important and beneficial uses. Thus inflammation and the generation of matter in a wound we find to be the effort which Nature makes to produce new flesh, and to effect the cure; the opposite hinges of the valves in the veins and arteries are the means of enabling the blood to circulate; and so of innumerable other arrangements of the animal economy. So, too, there is the highest gratification derived from observing that there is a perfect unity, or, as it has been called, a personality, in the kind of the contrivances in which the universe abounds; and truly this peculiarity of character, or of manner, as other writers have termed it, affords the same species of pleasure which we

derive from contemplating general resemblances in the other sciences."—pp. 182—184.

Had we ~~no~~ other proof of the pleasure derived from the investigation of scientific truths, than what is to be found in the above extract, wherein the riches and sustained elevation of one human mind are so finely displayed, we should be converts to the truth. One cannot but become a partaker in some degree in the ardour and joy with which the author must have treasured up such a wealth of illustrations, and cultivated such habits of reflection. But let us follow him in what he has to say of the pleasures peculiar to Natural Theology. There is first the nature of the truths with which the study is conversant, viz. the evidences of design, contrivance, power, wisdom, and goodness. Secondly, the universal recurrence of the facts on which Natural Theology rests, is mentioned as increasing the interest of this source. But there are other peculiar pleasures.

"*Thirdly* and chiefly. Natural Theology stands far above all other sciences from the sublime and elevating nature of its objects. It tells of the creation of all things—of the mighty power that fashioned and that sustains the universe—of the exquisite skill that contrived the wings, and beak, and feet of insects invisible to the naked eye—and that lighted the lamp of day, and launched into space comets a thousand times larger than the earth, whirling a million of times swifter than a cannon ball, and burning with a heat which a thousand centuries could not quench. It exceeds the bounds of material existence, and raises us from the creation to the Author of Nature. Its office is, not only to mark what things are, but for what purpose they were made by the infinite wisdom of an all-powerful being, with whose existence and attributes its high prerogative is to bring us acquainted. If we prize, and justly, the delightful contemplations of the other sciences; if we hold it a marvellous gratification to have ascertained exactly the swiftness of the remotest planets—the number of grains that a piece of lead would weigh at their surfaces—and the degree in which each has become flattened in shape by revolving on its axis; it is surely a yet more noble employment of our faculties, and a still higher privilege of our nature, humbly, but confidently, to ascend from the universe to its Great First Cause, and investigate the unity, the personality, the intention, as well as the matchless skill and mighty power of him who made and sustains and moves those prodigious bodies, and all that inhabit them.

"Now, all the gratification of which we have been treating is purely scientific, and wholly independent of any views of practical benefit resulting from the science of Natural Theology. The pleasure in question is merely that double gratification which every science bestows—namely, the contemplation of truth, in tracing resemblances and differences, and the perception of the evidence by which that truth is established. Natural Theology gives this double pleasure, like all other branches of science—like the mathematics—like physics—and would give it if we were beings of an order different from man, and whose destinies never could be affected by the truth or the falsehood of the doctrines in question. Nay, we may put a still stronger case, one analogous to the instance given

about the pleasure derived from contemplating some fine invention of a surgical instrument. Persons of such lives as should make it extremely desirable to them that there was no God, and no Future State, might very well, as philosophers, derive gratification from contemplating the truths of Natural Theology, and from following the chain of evidence by which these are established, and might, in such sublime meditation, find some solace to the pain which reflection upon the past, and fears of the future are calculated to inflict upon them.

“But it is equally certain that the science derives an interest incomparably greater than the consideration that we ourselves, who cultivate it, are most of all concerned in its truth—that our own highest destinies are involved in the results of the investigation. This, indeed, makes it, beyond all doubt, the most interesting of the sciences, and sheds on the other branches of philosophy an interest beyond that which otherwise belongs to them, rendering them more attractive in proportion as they connect themselves with this grand branch of human knowledge, and are capable of being made subservient to its uses. See only in what contemplations the wisest of men end their most sublime inquiries! Mark where it is that a Newton finally reposes after piercing the thickest veil that envelopes nature—grasping and arresting in their course the most subtle of her elements and the swiftest—traversing the regions of boundless space—exploring worlds beyond the solar way—giving out the law which binds the universe in eternal order! He rests, as by an inevitable necessity, upon the contemplation of the great First Cause, and holds it his highest glory to have made the evidence of his existence, and the dispensations of his power and of his wisdom, better understood by men.”—pp. 192—194.

The last section of the work treats of the connexion between Natural and Revealed Religion; and although the persuasion was strong upon us from the commencement of the discourse, that Lord Brougham, from his name, his status, and talents, was therein adding great strength to a precious cause, we have in this last portion of the work found the conviction complete, and we rejoice in the contemplation, that many who have thought it manful and philosophical, to neglect or scoff at the subjects he has discussed, and the opinions advocated, will now at least feel it dangerous to their reputation as men of mind, to volunteer a crude and sceptical doctrine in the presence of those they may have esteemed simple or fanatical. A number of ways are shewn in which Natural Theology is accounted serviceable to the believer in Revelation; but we shall only quote the last named, which consists in the keeping alive the feelings of piety and devotion.

“It may be observed, then, that even the inspired penmen have constant recourse to the views which are derived from the contemplation of nature when they would exalt the Deity by a description of his attributes, or inculcate sentiments of devotion towards him. ‘How excellent,’ says the Psalmist, ‘is thy name in all the earth; thou hast set thy glory above the heavens. . . . I will consider the heavens, even the work of thy fingers; the moon, and the stars which thou hast ordained.’ See also that singularly

beautiful poem the 139th Psalm; and the Book of Job, from the 28th to the 41st chapter.

"It is remarkable how little is to be found of particularity and precision in any thing that has been revealed to us respecting the nature of the Godhead. For the wisest purposes it has pleased Providence to veil its awful mystery almost all the attributes of the Ancient of Days beyond what natural reason teaches. By direct interposition, through miraculous agency, we become acquainted with his will, and are made more certain of his existence; but his peculiar attributes are nearly the same in the volume of nature and in that of his revealed word."—pp. 212, 213.

The notes, which are copiously appended to the Discourse, are not less valuable than the text, and not less severe in several parts upon modern sceptics. For example, in reference to Cuvier and Buckland's speculations in Osteology, the author says, that "far from impugning the testimony to the great fact of a deluge, borne by the Mosaic writings, they rather fortify it, and bring additional proofs of the fallacy which, for some time, had led philosophers to ascribe a very high antiquity to the world we live in." Hume's atheistic doctrines are also closely pursued and strongly impugned, while the French "*Système de la Nature*," notwithstanding his lordship's known predilections in favour of France, is exposed in a manner becoming the champion of sacred truth, and to whom that cause is far dearer than either the works of genius or the ties of friendship among men. Take the opening of the grave and becoming criticism which the system of Materialism referred to, receives.

"It is impossible to deny the merits of the *Système de la Nature*. The work of a great writer it unquestionably is; but its merit lies in the extraordinary eloquence of the composition, and the skill with which words substituted for ideas, and assumptions for proofs, are made to pass current, not only for arguments against existing beliefs, but for a new system planted in their stead. As a piece of reasoning, it never rises above a set of plausible sophisms—plausible only as long as the ear of the reader being filled with sounds, his attention is directed away from the sense. The chief resource of the writer is to take for granted the thing to be proved, and then to refer back to his assumption as a step in the demonstration, while he builds various conclusions upon it, as if it were complete. Then he challenges against a doctrine seen from one point of view only, and erects upon this for our assent, which, besides being liable to the very same objections, has also no foundation whatever to rest upon. The grand secret, indeed, of the author goes even further in petitiōe principii than this: for we oftentimes find, that in the very substitute which he has provided for the notions of belief he would destroy, there lurks the very idea which he is combating, and that his idol is our own faith in a new form, but masked under different words and phrases.

"The truth of these statements we are now to examine; but first, it may be fitting to state, why so much attention is bestowed upon this work. The reason is, that its bold character has imposed on multitudes of readers, seducing some by its tone of confidence, but intimidating others by its extreme audacity. It is the only work, of any consideration, wherein atheism is openly avowed and preached—avowed, indeed, and preached in



terms. (See, particularly, part ii, chap. ii). The effect of its hardihood was certainly anticipated by its author; for the supposed editor, in his advertisement, describes it, somewhat complacently, if not boastingly, as 'l'ouvrage le plus hardi et le plus extraordinaire que l'esprit humain ait pu produire jusqu'à présent.' pp. 233, 234.

*The History of the Assassins, derived from Oriental Sources; translated from the German of Joseph Von Hammer. By Oswald Charles Wood, M.D. London: Smith & Elder. 1835.*

The author of this history has a European reputation, and is well known as one of the most eminent Oriental scholars of the present day. The work before us has already enlarged his fame in his own country, and will now to the English reader become familiar; for not only is the subject which he has elucidated one of the most wonderful and affecting to be met in the whole compass of authentic history, and one which till now has been but imperfectly understood even by laborious enquirers, but it is here made known in consecutive order, and under a satisfactory representation. It has been generally believed, that what has been found in the writings of the Crusaders, of Marco Polo, and others, regarding the Assassins, was little better than a groundless legend; and an Oriental fiction. Even Gibbon, who, according to his own avowal, let no opportunity escape him of painting scenes of blood, has treated but superficially of the order. Our author has now, however, amply supplied the deficiency, with unsurpassed industry and learning, drawing from a great variety of sources the scattered notices of the singular sect described, and weaving the whole into a connected history, not only clear in itself, but throwing much light upon the eastern world during several centuries, that were among the richest in historical records. In these records, says our author, nowhere is there to be discovered a perfect work, but only rich materials for the construction of an edifice. And the edifice which he has erected has been chosen in the first place, to present a lively picture of the pernicious influence of secret societies in weak governments, and of the dreadful prostitution of religion to the horrors of unbridled ambition; and secondly, to give a view of the important, rare, and unused historical treasures which are contained in the rich magazine of Oriental literature.

The barbarous horde, known by the name *Assassins* (the origin of which word we shall afterwards clearly perceive), established its dominion in Syria and Persia—as our author calls it, an *imperium in imperio*, which, by blind subjection, shook despotism to its foundation. It was that union of impostors and dupes which, under the mask of a more austere creed and severer morals, undermined all religion and morality; that order of murderers, heretics whose daggers the lords of nations fell all-powerful, because, for

the space of three centuries, they were universally dreaded, until the den of ruffians fell with the Khalifat, to whom, as the centre of spiritual and temporal power, it had at the outset sworn destruction, and by whose ruins it was itself overwhelmed." It is this order of conspirators against all that was moral and religious, whose history is indeed unparalleled, and compared to whose system all earlier and later secret wicked combinations are crude and unsuccessful imitations, that forms the subject of the present work.

It is a singular circumstance which has been remarked in the history of the Mohammedans, that their empire which, in a small number of years, subjected the whole of Arabia, Syria, Egypt, Persia, and several other vast regions of Asia and Africa, was from the very first, torn by intestine divisions, which threatened to arrest its progress, and annihilate its vigour. The death of Mohammed was itself the signal of discord amongst those who embraced his doctrine. Several persons were preferred to Ali, Mohammed's cousin, and husband of his daughter Fatima. He and his two sons were murdered, and from that day the disciples of the prophet were divided into two great factions, and afterwards split in many subdivisions; the dignity of *imam*, which comprises the idea of all temporal and spiritual power, was the watchword of great hostility. They did not all recognize the same person as *imam*. One of the factions among the followers of Ali was that called after Ismael, a prince of the same blood; and their peculiar doctrines were propagated by missionaries. One of these, named Hassan-Beh Sabah, that is, one of the descendants of Sabah, son of Ali, signalled himself by his zeal in behalf of the sect of the Ismailites. After a number of adventures, he at length established himself in the fortress of Alamut, situated in ancient Parthia, a short distance from Kaswin. This took place in the year 483 after the flight of Mohammed, and the year 1090 after the birth of our Saviour. By force and a variety of stratagems he subjected several places in the immediate neighbourhood, and erected himself an independent sovereign, pretending, however, only to exercise authority in the name of *imam* (a name nearly coequal with that of Deity), whose minister he declared himself to be. The position of Alamut, being in a mountainous region, obtained for its prince the title of *Old Man of the Mountain*. The Ismailites soon found means also to possess themselves of several strong places in Syria, Masyat becoming their chief seat in that country. And, says our author, the members of the French National Convention who sat with Robespierre on the side of the mountain, would have been satellites worthy of the Old Man of the Mountain.

The fundamental doctrine of the order instituted by Hassan, was that Nothing is true, and all is allowed; which, however, was imparted but to a few, and concealed under the veil of the most austere religionism and piety. Study and experience had taught him that, while an atheistical and immoral system might accom-

scarcely the ruin of states, it could not establish the reign of tyrannies, and that, therefore, "lawlessness" may be the canon of the ruler, but ought never to be the code of the subject; that the many are only held together by the few by the bridle of the law; and that morality and religion are the best sureties of the obedience of nations, and the security of princes; but the want of treasure and troops was to be compensated in unusual ways. At first the order consisted only of Masters and Fellows; but a third class became necessary, who, never being admitted to the mystery of atheism and immorality, were but blind tools in the hands of the superiors: these were called the self-devoted, the name signifying the nature of their office, though afterwards, in Syria, they obtained that of the Assassins.

"Being clothed in white, like the followers of Mokannaa, three hundred years before, in Transoxana, and, still earlier, the Christian Neophytes, and, in our own days, the pages of the sultan, they were termed Mobeyese, the white, or likewise, Mohammere, the red, because they wore, with their white costume, red turbans, boots, or girdles, as in our own day do the warriors of the prince of Lebanon, and at Constantinople the Janissaries and Bostangis as body guard of the seraglio. Habited in the hues of innocence and blood, and of pure devotion and murder, armed with daggers (*cultelliferi*) which were constantly snatched forth at the service of the grand-master, they formed his guard, the executioners of his deadly orders, the sanguinary tools of the ambition and revenge of this order of Assassins.

"The grand master was called Sidna (Sidney) our lord, and commonly Sheikh al Jebal, the Sheikh, the old man or supreme master of the mountain; because the order always possessed themselves of the castles in the mountainous regions, both in Irak, Kuhistan, and Syria, and the ancient of the mountains resided in the mountain fort of Alamut, robed in white, like the Ancient of days in Daniel. He was neither king nor prince in the usual sense of the word, and never assumed the title either of Sultan, Melek, or Emir, but merely that of Sheikh, which to this day the heads of the Arab tribes and the superiors of the religious order of the ~~sufis~~ and ~~derwishes~~ ~~have~~. His authority could be no kingdom or principality, but that of a brotherhood or order; European historians, therefore, fall into a great mistake in confounding the empire of the Assassins with hereditary dynasties, as in the form of its institution it was only an order like that of the knights of St. John, the Teutonic knights, or the Templars—the latter of these, besides the grand-master and grand-priors, and religious nuncios, had also some resemblance to the Assassins in their spirit of political interference and secret doctrine. Dressed in white, with the distinctive mark of the red cross on their mantles, as were the Assassins with red girdles and caps, the Templars had also secret tenets, which denied and abjured the sanctity of the cross, as the others did the commandments of Islamism. The fundamental maxim of the policy of both was to obtain possession of the castles and strong places of the adjacent country, and then, without pecuniary or military means, to maintain an imperious empire, to keep the nations in subjection as dangerous rivals to princes."

It was not long ere Hassan found the moment had arrived for

him to put his long-studied plan into execution. Princes and nobles fell under the poison or dagger of the devoted; and though selecting his victims from all classes, those who were of the highest rank were the first victims. The Society had adherents and servants far and near, who would act the hypocrite, for years, for a single opportunity of perpetrating the mandates of the Master. They courted death in the fulfilment of his commands, believing that thereby they secured eternal felicity; and even the Society of Murderers increased daily, in power and authority. Hassan, who reigned long, delighted so much in the spilling of blood, that, without any adequate proof or offence, he caused his two sons to be murdered, one of them only for having drank wine, thus snapping, as remarks our author, all ties of relationship or friendship, to bind the more closely those of impiety and slaughter; for in the murder of his two sons, he probably wished to teach a strong lesson of discipline. Yet this wholesale and grand murderer lived to an old age, and died a natural death, which, in such a community and school as he had established, the indignant reader almost regrets.

“He expired, not on the bed of torture, which his crimes merited, but in his own: not under the poniard, which he had drawn against the hearts of the best and greatest of his contemporaries, but by the natural effect of age; after a blood-stained reign of thirty-five years, during which he not only never quitted the castle of Alamut, but had never removed more than twice, during this long period, from his chamber to the terrace. Immoveable in one spot, and persisting in one plan, he meditated the revolutions of empires by carnage and rebellion; or wrote rules for his order, and the catechism of the secret doctrine of libertinism and impiety. Fixed in the centre of his power, he extended its circumference to the extreme confines of Khorassan and Syria; with the pen in his hand, he guided the daggers of his Assassins. He was himself, in the hand of Providence, like war and pestilence—a dreadful scourge for the chastisement of feeble sovereigns and corrupted nations.”—p. 73.

The second Grand Master trod precisely in the same steps with the founder of the order; and a long series of celebrated men fell by the poniards of the devoted during this reign, several of whom our author names and describes. After a blood-stained reign of fourteen years, this second ruler feeling his end approaching, named his son, Mohammed, his successor, thus departing from the founder's maxim, in making the office of Grand Master hereditary in his own family, which continued down to the fall of the Order. Mohammed faltered not in the established career, beginning his reign with regicide; so that “proofs so cutting as the assassins' daggers raised their claims beyond the reach of doubts, and imposed the silence of the grave on their opponents.” The competitions of impiety spread themselves in troops over the whole of Asia. It is proper here to call the reader's attention once more to some of the leading doctrines or principles, as fixed by the founder of the So-

ciety, in order to perceive the precise nature of the innovation afterwards to be explained.

While the order was thus aggrandizing itself, and striking its foes with terror, by the acquisition of strong places and the use of the dagger, the fundamental maxim, which separated so completely the secret doctrine of the initiated from the public tenets of the people, was observed to the letter; and the fulfilment of the injunctions of Mahomedanism was the more strictly exacted, the more indifferent the superiors considered faith and morals to be to themselves. The people saw only the effect of their terrible power, without perceiving the moving force, or its instruments. They saw, in the numerous victims of the poniard, only the enemies of the order and religion, which the vengeance of heaven had visited by the arm of a secret tribunal. The grand-master, his priors and envoys, did not preach sovereignty in own name, or in that of their order, but of the invisible imam, of whom they called themselves the apostles, and who was to appear, at some future period, to assert his right to the dominion of the earth with a conqueror's power. Their doctrine was enveloped in a veil of the profoundest mystery, and ostensibly its maintainers appeared only as strict observers of the rites of Islamism. A proof of this is afforded by the answer given to the envoy of Sultan Sandjar, who had been sent from Rei to collect official information concerning the Ismailitic doctrines. He was told by the superiors, 'Our doctrine is as follows: we believe in the unity of God; and consider that only as true wisdom, which accords with His word, and the commands of the prophet; we observe those, as they are given in the holy book of the Koran; we believe in all that the prophet has taught concerning the creation and the last day, rewards and punishments, the judgment, and the resurrection. To believe this is necessary, and no one is permitted to pass his judgments on God's commands, or even to alter a letter of them. These are the fundamental rules of our sect; and if the Sultan approves them not, he may send one of his theologians to enter into polemical discussions on the subject,'—vol. i, pp. 89, 90.

Mohammed, being devoid of such capacity as can command respect or admiration, had a son Hassan, who was regarded as a man of great attainments, and initiated in all the secrets of the mysterious doctrine taught by Hassan I. This aspiring prince succeeded by his dissimulation to gain the character of being the imam, that undefined power whom his predecessors had only served. In his very practice of drinking wine in secret, and doing that which was forbidden, his adherents saw indications of his sacred character, and indications of his mission as the promised imam, whose advent was to abrogate all prohibitions. Accordingly, and inconsiderately, his wisdom not keeping pace with his knowledge, he on a sudden lifted the veil, and published to the profane the mysteries hitherto the inheritance of the initiated, which hastened the destruction of the order. The secret of the few thus became the property of the many, and the leaders and their dupes changed places, rousing the world to vengeance. On a certain day he caused a pulpit to be raised at the foot of the castle at Alamut, from which he preached the irreprehensibility of crime.



On the seventeenth of Ramadan, the people were assembled on this place: Hassan ascended the pulpit, and commenced by involving his hearers in error and confusion, by dark and puzzling expressions. He made them believe that an envoy of the imam (the phantom of a khalif, still tottering on the Egyptian throne) had come to him, and brought an epistle addressed to all Ismailites, by which the fundamental maxims of the sect were renovated and fortified. He declared that, according to this letter, the gates of mercy and grace were open to all who would follow and obey him; that those were the peculiarly elect, that they should be freed from all obligations of the law; released from the burthen of all commands and prohibitions; that he had brought them now to the day of the resurrection (i. e. the manifestation of the imam). Upon this, he began to recite, in Arabic, the khutbe, or prayer, which he pretended to have just received from the imam. An interpreter, standing at the foot of the pulpit, translated to the audience in the following words:—Hassan, the son of Mohammed, the son of Buzurgomid, is our khalif, dai, and hudshet (our successor, missionary, and proof), to whom all who profess our doctrine are to yield obedience in spiritual, as well as temporal affairs; executing his commands, and considering his words as inspired, and must not transgress his prohibitions, but observe his behests as our own. Know, all, that our Lord has mercy on them, and has led them to the most high God. He then descended from the pulpit, caused tables to be covered, and commanded the people to break the fast, and to give themselves up to all kinds of pleasure, to music, and play, as on feast days; for to-day, said he, is the day of the resurrection, (i. e. the revelation of the imam). —pp. 108, 109.

By various impostures he backed his pretensions to the character of being imam, and asserted without reserve that he possessed all power to loosen the band of the law. This was the standard erected of the freest infidelity and most unblushing libertinism ever heard of. He died, however, a martyr to his new doctrine, and, says our author, “in this murder the historian views not so much the visitation of celestial wrath on so many crimes, as the natural punishment of insulted prudence, which, in the ordinary course of human affairs, is sooner or later avenged equally with the greatest viciousness.” He deservedly sealed with his own blood the universally accorded liberty of murder. His son and successor Mohammed II. preached even more loudly the doctrine of impiety, and pursued a similar path. It was during his reign that the murder of Conrad, Lord of Tyre, was perpetrated; Richard, King of England, being accused by the author upon various authorities, as having been the accomplice of this enormity, by means of the daggers of the assassins.

It is with a reluctant pen that we indicate the circumstances and motives of this crime, which attaches to the splendid reputation of one of the first heroes of the Crusaders, a stain, which neither his military glory, nor forged documents, can obliterate from the sight of an impartial writer. The pretended letter of the Old Man of the Mountain, composed by Richard's partisans, to acquit him of the guilt of this murder, stands rather as a proof against him, since it has been proved to be a manifest invention.

and forgery. This letter commences with an oath in the name of the law, and ends by being dated according to the era of the Seleucidae, both entirely strange and unknown to the Ismailites; for, at this time, they publicly trampled on the law, and had substituted, for the chronology of the Hegira (which besides is the only one used in the countries of Islamism), that from the accession of Hassan II.; making it the epoch of the abrogation of the law. The writer's making the Old Man of the Mountain date from Massiat, proves, in fact, nothing, either for or against Richard; but it rather heightens the probability of the opinion we have advanced, that the Crusaders were not aware of the existence of the distant grand-master at Alamut, but considered the grand-prior of Massiat, as the Old Man of the Mountain to a certainty. According to the purport of this apocryphal work of partiality for the hero, this so much celebrated murder was only an instance of the order's revenge; the marquess having pillaged, and put to death, a brother, who was shipwrecked at Tyre; and instead of giving the order's envoy the required satisfaction, threatening to throw him into the sea. From that time, the death of the marquess was determined on; and executed, at Tyre, by two brothers, in the presence of the whole people."—pp. 130, 131.

The best justification, we agree with the translator in thinking, that can be offered of Richard Cœur de Lion, must be derived from the generosity of his character. In proof of the infatuated spirit of submission shown by the assassins to their superiors, the following particulars collected by our author afford a dreadful example. The Count of Champagne passing, on his journey to Armenia, near the territory of these professional murderers, was invited by the grand prior of the order to visit his fortress.

"The count accepted the invitation, and came; the grand-prior hastened to meet him, and received him with great honours. He took him to several castles and fortresses, and brought him at last to one having very lofty turrets. On each look-out stood two guards, dressed in white, consequently initiated in the secret doctrines. The grand-prior told the count that these men obeyed him better than the Christians did their princes; and giving a signal, two of them instantly threw themselves from the top of the tower, and were dashed to pieces at its foot. 'If you desire it,' said the grand-prior to the astonished count, 'all my whites shall throw themselves down from the battlements in the same way.' The latter declined, and confessed, that he could not calculate upon such obedience in his servants.

"After staying some time at the castle, he was, at his departure, loaded with presents; and the grand-prior told him, on taking leave, that by means of these faithful servants, he removed the enemies of the order. By this horrible example of blind submission, the prior showed that he stood exactly in the footsteps of the founder of the order, who had given the ambassador of Melekshah a similar proof of the devotion of his faithful followers. Jehaladdin Melekshah, Sultan of the Seljuks, having sent an ambassador to him, to require his obedience and fealty, the son of Sabah called into his presence several of his initiated. Beckoning to one of them, he said, 'Kill thyself!' and he instantly stabbed himself to another, 'Throw thyself down from the rampart!' and the next instant he lay a mutilated corpse in the moat. On this, the grand-master turning to

the envoy, who was unmoved by terror, said, "In this way am I obeyed by seventy thousand faithful subjects. Be that my answer to thy master!" —p. 135.

We are now prepared to learn more fully the nature of the novelties and discipline of the catechumens of murder, as also of the origin of their name.

"In the centre of Persia, as well as of the Assyrian territory of the Assassins, that is to say, both at Almut and Massiat, were situated in a space surrounded by walls, splendid gardens—true eastern paradises. There were flower-beds, and thickets of fruit trees, intersected by canals; shady walks, and verdant glades, where the sparkling stream bubbled at every step; bowers of roses, and vineyards; luxurious halls, and porcelain kiosks, adorned with Persian carpets and Grecian stuffs; where drinking vessels of gold, silver, and crystal, glittered on trays of the same costly materials; charming maidens and handsome boys, black-eyed and seductive as the houris and boys of Mohammed's paradise, soft as the cushions on which they reposed, and intoxicating as the wine which they presented. The music of the harp was mingled with the songs of the birds, and the melodious tones of the songstress harmonized with the murmur of the brooks. Every thing breathed pleasure, rapture, and sensuality.

"A youth, who was deemed worthy, by his strength and resolution, to be initiated into the Assassin service, was invited to the table and conversation of the grand-master, or grand-prior: he was then intoxicated with henbane (*hashishe*), and carried into the garden, which, on awakening, he believed to be paradise: every thing around him, the houris in particular, contributed to confirm his delusion. After he had experienced as much of the pleasures of Paradise, which the prophet has promised to the blessed, as his strength would admit, after quaffing enervating delight from the eyes of the houris, and intoxicating wine from the glittering goblets, he sunk into the lethargy produced by debility and the opiate, on awakening from which, after a few hours, he again found himself by the side of his superior. The latter endeavoured to convince him, that corporeally he had not left his side, but that spiritually he had been wrapped into Paradise, and had then enjoyed a foretaste of the bliss which awaits the faithful, who devote their lives to the service of the faith, and the obedience of their chiefs. Thus did these infatuated youths blindly dedicate themselves as the tools of murder, and eagerly sought an opportunity to sacrifice their terrestrial, in order to become the partakers of eternal life. What Mohammed had promised in the Koran to the Moslimin, but which to many might appear a fine dream and empty promises; they had enjoyed in reality; and the joys of heaven animated them to deeds worthy of hell. This imposture could not remain undiscovered; and the fourth grand-master, after unveiling all the mysteries of impiety to the people, probably revealed also to them the joys of Paradise, which could, besides, have but little charms for them, to whom already every thing was permitted on earth. That which hitherto had served as a means to produce pleasure, became now itself an object; and the effects of the intoxication of opium, were the earnest of celestial delight, which they wanted strength to enjoy.

"To this day, Constantinople and Cairo shew what an incredible charm

opium with henbane exerts on the drowsy indolence of the Turk, and the fiery imagination of the Arab; and explains the fury with which these youths sought the enjoyment of these rich pastiles (*hashishe*), and the confidence produced in them, that they are able to undertake anything or everything. From the use of these pastiles, they were called *Hashishis* (herb-eaters), which, in the mouths of Greeks and Crusaders, has been transformed into the word Assassin; and, as synonymous with murder, has immortalized the history of the order in all the languages of Europe." —p. 138.

This seems to be the indubitable origin of the term assassin, although different derivations have been offered. The translator of the present work, however, upon eminent authority, is led to believe that the intoxicating article ought not to be called henbane, but a preparation from hemp.

Mohammed III. is said to have reigned for forty-six years, and to have died from the effects of poison. His son Jelaleddin Hassan III. stood forward as the restorer of Islamism, but the purity of his motives are questioned. At any rate, his twelve years' reign was too short to efface from the minds of the people the traces of a system which had lasted fifty years. Poison accelerated the termination of the interval in butchery, and Allaeddin Mohammed III., a boy of nine years of age, succeeded to power, when the dagger again raged unceasingly; for according to the doctrine of the Ismailites, the *iman*, even though a youth, is always considered as having attained his majority, "and the efficiency of his commands is neither enfeebled by the age of childhood, nor the childishness of age." Assassination at the instigation of a son at length delivered the world of this last but one of the Grand masters of the order. The recurrence and retributive nature of murder in that race of rulers may be studied with the author's help, strikingly afforded in the three following short paragraphs.

"Thus Alaeddin, whose father had been poisoned by his nearest relation, was murdered by an Assassin employed by his son; and the horror of parricide revenged parricide. Thus we come back upon the remark so frequently repeated by oriental historians, and noticed by us in the commencement of this book, that parricide begets parricide; as though heaven would proclaim the atrocity of the crime, by the horror of the punishment; as if an unnatural son were the only fitting executioner of an unnatural son, and the terrible alone could revenge the terrible.

"If a double parricide stain the annals of other dynasties, nature and terror stop with the second, lest, by a long enchainment of horrors, and a series of parricides, our belief in humanity, and in the most sacred feelings, should expire. The history of the Assassins alone, in heaping atrocity on atrocity, surpasses hell itself; we see four murders in succession, by near relations, criminally and horribly avenged by near relations. From Hassan, the Illuminator, to the fall of the order, the blood of the grand-masters dropped, from step to step, down to the last: two of them died by the hands of their sons; two by those of their nearest relatives; poison and the dagger prepared the grave which the order had opened for so many.

"Hassan fell by the dagger of his brother-in-law, and his wicked son Mohammed: the latter, aiming at the life of his son, Jeleladdin, was anticipated by him with poison; which murder was again revenged by poison, by his nearest relative. Alaeddin, son of Jeleladdin, had the mixer of the poison put to death, and was himself murdered, by his own son's command. The place of the ruby goblet of Jemshid, and the sparkling sword of Rustam; the royal insignia of the ancient Persian kings, was supplied by the Assassins, with the envenomed cup and polished dagger. The grand-masters directed it to the hearts of their enemies, without being able to turn it from their own. Their guards, the devoted to death, were common murderers. Hell reserved for the grand-masters themselves the privilege of parricide."—pp. 163, 164.

Under Mangu Khan, the third successor of Jengis Khan, the last Grand Master of the Assassins was swept from his eminence, and destroyed along with the Khalif of Bagdad, and other dynasties, when the celebrated library and archives of the order were burned; though the learned vizier and historian who caused this destruction, preserved the results of the information which he thence derived. The fanatical zeal that has frequently committed to the flames the most extensive and curious collections of books, has been exhibited by Christians as well as by the followers of Mohammed; we need therefore the less wonder that such impious productions as those of the Masters of the Assassins should be burned to ashes.

The conquest of Bagdad is incidentally and shortly described in these pages, as an event closely connected with the fall of the Assassins. For the author's picturesque and flowery style it affords a fine field; we therefore present some parts of the narrative, the first extract giving a representation of the "House of the Tree," one of the most magnificent palaces in Bagdad, or any other spectacle ever fabricated by the hand of men. The Arabian Nights Entertainments can hardly suggest a more transporting assemblage of wonders, riches, and stately pomp.

"In the middle of the vestibule, near two large basins of water, stood two trees of gold and silver, each having eighteen branches, and a great number of smaller boughs. One of these bore fruit and birds, whose variegated plumage was imitated with different precious stones, and which gave forth melodious sounds, by means of the motion of the branches, produced by a mechanical contrivance. On the other tree were fifteen figures of cavaliers, dressed in pearls and gold, with drawn swords, which, on a signal being given, moved in concert. In this palace, the Khalif Moktader gave audience to the ambassadors of the Greek emperor Theophilus, and astonished them with the numbers of his army, and the splendour of his court. A hundred and sixty thousand men stood in their ranks before the palace; the pages glittered in golden girdles; seven thousand eunuchs, three thousand of whom were white, the rest black, surrounded the entrance; and, immediately at the gate were seven hundred chamberlains. On the Tigris floated gilded barks and gondolas, decorated with silken flags and streamers. The walls of the palace were hung with thirty-eight thousand carpets, twelve thousand five hundred of which were of gold tissue; and



twenty-two thousand pieces of rich stuff covered the floor. A hundred lions, held by their keepers with golden chains, roared in concert with the sound of fifes and drums, the clang of the trumpets, and the thundering of the tamtam.

The entrance to the audience chamber was concealed by a black curtain; and no one could pass the threshold without kissing the black stone of which it was formed, like the pilgrims at Mecca. Behind the black curtain, on a throne seven ells high, sat the khalif, habited in the black mantle (*borda*) of the prophet, girded with his sword, and holding his staff in his hand as a sceptre. Ambassadors, and even princes, who received investiture, kissed the ground in the front of the throne, and approached, conducted by the vizier and an interpreter, and were then honoured with a habit of ceremony (*khalat*), and presents. Ho To-gu-lung, the founder of the Seljuks, on receiving investiture from the Khalif Kaimbismarillah, was dressed in seven caftans, one over the other; and presented with seven slaves, from the several different states forming the khalifat. He received two turbans, two sabres, and two standards, as token of being invested with the sovereignty of the east and the west. — pp. 186—188.

Hulaku, brother to Mangu Khan, was the commander of the army that crushed the Khalif of Bagdad, as well as the Assassins. After the Khalif's surrender to the conqueror, the city is said to have been a prey to pillage and fire for many days. Gold and silver vessels fell in such quantities into the hands of the Monguls, that they sold them by weight, like brass and tin, together with all the treasures of Asiatic splendour and art, accumulated for centuries; so that the private soldier became richer than even the chiefs of the army, or the Khan himself had been before. Hulaku's treatment of Mostassem, the dethroned Khalif, was that of a barbarian.

After four days' pillage, he went on the 9th of the month Safir, in company with the khalif, to the palace of the latter; where he, as his guest, as he said, desired his host to give him all that he was able. This Mongol politeness struck the khalif with such terror, that his whole body trembled, and as he either had not the keys, or could not find them, he ordered the bolts and locks to be broken open. Two thousand costly garments, ten thousand ducats, and many jewels, were brought out; which the khan, without deigning them a glance, distributed among his suite, and then turned to the khalif, with the words: 'Thy public treasures belong to my servants; now produce thy concealed ones.' Mostassem pointed to a spot, on excavating which were found the two basins of treasure, so celebrated in the history of the khalifat, each filled with bars of gold, weighing each a hundred miscals. Nassir-ledinillah's wise economy had commenced filling these two vessels; Mostanssur's prodigality emptied them; and Mostassem's avarice again replenished them.

An anecdote is told, in the history of the last reigns of the Khalifs, that Mostanssur, when he paid his first visit to this treasure, prayed aloud: 'Lord, my God! grant me the favour to be enabled to empty both these vessels during my reign!' The treasurer smiled, and being asked his reason, he said: 'When thy grandfather visited this treasure, he besought heaven to reign only until he had filled these two basins;

while they desired precisely the reverse.' Mostasssem applied this gold in the foundation of useful institutions, which immortalize his name; particularly in the erection of the celebrated academy, which was named after him, Mostansariye, and also Omm-ol-Medaris, that is, the Mother of Academies. Mostasssem, on the other hand, hoarded gold from avarice; whereas, a politic application of his riches, in the pay of troops and tribute, might have saved his throne from ruin.

Hulaku's cruelty to Mostasssem, realized the Grecian fable of the wishes of King Midas. He commanded plates filled with gold to be placed before him, instead of food; and on the khalif's observing that gold was not food, the Mongol told him, by an interpreter: 'For that very reason that it is not food, wherefore hast thou not rather given it to thine army to defend thee, or distributed it amongst mine to satisfy me?' Too late, Mostasssem repented the consequences of his avarice, and after spending a sleepless night, tormented with the pangs of hunger and conscience, he prayed, in the morning, in the words of the Koran: 'O Lord, my God! possessor of all power; thou givest it to whom thou wilt, and takest from whom thou wilt; thou raisest up and pullest down whomsoever thou pleasest; in thy hands is all goodness, and thou art mighty over all things!'

"The khan now held a council of his ministers, to deliberate concerning the fate of the khalif; and it being their unanimous opinion, that prolonging his existence would only be preserving the bloody seeds of war and insurrection, and that only with his life could the dominion of the khalifat be terminated, his death was determined. But as Hulaku himself deemed it improper that the khalif should suffer as an ordinary criminal, and the blood of the prophet's successor be shed by the sword, Mostasssem was wrapped in a thick cloth, and beaten to death. So great was the religious veneration for the sacred person of the khaliff, and thus did eastern etiquette extend even to the execution of kings. From similar motives of reverence, the Ottoman sultans, when a revolt costs them their lives, are not strangled, but are put to death by compression of the genitals:—a singular and elaborate trait of executioner tenderness!"—pp. 196, 197.

But to return for an instant to the Assassins, whose overthrow prepared that of the khalifat—we learn from these pages that they maintained their slaves for several years in the mountains of Syria, and that remains of the Ismaelites still exist both in Persia and Syria, but merely as one of the many sects and heresies of Islamism, without any claims to power. The history of such a wonderful and hateful society being by our author thus particularly traced, very appropriately closes his reflections on the subject with certain instructive views; from these we select the following passage, which points out a remarkable similarity to another institution which has made much more noise in Europe.

"Unfortunately, as we have seen in the course of this history, several princes were themselves devoted to the secret doctrine of infidelity and immorality, and others were deficient in strength to restrain its progress with effect. Thus, through the blindness of princes and the weakness of governments—through the credulity of nations, and the criminal presumption of an ambitious adventurer, like Hassan Sabah, the monstrous

existence of secret societies an *imperium in imperio*, attained so frightful an extent and power, that the murderer seated himself openly upon the throne, and the unbounded dominion of the dagger in the hands of the Assassins was an object of terror to princes and rulers, and insulted mankind in a manner unexampled and unique in history. We have more than once, briefly pointed out the analogy which the constitution of the order of the Assassins presents with contemporary or modern orders; but, although so many points of similarity are found, which can neither be accidental nor yet spring from the same cause, but which, probably, through the medium of the Crusades, passed from the spirit of the east into that of the west, they are still insufficient to make a perfect companion to the order of the Assassins, which, thank Heaven, has hitherto been without parallel. The Templars, incontrovertibly, stand in the next rank to them; their secret maxims, particularly in so far as relates to the renunciation of positive religion, and the extension of their power by the acquisition of castles and strong places, seem to have been the same as those of the order of the Assassins. The accordance, likewise, of the white dress and red fillets of the Assassins, with the white mantle and red cross of the Templars, is certainly remarkably striking."—p. 816.

We have now only to add that the translator has evidently executed his work with a freedom and command which prove equally his knowledge of the German language, and the subject treated of: nor can there be a doubt that now for the first time, has an obscure part of eastern history been made clear and accessible to English readers.

Ann. XII.—*Voyage of the United States Frigate, Potomac, under the command of Commodore John Downes, during the Circumnavigation of the Globe, in the years 1831, 1832, 1833, 1834.* By J. N. REYNOLDS. New York. Harper. 1835.

We regret that this work has come into our hands at such a late period of the month, as to leave time only to give it a hasty and cursory review. The size of the volume, the extent of the subject treated of, and the ability exhibited by the writer, might well warrant a lengthened and very deliberate consideration. We have only to name the principal parts visited during the cruise of the Potomac, to show the variety and breadth of field for the writer's pen—viz. Rio de Janeiro; Cape of Good Hope; Coast of Sumatra; Bantam Bay and Batavia; Island of Java; Macao and Linton; China; Sandwich and Society Islands; Valparaiso; Callao; Coquinto; Payta; Galapagos Islands, and Puna of Guayaquil—sailing over sixty-one thousand miles, and being at sea five hundred and fourteen days. Regarding most or all of these points of the globe, we frequently meet with accounts from British writers; nor is there much that is absolutely new in our American's abundant pages, so far as general description goes; while we have to blame the overweening and boastful tone, that so characteristically runs through the work, whenever there is an opportunity to speak of national

valuable and greatness of any kind. Still the volume, though it amounts to better than five hundred well filled octavo pages, everywhere repays the reader's time spent in its perusal, and is full of such information as a shrewd and inquisitive person may be conceived to gather. At the same time, many of the topics introduced are such as are apt to be viewed by the American in a different light, to that in which they would naturally appear to an Englishman; and on this account chiefly, we warmly recommend the work to our readers.

The author was not attached to the *Potomac* from the beginning of her voyage; but as he afterwards became private secretary to the commodore of the frigate, and was entrusted with all the papers and journals, public, private, and official, that were written by the various officers, with the view of improving the present publication, besides enjoying their oral remarks constantly, during the period he belonged to the ship, it may naturally be presumed that the materials which he had to weave into the form of one continuous and personal narrative, were unusually abundant and rich. Accordingly, the commercial interests of the United States in the East, their history, present condition, and means of further extension, are frequently the subjects of discussion. We have besides, the account of monsoons—of the Chinese, their peculiarities and pagodas—of the Sandwich and Society Islands, with a great variety of minute matter beyond the mere record of the voyage, of all the countries visited by the frigate. Nothing can be clearer, from the work, than that the Americans consider themselves a commercial people, whose eminence in the scale of nations is to be maintained by an effective navy, and by the extension of their intercourse with the whole world. The voyage of the *Potomac* was indeed especially planned for such a service as we shall presently see from some individual and decided measures undertaken and fulfilled in the course of the cruise. In the Dedication, which addresses itself to the Honorable the Secretary and Officers of the United States Navy, among other fine things said to their national praise are these words:—"Our flag should be borne to every portion of the globe, to give to civilized and savage man a just impression of the power we possess, and in what manner we can exercise it when justice demands reparation for insulted dignity. A few instances of prompt retaliation have a lasting effect. The strong man, knowing his rights, and knowing dare maintain, is seldom ill-treated; the weak and timid are those who are trampled upon. While impressing on others our spirit and efficiency, we may learn their ability and resources. With all the enterprise of our countrymen, their navy and commercial marine, still we can say—Of this huge globe, how small a part we know. There is room enough for centuries to know and do more. All this, our readers will perceive, is sufficiently flattering to national vanity."

and at the same time not more than is true, although somewhat offensively characteristic. But we must proceed to notice, however slightly, the manner in which the voyage of the *Potomac* illustrated the policy of the United States upon the Seas, and in their intercourse with distant nations.

One great object which the expedition had in view, was to teach the Malays a lesson, for having seized, some time before, the American ship *Friendship*, and massacred part of her crew. Captain Endicott had visited Quallah-Battoo, one of the ports on the coast of Sumatra, with the design of completing a cargo of pepper, and had made a contract with the rajahs and principal merchants of the place, in pursuance of his object, when they and the inhabitants, taking advantage of the captain's being on shore with some of his crew, boarded the vessel, and, like thorough-bred pirates, murdered and seized. It would appear that hitherto these treacherous people entertained a very mean idea of American power, and did not believe that they possessed a navy to protect their merchant vessels. The *Potomac* was of the first class of frigates, and had a complement of men and every thing that could be presumed necessary to impress the Malays with a different opinion of American power, as well as to chastise the inhabitants of the town who had behaved so cruelly. She, disguised as a merchantman, anchored off Quallah-Battoo. Prompt measures, and such as were calculated to effect a surprise, were adopted. During night a landing of the marines and sailors were accomplished, being well armed and instructed how to proceed; *Betsy Baker*, a six-pounder, was also of the party.

"The town of Quallah-Battoo does not contain less than two thousand inhabitants, and nearly five hundred fighting men. It is situated on a small bight about two miles long; a small stream, passing through the rear of the town, divides it into two very unequal portions, the main part being on the north-west side, where the divisions landed. It is regularly laid out into streets, interspersed with jungle and cocoanut-trees, and contains five forts, owned and commanded by different rajahs or chiefs. The natives and their leaders rely exclusively on these forts and their citadels for defence at all times, when engaged in their numerous petty wars with each other, or when expecting an attack from an enemy without; and long have they believed that within these walls no enemy, however formidable, could ever be able to reach them.

"Through Mr. Barry, an outline of the situation of the forts had been obtained, and the attack accordingly planned as follows, by the commodore, previously to the divisions' leaving the ship: Lieutenant Hoff, who commanded the second division, was to invest the fort belonging to Muley Mahomet (or Poloa-en-Yamet), situated at the north-west extremity of the town, and about sixty yards from the water's edge. Lieutenants Edson and Terrett, at the head of the marines, were ordered to proceed to the investment of the fort belonging to Tuko de Lama, about five hundred yards in the rear of Mahomet's fort, while about six hundred yards to the right of these stood the fort of Catchey Duraman, directly in the rear of the town, to which Lieutenant Pinkham was ordered with the first division; while Lieutenant Ingersoll, commanding



the third division, with 'Betsey Baker' in the rear, and in front the boats under Passed-midshipman Godon, should invest the main fort, commanded by the powerful rajah Chedula, situated within thirty yards of the beach, and directly in front of the town. The fifth fort is situated to the east of the rest, and across the stream alluded to, and is surrounded by an inaccessible jungle.

"These forts, and particularly the citadels, were generally bedded deep in the jungle, which prevents them from sudden surprise and abrupt attacks, and gives to the defenders the means of holding out longer and to better advantage. As the small column proceeded onwards, the boats kept up with them to the point of land where the town and the nearest forts were in clear view, when the party moved to the left and entered the path cut through the jungle. As yet, no movement had been seen on the part of the natives; but a moment more, and a shot from the fort of Muley Mahomet announced their vigilance and readiness to receive their morning visitors.

"Lieutenant Hoff's division now filed off to this point of attack, while the main body still moved onward, up a little steep; when Lieutenants Pinkham and Edson both marched off to their respective forts; while the third division and Betsey Baker, accompanied by Lieutenant Shubrick, still passed through the town. In a few moments the attack became general, the Malays in no instance allowing time for parley; but received each division with an unexpectedly spirited fire from their small cannon, muskets, and blunderbusses. Lieutenant Hoff, as the nearest division, was the first engaged, and a spirited fire was kept up, while a part of his division attempted to break down a heavy gate which appeared to form the only or principal barrier to coming within close quarters. This being forced, a part of the division entered, but still found themselves distant from the citadel within, on account of a barrier of close jungle which surrounded it. Here, however, the men were partially protected from the fire of the Malays, which was now idly directed. At this time Lieutenant Hoff called to them to desist, by a few words he had learned for the purpose from Mr. Barry, and the attack should cease; but they only answered with shouts, and redoubling their exertions, by hurling javelins and firing down upon them. Two men were wounded."—pp. 109—111.

No further conference was attempted, for a command to storm was given, which was done by throwing up a platform of brush and other loose materials found on the beach, but a short distance from the fort. Feeble resistance was made, and it was instantly carried. At other points the Malays were soon beaten also, the forts dismantled and the out-works burned, when the assailants, to the air of Yankee-doodle, embarked for the ship. This spirited action was followed next morning by getting the frigate under way, and brought to, within less than a mile of the shore, her larboard side being nearly upon the site of the town. Here the power of thirty-two pound shot was proved upon the fort of Tucca de Lama, which soon taught the inhabitants the folly of saying, "No have got big gun American ship." A flag of truce was hoisted on shore, when the commodore had an opportunity of explaining to the representatives of the inhabitants, that hereafter it would be wise for them to

respect American merchantmen, for that the American rajah could both send big guns and big ships to chastise them for an opposite conduct.

The author next proceeds to such historical, topographical, and statistical matters, as during the cruise of the frigate on the coast of Sumatra, were gathered of the island; and as these notices have been, after much care and research collected, we shall confine ourselves in this paper to a few of them; the extent of the island, its natural capabilities, and the space which it occupies in these pages, warranting a lengthened consideration. It is computed to be more than nine hundred miles in length, and in breadth from one hundred to one hundred and fifty.

"The face of the country is very unequal, broken, and irregular; and along its western coast, within twenty or thirty miles of the shore, a chain of lofty mountains stretches from one end of the island to the other, like the cordilleras of the South American Andes. This chain is in some places separated into parallel ridges; and though not sufficiently elevated to be covered with indissoluble snow, often shoots up into aspiring volcanic cones, whose craters are continually breathing clouds of smoke, and at times vomit forth rivers of burning and consuming lava. Mount Ophir, situated immediately under the equator, is the highest on the island, and has been ascertained, by actual measurement, to be thirteen thousand eight hundred and fifty-two feet above the level of the sea, which is about two thirds the height which is ascribed to the most elevated of the Andes, and somewhat exceeding the Peak of Teneriffe.

"Between these ridges and mountains are many extensive and rich plains, so far elevated above the low lands of the coast as to give them a comparatively fine cool, and healthy climate. These plains are esteemed the most eligible portions of the country, and are by far the best improved and most thickly inhabited. Many extensive and beautiful lakes are reported by the natives to exist in the interior of these extensive plains, which serve greatly to facilitate their intercourse with each other. We say, 'reported to exist;' for even at this day, but little is known of the interior of the island, from the actual observation of foreigners. These lakes doubtless form the sources of the numerous rivers of the island, particularly those which discharge themselves into the straits on the eastern coast, and which are larger than those on the west side of the mountains, in proportion to the more extensive range of country through which they flow. Of these, Palembang, Jambi, Indergeree, Bakan and Battoo, Barra or Barroo, are the largest, rising on the east of the mountains, and receiving in their course the waters of many tributary streams and subsidiary rivulets. They are also augmented by the aid of more extensive vapours and rains, which prevail on the east of the mountains; while their course is rendered more steady and uniform by the less undulating face of the regions through which they find their way to the ocean. They also derive great advantages from the shelter and protection afforded them by the Island of Borneo, which, breaking the force of the ocean's swell, guards their mouth from that accumulation of sand, which, in the form of bars, too frequently obstructs the navigation of rivers not thus protected.

"The rivers of the west, however, are by no means inconsiderable,

particularly the Cattown, Indrapoor, Tabooyong, and Sinkell. The mouths of these rivers, however, lying exposed to the whole strength of the winds and ocean on the west, which create a continued action of the surf, more powerful than the current of the streams, renders them inaccessible to vessels of any size, and often dangerous even to boats."—pp. 135, 136.

Experience has shown that Sumatra, although in the very centre of the tropics, is more temperate than many regions beyond the torrid zone—the formation and shape of the island naturally producing this result. As to the natives, the author thus speaks generally :—

“The origin of the inhabitants of Sumatra is a question of difficult solution, being involved in as much doubt and conjecture as is that of the aborigines of our own country. The term Malay cannot be indiscriminately applied to the Sumatrans *en masse*, as they evidently comprise several other very distinct races of people, both as to origin, language, religion, &c. viz :—the Acheens of the north, with a mixture of Moorish blood, from western India—the Battas, the Rejangs, and the Lampoons. It is true that the distinctive traits which marked those various tribes, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, have in some measure disappeared ; owing to a more general intercourse between them, by the breaking up of various monarchies and petty kingdoms, whereby something analogous to a national character has been given to the whole accessible population, at least on the seaboard.

“Still, however, it must be conceded that the inhabitants of the interior cannot be included in this general remark. They have either kept aloof from the supposed amalgamation, or their moral as well as personal features are too strongly marked to be readily changed by a mixture of blood ; for they still remain a distinct people. This remark is perhaps applicable to every island in the Archipelago, and tends to prove that the Malays were not the original possessors of the soil on which they are now found. Several writers on this subject maintain that all the oriental nations have sprung from two grand stocks, viz :—the Hindoos and the Tartars. The people of the interior evidently derive their origin from the former, and the Malays as obviously from the latter.”—pp. 139, 140.

The dress of the men is described ; that of the tender sex we shall present, for the sake of our fair readers.

“The females, though not accustomed to waste much time in the arrangement of their toilet, dress, of course, more tastefully than the other sex. They also wear a short waistcoat, which conceals and defends the breast, and reaches to the hips ; all below which is enveloped with the *cayen-sarong*, which comes up as high as the arm-pits, where it is kept in its place simply by folding and tucking it over at the bosom. As an additional security, it is frequently confined about the waist by a girdle or zone, which is usually made of embroidered cloth, but is sometimes a hoop of gold or silver about two inches in breadth, fastening in front with a large clasp of filagree or chased work, in the centre of which is set some kind of precious stone, or, at least, an imitation of one. Their *badjoo*, or upper gown, differs little from that of the men, buttoning in the same manner at the wrists. Around the neck is thrown a piece of fine blue cloth, of nearly two yards in length, neatly fringed at the end

which hang down before; this not only serves as a shawl, but also as a veil, for females of rank, when they make their appearance abroad.

"They permit their hair to grow luxuriantly long, both before and behind; and the whole of it is carefully combed back together, ready for its final adjustment. This is performed in two ways; one of which is, by winding the hair circularly, or, in nautical parlance, coiling it on the top of the head, where it is fastened by a silver bodkin or pin. This fashion is similar to that of the Chinese ladies, from whom it was probably borrowed. The other, and by far the most common mode of disposing the hair, after combing it back, is that of giving it a twist or two with the hands, and then doubling it, and passing the bight through a lock or tuft raised from the mass for that purpose on the back of the head. As an additional security, tortoiseshell combs are used, sometimes highly ornamented with gold or silver. Among the poorer classes, the hair is always kept moist by a free use of the oil of cocoa-nut; while those whose circumstances will permit, make use of an aromatic oil, extracted from gum benjamin, as a very pleasant perfume. The females wear no covering on their heads, either for protection or ornament, with the exception of a modest wreath of flowers; their hair, in the language of St. Paul, being their 'covering and their glory.' The flowers which compose this wreath are generally white, or of a pale yellow, and are always selected when only half blown, and strung with neatness and simplicity, without the least indication of show or gaudiness."—pp. 142, 143.

Both sexes practise the unaccountable custom of filing, blacking, and otherwise disfiguring their teeth, which are naturally perfectly regular and of exquisite whiteness. The women in the Lampooon district actually file them down till they are even with the gums. The inhabitants of Sumatra, however, have advanced many degrees in improvement and activity beyond most other islanders found in the luxurious regions and effeminating climate of the east. For example—

"Their doosoons, or villages, are generally erected on some commanding site, near a river or lake; which not only affords them facilities for bathing—a recreation of which they are very fond, and which is required by health, as well as enjoined by the Mahometan faith; but serves also as a channel of communication for personal intercourse and the transportation of merchandise. The frames of their houses are of wood, resting on tall upright posts, sunk a few feet in the ground. The roofs are variously covered, but most generally with the leaf of the *neepak*, or palm-tree. The floor consists of bamboos, placed across in form of sleepers, which are covered with laths of the same material, each of which is about an inch in breadth, and over these is spread a carpet of mats, rendering the apartments quite comfortable, as there is no cold to be excluded. The lightness of the materials which form such an edifice, and the simplicity of its construction, are admirably adapted to a country liable to be frequently shaken to its very centre by earthquakes and volcanic eruptions; being less perilous to the inhabitants than if built of clay, or even of mud. Necessity has taught them this fact; but yet, as an art or a science, the Sumatrans know nothing of architecture.

"The furniture of these dwellings comprises but few articles, and is quite plain, corresponding to the simplicity of manners which characterizes the people. In the article of bedding, they evince considerable

taste. Each bed is furnished with several pillows, neatly fringed at the ends with a light substance resembling foil. For chairs and stools they have, of course, no use, as they always sit upon mats on the floor, and generally cross-legged like the Turks. Rice is always a leading dish at their meals. In their various kinds of *curry*, the knife and spoon are generally dispensed with, and the thumb and finger substituted, which are frequently immersed in water during the repast."—pp. 146, 147.

The Malay language, celebrated for its smoothness and softness, like the Malays themselves, says our author, has partially extended itself over the whole islands. There are other languages, however, spoken on the island, particularly in the interior; and what may appear strange is, that two tribes, the Battas and Rejangs, both possessing undisputed claims of being the original inhabitants, have different languages, and employ different written characters. The bark of a tree, or pieces of bamboo, split and shaped for the purpose, serve as tablets for the preservation of their records. As to the source and authority of the laws, among one of the abovementioned tribes, we have the following distinct description.

"Custom, among the Rejangs, constitutes the supreme law of the land, the authority consulted on all occasions in the settlement of their disputes, and from which none claim exemption. Indeed, there has been discovered no word among any of the native languages on the island, which may be said properly to signify law; nor are there any individuals among them regularly clothed with legislative powers. The chiefs, when pronouncing their sentences in the most important cases, accompany their verdict with the expression, 'such is the custom.' When a new case arises, for the decision of which there appears to be no precedent, great formality and deliberation are observed in coming to a conclusion. The *pangeran* himself cannot decide the question; he must consult the *proatteens*, or inferior chiefs, who, upon their part, frequently ask time to reflect and consult with the inhabitants of the *doosoons*; but when a point has thus been deliberately considered and acted on, it takes rank with the customs which have been handed down from time immemorial, and its authority cannot be called in question.

"On these principles, at certain appointed times, the chiefs of the district assemble together and form a sort of court for hearing and deciding on all disputed questions brought before them.

"Their customs, which may be said to constitute their common law, under another name, after having been long preserved and handed down from one generation to another, were, during the last century, formed into a written code, as it appears, at the instance of the British resident residing in their country, and exercising no small degree of influence over them.

"In the prosecution of all suits under these rules, the plaintiff and defendant are allowed to make their own statement before the chiefs of the *doosoons*, or they may employ a *proatteen*, or any other person to appear for them, which in their language is called '*pinjam mooloot*, to borrow a mouth.' Their rules of evidence are peculiar to themselves, as they do not admit testimony on both sides of any disputed point. He who brings a suit against another, is asked in the commencement by whom



he intends to prove his allegation. His witness must not be his relation; he must not be a party concerned; and, in some instances, he must not even reside in the same village. The point to which he is expected to give testimony is then mentioned to him, when, if he confirm the statement, the question at issue is established."—pp. 163, 164.

For perjury the Rejangs have no punishment, leaving the guilty person to the judgment of the superior powers by which he swore, a deeply persuading sentiment existing that he is punished either in person, in his children, or in his grand-children; the belief being supported by many examples which they are prepared to name. This superstition appears to render them solemn and ceremonious in the matter of an oath; often visiting the graves of their ancestors in their formalities. This is said, however, to be spoken only of the Rejangs of the interior, the Malay customs and Koran prevailing along the coast. Other customs are not less curious.

"For a long time, the custom has prevailed among them of setting apart a portion of their money to be deposited in some secret place, known to themselves only. To this hidden treasure they are accustomed to look for consolation, when overtaken by any unforeseen misfortune. This is probably a borrowed custom, as it is practised by the Malays at the present time, along the whole pepper coast. Whatever may be the motive, or its origin among the Rejangs, it is not adopted by the Malays from motives of prudential foresight, but from a feeling of universal distrust, as well of each other as of strangers. A Malay, generally speaking, has confidence neither in his father nor his mother; nor is his wife intrusted with his confidence, for his money is usually buried where no one can approach the spot but himself. Almost every Malay, therefore, on his deathbed, has some important secret to impart to his family or his immediate friends: when sudden death overtakes him, the treasure is irredeemably lost.

"A person unwilling to be answerable for the debts or actions of his son, or other relations under his charge, may outlaw him. by which, from that period, all family connexion is relinquished, and he is no longer responsible for his conduct. All debts, however, must be paid up to the period when the individual is outlawed.

"The Saxons had a custom very similar to this among them, but it related more particularly to the murderer. The family became exempt from feuds when they abandoned the culprit to his fate, binding themselves neither to hold communion with him, nor afford him assistance.

"In order to convict, in all cases of theft, the article stolen must either be found on the thief, or he must be taken in the act. The punishment is to pay double the value of the goods stolen, a fine of twenty dollars, and a buffalo; for smaller offences, a fine of five dollars and a goat.

"If any person shall pass the night in the house of another, and leave it in the morning before daybreak without giving notice to the family, he shall be held responsible for whatever may be lost during the night; but if he commit any thing in keeping to the care of his host, then, if his effects be lost, he must be made good. When the owner and his guest both lose property, then they shall make oath to each other of their mutual innocence."—pp. 165, 166.

Marriage is always a fruitful field for curious observations among half civilised people. Months and years, however, are not wasted by a Rejang gallant in wooing a coy and fickle fair one. Nor does he assail her with a volley of darts, flames, and raptures. After having selected a female whom he wishes to make his partner, he knows exactly what she is to cost him, in good hard cash, which once paid places the party in his option. Dances, festivals, and other amusements are the occasions when the intercourse of the young chiefly takes place. The lover next employs an old woman to communicate his sentiments to the lady, whose parents manage the ulterior steps of the concern. The author enumerates a variety of shapes in which the nuptial contract is joined and maintained, wherein there is ingenuity and singularity enough, according to European fancies, to interest us.

The Rejang women are mothers at fifteen, look old at thirty, and are grey-headed and shrivelled at forty. Fifty years is a long life among them, and few live beyond sixty. This tribe is said by some never to have had any religion of their own; they have no form of prayers, no images, no priests. They believe, however, in the existence of spirits of some kind, and attribute to them the power of influencing their destinies while in this world. Mahomet's religion, however, has shed some dim glimmerings among them. They believe that tigers are endowed with the spirits of departed men; nor is it difficult to conceive how some invisible characteristic should be allowed this savage species of animal, when we hear what a dreadful scourge it forms to these people.

The other tribes and races inhabiting Sumatra, some of whom belong to kingdoms, are described as particularly as the Rejangs. But we must allow the specimens we have given to suffice in illustration of the talent and care exhibited on the part of the author. One passage, however, we shall add, connected with his description and notices of Sumatra, in which the policy, past and future, of America is strongly spoken to.

"The lust of cupidity and thirst for plunder, which, after the capture of the *Friendship*, spread like a contagion along the coast from one port to another, has measurably passed away; and even the surviving rajahs of Quallah-Battoo now frequently express their wishes to be visited by our merchant vessels for the purposes of trade; and profess that they intend hereafter so to demean themselves, as never again to provoke the visit of the big ships of war.

"In another point of view, they now behold our national character in a new light. In the history of the past, the investment and capture of a native town was always followed, as a matter of course, by the possession and occupation on the part of the conquerors. When Quallah-Battoo was taken by the forces under Commodore Downes, not only its inhabitants, but every one else in the neighbourhood, supposed that the Americans intended to establish themselves at that place, and erect fortifications for its defence. They are now beginning to learn the impor-

tant lesson, that *conquest* forms no part of our national policy; and the good effects of this lesson are already strikingly apparent.

‘For Columbia never fights  
For conquest or for plunder;  
Nothing but insulted rights  
Can wake her martial thunder.’

WOODWORTH.

“But the work has only been fairly commenced—much still remains to be accomplished. At intervals, but not too remote from each other, our armed vessels should visit this coast. A sloop of war and a schooner would be amply sufficient, if conducted by a judicious commander. They should arrive on the coast in March, and remain until October. Every pepper port should be visited, and conferences should be held with all the principal rajahs, explaining to them the nature of our commerce, and the principles on which we always conduct our trade; impressing on them the necessity of acting with justice, and of restraining their dependants from acts of outrage. It should be particularly and emphatically represented to them, that an awful responsibility rests upon those in authority for any act of piracy that may be hereafter committed on the coast; and that an adequate punishment will assuredly tread close upon the heels of the offenders.

“Let our intelligent shipmasters, supercargoes, and officers, whose adventurous spirits lead them to visit the ports of semi-barbarians, reflect that they, too, have an important part to perform. They should never forget that they are American citizens; and in those remote situations, often the only representatives of our national character. Let them study to elevate that character in the estimation of the natives by an honourable intercourse, a just and fair competition in trade. For while our government shall continue ever vigilant and ready to protect its citizens in their lawful trade, and to avenge their wrongs at the most distant points of the globe, however difficult and hazardous to approach by heavy-armed vessels, considerations of honour, justice, and humanity require that we should always be in the right.”—pp. 229—231.

Making some allowance for national vanity and forgetfulness of American avarice, as shewn in not a few of her transactions, we must express an ardent desire that the policy which is recommended and boasted of by the author, may not only be faithfully pursued by that country in all time coming, but by every nation that visits foreign and independent shores.

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## NOTICES.

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**ART. XIII.**—*A National Church vindicated ; in refutation of a Petition from the Dissenters of Glasgow, to Earl Grey, &c.* London: Parbury, Allen, and Co. 1835.

THE publication of the papers comprising this analysis of the memorial transmitted to Earl Grey by the Dissenters of Glasgow, has been delayed, on account of particular circumstances, we are told, beyond the time to which they refer. But as the subject discussed is still one of urgent importance, and still occupies the public mind, no period could have been more appropriately chosen for its appearance than the present. Those, who like us, think an established Church, properly regulated, essential to the existence and spread of vital religion in this country, will be enabled by the clear analysis and forcible reasoning contained in these pages, to see their way amid the sophistry that has of late been thrown around the question, and to strengthen their grounds in controversy with the enemies of the establishment; while those among the less informed classes (and they are many) who have been led away by the plausibilities of evil or well intentioned writers, whose cheap and crude productions have been so abundantly circulated, will here find themselves undeceived, and at a rate as cheap, and by arguments as plain, as any that have been volunteered on the opposite side. It is evidently the principal character and recommendation of this vindication, that it handles well the leading arguments that have often been offered on behalf of an established Church, and puts them in a shape to which easy access may be obtained. The most influential of the writings that have of late been published on the other side belong to the cheapest sort of books, and are addressed to the well-intentioned of the lower orders. But here a dispassionate and fair representation of the subject is presented in an equally accessible form, and therefore we heartily recommend it. The manner in which the opinions and arguments of celebrated authorities on the question have been condensed is a valuable feature in the work—nor can we doubt that to those who have neither means, leisure, nor inclination to resort to such fountain heads, this will prove a powerful teacher, shewing that to every individual of the country, and particularly to the poor, the value of a rightly constituted and conducted establishment is invaluable.

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**ART. XIV.**—*The Laird of Logan ; or, Wit of the West : being a Collection of Anecdotes, Jests, and Comic Tales.* By J. D. CARRICK. Glasgow: D. Robertson. 1835.

THE Worthy whose name stands at the head of this notice, and as an authority for many a jest and witticism which he never coined or heard of, was long, and till within about thirty years ago, the Joe Miller of the West of Scotland. We find in the present collection many stories and anecdotes that can be traced to him, a great many more that were stale before

he was born, and not a few where the author has drawn upon his own wits for the whole cream of the jest. Indeed, the greater number of the tales that have been introduced have no connection with the witty Laird, farther than that he is the representative of every thing of the kind that has been, or may be for a time, invented or stumbled upon by the wise-aces of the Land o' Cakes. At the same time, the collection is varied, and generally the articles are sufficiently shrewd and pungent to create a laugh, and convey a precise idea abounding with humour or drollery. We observe that the editor has also contributed not a few comic tales and sketches, in which there is not only a complete command of West country Scotch, as respects phraseology and style, but perception of character. There is on these several grounds no doubt but that the small volume will become popular in that province, and among all who are conversant with the manner of its inhabitants. There are also plenty of jokes and anecdotes for the general reader: we quote an example.

“ ANECDOTES OF BRUCE.

“ One day, while he was at the house of a relation in East Lothian, a gentleman bluntly observed, that it was *impossible* that the natives of Abyssinia could eat raw meat! Bruce said not a word; but, leaving the room, he shortly returned from the kitchen with a piece of raw beef-steak, peppered and salted in the Abyssinian fashion. ‘ You will eat that, sir, or fight me!’ he said. When the gentleman had eaten up the raw flesh (most willingly would he have eaten his words instead), Bruce calmly observed, ‘ Now, sir, you will never again say it is *impossible*!’ Single-speech Hamilton was Bruce’s first cousin and intimate friend. One evening, at Kinnaird, he said, ‘ Bruce! to convince the world of your power of drawing, you need only draw us now something in as good a style as those drawings of yours which they say have been done for you by Balugani, your Italian artist.’ ‘ Gerard!’ replied Bruce, very gravely, ‘ you made *one* fine speech, and the world doubted its being your own composition; but, if you will stand up now here, and make another speech as good, we shall believe it to have been your own.’ ”—p. 160.

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ART. XV.—*A General Biographical Dictionary, containing Lives of the most eminent Persons of all Ages and Nations.* By E. BELL-CHAMBERS. London: Allan, Bell, and Co. 1835.

THESE are as handsome little volumes as can be imagined, printed most beautifully, and illustrated and embellished by 240 portraits, engraved on steel. The contents, of course, must be a compilation; still, as such, the selection of lives is judicious, and much made of the space allowed to each, so as to render them lively and instructive portraits. We should say, indeed, that the compiler has a happy talent at catching the prominences of character, and graphically arranging events. In looking into some of the lives over which there exists controversy, we have been pleased with the tact and discernment displayed. We recommend the volumes as an elegant and conveniently shaped work for reference on all occasions, whether on the desk or for the pocket. Indeed each volume is as portable as an ordinary snuff box.



**ART. XVI.—***Free and Safe Government, traced from the Origin and Principles of the British Constitution.* By a Cumberland Landowner, Author of "Free Trade in Corn." London: Ridgway and Son. 1835.

THE author of this volume is a reflecting and able man. He treats with power, knowledge, and dexterity of a number of difficult subjects. He has evidently made the British constitution his serious study, and writes with such an earnestness as to prove his anxiety to enlighten all his fellow subjects. We cannot here enter into his arguments and doctrines, since they deal chiefly with points where the profoundest politicians and statesmen have disagreed. It seems to us, however, that his earnestness and attachment to certain opinions have sometimes led him to take assertion for argument; and that he is, on other occasions, unfortunate in claiming for his views the character of principles, when they are no principles at all. His logic is also bad. It would be out of place to expect in such a work great attention to elegance of writing; but we have better for the topics here handled, viz., vigour and freedom, exhibiting the author to be as independent as he is intelligent.

**ART. XVII.—***The Holy Bible; containing the Old and New Testaments, revised from corrected Texts of the original Tongues, and with former Translations diligently compared. With critical and explanatory Notes.* Part I. By B. BOOTHROYD, D.D. London: Duncan. 1835.

WE hail with pleasure every new undertaking that offers to throw more light upon the Scriptures; nor can we doubt of Dr. Boothroyd's ability and earnestness in the version, of which the first part is before us. We confess ourselves incompetent, however, to pronounce a nice critical opinion on the merits of this specimen; nor were we to speak of the force of the version before us, as compared with the one to which we have been accustomed from our infancy, could we entirely divest ourselves of a partiality that has been established, favouring our authorized translation as if it contained the precise words and sounds used by the inspired writers. There is to most ears a venerable emphasis in the language of our common Bible, that carries an unction not to be matched, unless to unused ears. But this can afford no reason why the most earnest exertion should not be made to expunge errors, and amend defects, which confessedly are to be found in the English Bible.

The part before us goes to the twentieth chapter of Leviticus, and the whole is to be completed in ten parts, each part containing eight sheets of letter-press. The notes and illustrations are remarkably concise, appropriate, and clear, while the exterior features of the whole are handsome, and got up in a style becoming the sacred volume. We extract, as a specimen of the version, the 6th, 7th, and 8th verses of the first chapter of Genesis:—

"And the evening had been, and the morning had been, one day; and God said, Let there be an expanse amidst the waters, and let it separate waters from waters; and so it was. For God made the expanse, and separated the waters which were below the expanse, from the waters which were above the expanse; and God called the expanse heavens; and God saw that this was good."

**ART. XVIII.**—*An Encyclopædia of Gardening; containing the Theory and Practice of Horticulture, &c. &c.* By J. C. LOUDON, F.L.G.S. and Z.S. Part XVIII. : London : Longman and Co. 1835.

WE have nothing new to say of this highly valuable and popular work. Yet we cannot but repeat the expressions of admiration which the sight of so much accurate information, such lucid arrangement, and such neatness, nay elegance, in the *getting up* of the work, necessarily and at once calls forth. This edition presents numerous important improvements beyond the former, among which, we learn, five hundred new engravings, many of them the full size of the page, are to be added. In truth, it is not too much for Mr. Loudon to say, that no gardening book so comprehensive, and containing such an immense mass of matter, has ever been submitted to the public, more free from errors, either of the pen or the press. It is to be completed in twenty monthly parts, containing between 1200 and 1300 pages of letter-press, with upwards of 1200 engravings on wood : price 2s. 6d. per part.

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**ART. XIX.**—*Arboretum Britannicum; or, the Hardy Trees of Britain, Native and Foreign, pictorially and botanically delineated, and scientifically and popularly described, &c.* By J. C. LOUDON. London: Longman. 1835.

THE plan upon which this work proceeds is excellent, and, so far as it has gone, the execution is worthy of the design. It will be the most important production, we think, that the laborious and indefatigable author has offered to the public; for besides supplying a desideratum in rural knowledge, it will be enriched by his matchless funds and sources of information in the department to which it belongs. The present number contains some very interesting particulars respecting the introduction of foreign trees and shrubs into Scotland, the accuracy of which we can in some measure attest; and many will be surprised, we dare to say, that so much has been done in Ireland during the early part of the eighteenth century. The author invites communications and information from any quarter, that can be of advantage to this important undertaking; and we have only to repeat, if its future numbers are worthy of the present, that the *Arboretum Britannicum* will form a work of more lasting interest than any in which Mr. Loudon has ever been engaged; to country gentlemen it must be invaluable.

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**ART. XX.**—*Perils in the Woods; or, the Emigrant Family's Return. A Tale.* London: Effingham Wilson. 1835.

THIS juvenile publication is by the author of "The Children's Fire-side," and several other tales. It is not an easy task which a writer undertakes, when he sets about composing a book suitable to the young. Seldom has any one of advanced years a nice remembrance or perception of the wants or the ideas of the opening mind. The ardour, sensitiveness, and quickness of boyhood, for instance, are seldom regarded with tact in books written expressly for their years. Our author however has, we think,

been eminently successful in the attempt before us; and if we are to judge of what would have been our experience some thirty years ago, by what it is now, on the perusal of the "*Perils in the Woods*," we must say, that the instruction therein contained will be found, by every boy, to be so attractive, that he will study and re-study it till he get it by heart. There is such health and strength in the aliment here furnished, that the most buoyant youth may have his greediest appetite satisfied. Natural history in an easy and amusing form, and facts without dry details, are taught. A youth, in a colloquial style, relates the adventures which befel himself and his family in the back settlements of America, in which the author avails himself of such information as suited his purpose, to be found in works held in high public estimation. Besides adventures and striking incidents, emigration is treated of in an interesting and instructive manner, so as to afford abundant matter for the consideration of old and young, who meditate leaving the Old for the New World, in hopes of at once bettering their fortune and condition. Every boy should read the "*Perils in the Woods*."

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ART. XXI.—*Fortitude. A Tale.* By Mrs. HOFLAND. London: Newman and Co. 1835.

Mrs. HOFLAND has long been one of the most charming and successful female writers of the age. Her department is especially as an instructor of the young, and, throughout her very numerous works, the rarest excellencies are to be found: fine writing, admirable management in the structure of her stories, a tender and happy conception of character, and deep and pure religious sentiment. We believe that her works are in constant and increasing demand, which is the best proof of their value; nor can we, by any ordinary calculation, compute the amount of service this one lady has conferred on the refinement and virtue of the age.

The present tale will bear a comparison with her very best works; there is a richness and mellowness throughout the whole of it, that none but an experienced writer and thinker could confer. From its style of getting up, its size, and its merits, a more suitable present of a literary description could not be chosen, in the way of rewarding the good conduct of the young. We shall only add, that there is a freshness and beauty in Mrs. Hofland's "*Fortitude*," which we, who have to look into so many tales designed for the instruction of the young, appreciate as extraordinary.

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ART. XXII.—*Villiers; a Tale of the last Century.* 3 vols. London: Whittaker. 1835.

THIS is in a great measure an historical novel; in which that period is chosen that lay between the two famous efforts of the House of Stuart to recover the crown of Britain. It may have been remarked by our readers, that novels of this class, ever since the appearance of the first fiction of the kind from the pen of the great minstrel of the North, have become as plentiful as those of the *Ratcliffe* school were previously; and that nevertheless, the periods, events, and characters worked upon, have been very few and uniform. The author of the tale before us has, however, fallen upon a time that has been much overlooked by his forerun-

ners, and has produced a work that has few equals in its class. There is a high degree of probability belonging to the narrative, and, some may think, that an adherence to authentic history has been sometimes unnecessarily maintained for such a work. Others again, may find a little too much of metaphysics in it; but for such as look for mind, and the manner in which a powerful imagination groups important historical events and characters, intermingling them with such graceful and dramatic links, as a lively fancy may easily be supposed to throw around, and among individual and stubborn facts, Villiers must have a welcome reception. It is worthy of the perusal of all those reflective minds that love to contemplate the doctrines of individual men, and the force of separate circumstances upon a nation's history.

ART. XXIII.—*Discourses on Various Subjects*. By the Rev. OAVILLE DAWBY, late Pastor of the first Church in New Bedford, U.S. London: Fox. 1835.

In the preface the author informs us, that ill health having cut him off from a pastoral connection with the people of his late charge, he thus endeavoured to leave among them some permanent record of the influence he has in them; and that to his personal friends, including some who he claims to be of that number in England, he offers the work, "with much anxiety as he ought, perhaps, to feel for any human production, but with equal reliance on their candour and kindness." The preface is elegant, and is followed by eighteen short discourses, in which Nature, the importance of our Spiritual Interests, Religion, and Divine Love, form a connected series of topics. The Discourses are, each, all eloquent effusions, and afford many specimens of fine reflection. The appeals to the feelings are often strong, and beautifully put. But we have two observations to make, and, if they be just, the foregoing must go for little. The first is, that to few persons in the ordinary walk of life do these Discourses, either in the style of language, or refinement of reasoning, address themselves. They present a happy field for oratory, and the observance of subtle argument; but we have not seen a lesson sought to be taught, either strong or much, of a practical kind, after the perusal of any of the Discourses. It is in short, the poetry of the subjects handled (that) is, chiefly put forth. Our second objection is of a graver kind. We do not say that the preacher is an Abolitionist; but we assert, that he may be such for any thing that here appears, and that certainly he, whom most religionists in this country call the Saviour of the world, might never have died, or at least that his life and death might be viewed merely as a moral example, without at all affecting the doctrine in these Discourses. And yet there is a sermon with this title, "Compassion for the Sinful," and another, "God's Love the chief Restraint from Sin, and Resource in Sorrow." But even in these, we have not seen any one of what are called the peculiar Doctrines of the New Testament recognized.

# THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

AUGUST, 1835.

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**ART. I.—*New Facts regarding the Life of Shakespeare.*** In a Letter to THOMAS AMYOT, Esq., F. R. S., Treasurer of the Society of Antiquaries, from J. PAYNE COLLIER, F. S. A. London: Rodd. 1835.

Why is it that from among the octavo and even quarto volumes that cover our table, we select for our first article this duodecimo, extending only to fifty-five pages? "The magic of the name of Shakespeare" indicates the answer. There never lived a man regarding whom posterity searches so anxiously and longs so deeply to learn what he was in the ordinary current of life. That he who was the greatest judge of human nature, and who could embrace all the features of a character, or of a country's history, in a few sentences, or a few happy representations wrought by his fancy, should have been in his social capacity unmatched; that in conversation—as a friend—or a boon companion, his wit, his warmth, and his wisdom, should have been the most wonderful of all men, are thoughts that we cannot resist, and which we delight to cherish. Yet upon those matters we are nearly absolutely ignorant. One of his ablest commentators has stated, that "all that is known with any degree of certainty concerning Shakespeare is, that he was born at Stratford-upon-Avon—married, and had children there—went to London, where he commenced actor, and wrote poems and plays—returned to Stratford, made his will, died and was buried." And, as our author adds, the truth undoubtedly is, that there are scarcely any of his distinguished contemporaries regarding the events of whose lives we are not better informed.

In all probability, we shall never arrive at much closer acquaintance with the life of the greatest dramatist, than the outline given by Steevens, above quoted. This very persuasion, however, renders us just so much the more greedy to seize upon the slightest notice that is novel and authentic, regarding the subject of our anxiety and highest admiration. If any one should be able to discover a few of Shakespeare's private or confidential letters, or but to find an authentic account of his appearance, his bearing, his conversation, during but one evening spent with him in unconstrained society, how would the world hasten to learn the particulars! We doubt not that the few, and for the most part indirect lights thrown upon



his life, by the present publication, will excite a renewed and increased anxiety on the subject of it. To the author, the literary and antiquarian world are already indebted for his able work, the "History of English Dramatic Poetry and the Stage," in which some novel particulars of the great dramatist were supplied; and now, in the present small work, some others are added of an authentic kind and of considerable importance; so much so indeed, as to have lent the volume a higher interest in our eyes, than any one now upon our table. These new facts are communicated in the form of a letter, which has been chosen on account of its allowing a convenient excursiveness in the illustration of documents of different dates and of a varied character. And although we could have wished to have seen a little more forcible clearness in the work, we cannot but express our satisfaction with the antiquarian knowledge brought to bear upon the discussion, for it is masterly, and our pleasure on witnessing the enthusiasm with which the author proceeds, that enthusiasm being uniformly guided by facts, and fair, nay even extremely cautious deductions.

Before extracting these "New Facts," we give the author's account of the manner in which he came by them.

"I should begin by stating that the most interesting of them are derived from the Manuscripts of Lord Ellesmere, whose name is of course well known to every reader of our history, as Keeper of the Great Seal to Queen Elizabeth, and Lord Chancellor to James I. They are preserved at Bridgewater House; and Lord Francis Egerton gave me instant and unrestrained access to them, with permission to make use of any literary or historical information I could discover. The Rev. H. Todd had been there before me, and had classed some of the documents and correspondence; but large bundles of papers, ranging in point of date between 1581, when Lord Ellesmere was made Solicitor General, and 1616, when he retired from the office of Lord Chancellor, remained unexplored, and it was evident that many of them had never been opened from the time when, perhaps, his own hands tied them together."—p. 6.

Among these, in a most unpromising heap, chiefly of legal documents, most of the new facts were found. To make the matter more intelligible however, Mr. Collier carries the reader back to the period when the English Drama was first represented in buildings constructed for the purpose. Of these, he tells us that the Blackfriars' Playhouse (where, in the winter, Shakespeare's dramas were acted; the performances at the Swan, which was open to the sky, being necessarily confined to the spring, summer, and autumn), was erected by James Burbage, in 1576. Not long after, the city authorities, however, endeavoured to dislodge the players from the Blackfriars, though it was supposed to be a privileged precinct, to which the power of the Lord Mayor did not extend—the site having formerly been occupied by a religious fraternity. Previously to this, dramatic representations had been driven by the same authority from within the boundaries of the city. In 1579, powerful means were taken to eject the players, even from the supposed privileged

precinct. Still James Burbage and his associates continued their performances, which shows that the opposition to them had not succeeded—the Earl of Leicester no doubt backing them, who had obtained the patent for them in 1574, and in 1579, an order in their behalf by the privy council, with which order the author states himself only to have lately become acquainted. It seems probable, however, that Shakespeare did not join James Burbage's company until seven or eight years subsequent to 1579, according to our author's statement, who conjectures that he came to London for that purpose in 1586 or 1587, but did not begin to write for the stage, even by the alteration of older plays, until four years later.

The earliest date at which his name has hitherto been mentioned in connection with the Blackfriars Theatre is 1596, in a petition to the Privy Council, which I first printed in the 'History of Dramatic Poetry,' i., 298; but the MSS. at Bridgewater House now enables me to furnish, not only the name of Shakespeare, but the names of the whole Company of sharers seven years earlier, and only two or three years after our great dramatist made his first appearance in the metropolis. Shakespeare, in November, 1589, had made such way in his profession as to establish himself a sharer with fifteen others, eleven of whom, standing first in the list, and only four follow it. They stand thus, and the enumeration is on other accounts remarkable:

James Burbage.	George Peele.
Richard Burbage.	Augustine Phillips.
John Laneham.	Nicholas Towley.
Thomas Greene.	William Shakespeare.
Robert Wilson.	William Kempe.
John Taylor.	William Johnson.
Anthony Wadeson.	Baptist Goodall.
Thomas Pope.	Robert Armin.

—pp. 10, 11.

Mr. Collier thinks that the above information gives a sufficient contradiction to the story of Shakespeare having commenced his career by holding horses at the play-house door, and that had such been the case, he would hardly have risen to be a sharer in 1589, as it appears he had done from the subsequent document, which, with others, must have been transmitted to Lord Ellesmere.

"These are to certifie your right Honorable Lordships, that her Maiesties poore Playeres, James Burbadge, Richard Burbadge, John Laneham, Thomas Greene, Robert Wilson, John Taylor, Anths Wadeson, Thomas Pope, George Peele, Augustine Phillipp, Nicholas Towley, William Shakespeare, William Kempe, William Johnson, Baptiste Goodale, and Robert Armin, being all of them sharers in the blanke Fryers playe-house, have never given cause of displeasure, in that they have brought into theire playes maters of state and Religion, vnfit to bee handled by them or to bee presented before lewde spectators: neither hath anie complaynte in that kinde ever bene preferre against them or anie of them. Wherefore they trust moste humble in your Lordships consideration of their former good behaviour, being at all tymes readie and willing to

yeelde obedience to any command whatsoever your Lordships in your wisdoms may thinke in such case meete, &c.—Nov. 1589."—p. 11.

This certificate became necessary on account of the license taken by several companies of players in London, of introducing upon the stage religion and politics; and there is elsewhere ample evidence to show that towards the close of the same year, the matter of complaint was examined into. Our author's researches have enabled him to speak with some degree of particularity of the members of the Blackfriars Company, at the period above referred to, which we pass over, only remarking that after James Burbage's death, his son Richard (who had risen to the highest eminence as an actor), inherited the property in the Blackfriars Theatre. By this time too, viz. 1596, Shakespeare had advanced to be the fifth inserted among the members of the company, when only eight were named, whereas in 1589, he was the twelfth of sixteen members. Again, in 1603, he was second in the new patent granted by King James on his accession, which shews that he continued to advance gradually to eminence. But not to run forward too fast, it appears from the work before us, that the Corporation of London frequently returned to the attempt to dislodge the players at the Blackfriars, who at length came to exhibit at the Globe in Southwark also.

"The enmity between the Corporation of London and the Actors at the Blackfriars seems never to have abated, but to have been constantly kept alive by the exertions of the civic authorities to suppress the Players, and by the endeavours of the Players now and then to retaliate: the proverbial wisdom of the citizens and the intemperate fidelity of their wives are constant themes in many of our old plays; and, when Leonard Halday was Lord Mayor, in 1605, a formal complaint was sent to the Privy Council that some of the Aldermen had been brought upon the stage by the Company performing within the privileged precinct. Upon this point I have met with the following singular memorandum, which is worth preserving, though it does not directly illustrate the personal history of Shakespeare, and though, as his dramas are remarkably free from attacks of the kind, it is very improbable that he had any concern in the transaction.

LENARD HALDAX Mayor 1605.

"Whereas Kempe, Armin and others, Players, at the Blacke Fryers, have again not forborne to bring vpon their stage one or more of the worshipfull Aldermen of the City of London, to their great scandall and to the lessening of their authority, the Lords of the right honorable the Privy Counsell are besought to call the said Players before them and to enquire into the same, that order may be taken to remedy the abuse, either by putting down or removing the said Theatre."—pp. 15, 16.

In 1608, it appears by other documents discovered by the author at Bridgewater House, that the corporation procured the opinion of Sir Henry Montagu in its favour, but that Lord Ellesmere called for proofs of the exercise by the city of a jurisdiction within the privileged precinct of Blackfriars, and that the company was not disturbed.

" The inquiry instituted at this date throws a strong and certain light upon the interesting question of the amount of Shakespeare's property about five years before he retired to his native town, to enjoy in tranquillity the fruits of his genius and industry during the busy period of his life, extending from 1586 or 1587, when he probably first came to London to 1612 or 1613, when he quitted it.

" Defeated in the attempt to expell ' the King's Servants ' (for this was the title the Actors at the Blackfriars and Globe Theatres acquired by the Privy Seal of 1603) by force of law, the Corporation seems to have endeavoured to come to terms with them, with a view of buying them out; and among the papers of Lord Ellesmere is a minute and curious account, showing the precise interest of all the principal persons connected with the Company in 1606, and among the rest of Shakespeare himself. It is evident that it was drawn up in order to ascertain what sum it would be necessary for the Corporation to pay to the Players for removal; and it must have been laid before the Lord Chancellor, with other documents connected with the inquiry. Hence we learn that Shakespeare's property in the Blackfriars Theatre, including the Wardrobe and properties, which were exclusively his, was estimated at more then £1400, which would be equal to between £8000 and £7000 of our present money. Burbage was even richer, as the owner of what is called ' the fee ' of the playhouse, and perhaps he, or his father, had bought the ground on which it stood as well as the building. However, it will be better first to insert a literal copy of the account, and afterwards to offer some remarks upon it. The paper is entitled

*For awarding of the Playhouse in the Precinct of the Blacke Friers.*

Item Richard Burbidge oweth the Fee; and is also a sharer therein.

His interest he rateth at the grosse summe of 1000<sup>li</sup> for the Fee, and for his foure shares, the summe of 933<sup>li</sup> 6<sup>s</sup> 8<sup>d</sup> 1933<sup>li</sup> 6<sup>s</sup> 8<sup>d</sup>

Item Fletcher oweth three shares which he rateth at 700<sup>li</sup>; that is at 7 yeares purchase for each share or 83<sup>li</sup> 6<sup>s</sup> 8<sup>d</sup> one yeare with another 700<sup>li</sup>

Item W. Shakespeare asketh for the Wardrobe and properties of the same playhouse 530<sup>li</sup> and for his 4 shares, the same as his fellowes Burbidge and Fletcher viz. 933<sup>li</sup> 6<sup>s</sup> 8<sup>d</sup> 1433<sup>li</sup> 6<sup>s</sup> 8<sup>d</sup>

Item Heminges and Condell eche 2 shares ..... 933<sup>li</sup> 6<sup>s</sup> 8<sup>d</sup>

Item Joseph Taylor 1 share and an halfe ..... 350<sup>li</sup>

Item Lowing also one share and an halfe ..... 350<sup>li</sup>

Item Foure more playeres with one halfe share to eche of them. .... 468<sup>li</sup> 13<sup>s</sup> 4<sup>d</sup>

Sum<sup>a</sup> totalis .. 6166 13 4

" Moreover, the hired men of the Companie demand some recompense for their great losse, and the Widowes and Orphanes of Playeres, who are paide by the Sharers at diuers rates and proportions, so as in the whole it will coste the Lo. Mayor and the Citizens at the leaste 7000<sup>li</sup>. "

—pp. 21—23.

This is, as our author says, not only a singular but valuable document, considering how scanty has hitherto been our information

... of the profits were divided  
 between Burbage and Shakespeare, and equal  
 share, which the same company at that  
 time, may be inferred from the fact that the  
 more numerous audience. But to know  
 about the amount and nature of Shakes-  
 peare's property at various periods of his life, we go forward to

another interesting document, preserved at Brillenhurst  
 House.

It is the copy of a letter signed H. B. and addressed, not  
 exactly to Lord Ellesmere, in order to induce him to assist, but  
 behalf of the Players at Blackfriars when assailed by the Corporation of  
 London. It has no date, but the internal evidence indicates that it  
 is in all probability a letter to the utmost disingenuousness, and  
 1608, and it was in the same bundle as the paper giving a detail of the  
 particular shares of Burbage, Fletcher, Shakespeare, and the rest.

"I do not recollect any instance of letters of a precisely similar kind of  
 so old a date, but they no doubt exist. It contains a personal application  
 of Richard Burbage and William Shakespeare, by their names and subscrip-  
 tions, to the authorities to whom it was addressed, in order that they might  
 state to him the facts, and interest him in behalf of the persecuted play-  
 ers. The initials, H. B., at the end I take to be those of Henry Bortholomew,  
 who was the noble patron of Shakespeare, and who in this very letter  
 calls the Poet his 'special friend.' It is natural to suppose that the  
 young nobleman who had presented Shakespeare (which he did not do until  
 there is no sufficient reason to doubt it) with £1,000 as a dowry, but  
 many years before, would take the strongest interest in his welfare. If  
 you feel at all as I did when I first discovered the letter, you will not think  
 me for this 'fearful calumniator' before a jury. It has no signature  
 and the copy was apparently made up half a sheet of paper. But there is  
 no little doubt that the original was placed in the hands of Lord Ellesmere  
 by Burbage or by Shakespeare, when they applied upon the Lord's behalf  
 for intercession."

"My most honored Lord, The many good offices I have received at  
 your lordship's hands, which ought to make me backward in asking further  
 favors, much emboldens me to require more in the night. Under your  
 Lordship will be wished how hereafter you grant soft words, and a  
 e and greater demands. The which now I present is to  
 ship, in all you can, to be good to the poor players of  
 it, who call them selves by authority the servants of his  
 for the protection of their most gracious Master, and  
 in the time of their needs. They are threatened by the  
 Aldermen of London, with finally to their selling, with  
 of their manner of livelihood, by the pulling down of their  
 it is a private Theatre, and such must give account of  
 either by any disorder. These being some of the chiefs of the com-  
 pany, one of them by name Richard Burbage, who humbly begs for  
 your Lordship's kind help, for that he is a man of an English dis-  
 cipline, one who sitteth the action to the word and the word to the action



most admirably. By the exercise of his qualite industry and good behaviour, he hath become possessed of the Black-friers playhouse, which hath bene employed for playes since it was builded by his father now nere 50 years agoe. The other is a man, no whit lesse deserving favor, and my especial friend, till of late an actor of good account in the company, now a player in the same, and writer of some of our best English playes, which as your Lordship knoweth were most singularly liked of Queen Elizabeth, when the company was called vpon to perform before her Ma<sup>ty</sup> at Court at Christmas and Shrovetide. His most gracious Ma<sup>ty</sup> King James, alsoe, since his coming to the crowne, hath extended his royall favour to the company in divers waies and at sundry times. This other hath to name William Shakespeare, and they are both of one countie, and indeede almost of one towne: both are right famous in their qualities though it longeth not to your Lo<sup>ty</sup> gravitie and wisdom to report unto the places where they are went to delight the publike eare. Their trust and suite now is not to bee molested in their waye of life whereby they maintain themselves and their wives and families (being both married and of good reputation) as well as the widowes and orphans of some of their dead fellows.

Your Lo<sup>ty</sup> most bounden at com.

H. S.

Copia verba. pp. 31-33.

Richard Burbage is now ascertained clearly to have been the first performer of Hamlet; and the writer of the above letter makes pointed use of a celebrated expression to be found in that play, in a manner appearing as it does in a confidential and earnest letter, that lets us almost hear how Shakespeare's enlightened contemporaries spoke of him. It is said he had been "till of late an actor of good account in the company," though he received not the praise in that capacity mented by Burbage; but well may Mr. Collier add that we may reckon it a fortunate circumstance that his moderate success as an actor perhaps led him to apply himself to dramatic composition. At any rate, it appears from the letter, that the poet was a performer for a much longer period of time than has generally been conceded. Mr. Collier observes that it has been thought, by every one acquainted with the subject, that Shakespeare confined his efforts, both as an actor and as an author, to the Black-friers and to the Globe Theatres; and he argues that he is still of the same mind, notwithstanding the following document purporting to be a draft, either for a patent or a privy seal.

Right trusty and wellbeloved &c. James &c. To all Mayors, Sheriffs, Justices, of the peace &c. Whereas the Queene our dearest wife hath for her pleasure and recreation appointed her Servaunts Robert Daiborne &c. to provide and bring upp a convenient number of Children who shall be called the children of her Majesties Revells, knowe ye that we have appointed and authorized and by these presents do appoint and authorize the said Robert Daiborne, William Shakespeare, Nathaniel Field and Edward Kirkham from time to time to provide and bring upp a convenient number of Children, and them to instruct and exercise in the quality of playing Tragedies Comedies &c. by the name of the Children of the Revells to the

Queene, within the Black fryers in our Citie of London or elsewhere within our realme of England. Wherefore we will and command you and every of you to permit her said Servaunts to keep a convenient number of Children by the name of the Children of the revells to the Queene, and then to exercise in the qualitie of playing according to her royall pleasure provided alwaies that no player &c shall be by them presented but such player as have received the approbation and allowance of our Maister of the Revels for the tyme being. And these our lres. shall be your sufficient warrant in this behalfe. In witness whereof &c, 4o die Janu 1609.

We shall not enter into the conjectures which the author employs to support his conviction that Shakespeare confined his efforts solely to the Blackfriars and the Globe, even after perusing the document here quoted. He is satisfied that in as far as regarded the great poet, the terms of the draft never were carried into effect; and to us, his argument seems good. But to go on to some other of the archives preserved at Bridgewater House—there is a letter from Samuel Daniel, an eminent poet, to Lord Ellesmere, of no mean interest, inasmuch as it refers expressly to Shakespeare, though without name and date. Daniel had been expressly appointed in 1603, to supervise the productions intended to be brought out by the Children of the Queen's Revels at that time, and it would appear that Lord Ellesmere was his patron, and had been the means of procuring for him the appointment of master. But it seems also he had competitors for this office, one of whom, says our author, "was certainly Michael Drayton, the poet; and the other, in all probability, from the particular expressions used, Shakespeare." We must however look back a few years from the date of the last quoted paper purporting to be a draft for a patent or a privy seal, to near the time when Daniel received his appointment, which was at the beginning of 1603. The letter now in question is thus addressed and written.

"To the right honorable Sr. Thomas Egerton, Knight, Lord Keeper of the Great Seale of England.

"I will not indeavour, Right honorable, to thanke you in words for this new great and unlookt for favor shown unto me, whereby I am bound to you for ever, and hope one day with true harte and simple skill to prove that I am not vnmindfull. Most earnestly doe I wish I could praise as your Honor has known to deserve, for then should I, like my maister Spenser, whose memorie your Honor cherisheth, leave behinde me some worthe worke, to be treasured by posterity. What my poor Muse could performe in haste is here set downe, and though it be farre below what other poets and better pens have written, it cometh from a gratefull harte and therefore may be accepted. I shall now be able to live free from those cares and troubles that hetherto have bene my continuall and wearisome companions. But a little time is past since I was called vpon to thanke your Honor for my brothers advancement, and now I thanke you for myne owne; which double kindness will alwaies receive double gratefulness at both our handes. I cannot but knowe that I am less deserving then some that sued by other of the nobility vnto her

Mate for this roome! If M<sup>r</sup>. Drayton, my good friend, had been chosen, I should not have murmured, for sure I am he would have filled it most excellently: but it seemeth to my humble iudgement that one who is the author of playes now daylie presented on the public stages of London, and the possessor of no small gaines, and moreover him selfe an Actor in the King's Companie of Comedians, could not with reason pretend to be Master of the Queenes Maties Revells, for as much as he would sometimes be asked to approve and allow of his owne writings. Therefore, he, and more of like quality, cannot justlie be disappointed because through your Honors gracious interposition the chance was haply myne. I owe this and all else to your honours, and if ever I have time and abilitie to finish any noble vndertaking, as God graunt one daye I shall, the worke will rather be your Honors then myne. God maketh a poet, but his creation would be in vaine if patrons did not make him to live. Your Honor hath ever showne your self the friend of desert, and pity it were if this should be the first exception to the rule. It shall not be, while my pore will and strength doe remaine to me, though the verses which I now send be indeede no prooffe of myne abilitie. I only intreat your Honor to accept the same, the rather as an earnest of my good will then as an example of my good deede. In all things I am your Honors

Most bounden in dutie and observance,  
 SAMUEL DANIEL. pp. 48, 49.

Now, the passage that Mr. Collier conceives should be taken as applying to Shakespeare, is that where, after mentioning Drayton, Daniel speaks of another person who had endeavoured to procure it, mentioning some other particulars belonging to his history. He maintains that the description could belong, not even to Ben Jonson, who had quitted the stage before 1603, and who was far from rich. Our author comes back again to the draft of the warrant of 1609, according to which, had it been carried into effect, Shakespeare would have been at the head of a company of juvenile performers. These theatrical "children," however, were not necessarily always young. In the State Paper Office, Mr. Collier has seen a letter from the Mayor of Exeter (indorsed June, 1618), complaining to the principal Secretary of State, that the master of the "Children of the Revels" had come to that city, and, showing his patent, had claimed a right to perform there. The mayor refused, on the ground that the patent was only to juvenile actors, whereas, in the whole company there were only five youths, and the rest men of thirty, forty, and fifty years old. We may quote, in further illustration of our author's deep acquaintanceship with the period and the events in question, and as being in some degree connected with Shakespeare, what he has also discovered at Bridgewater House, in relation to the draft we have repeatedly mentioned, as having been sent to Lord Ellesmere.

"When that draft was sent to Lord Ellesmere, some inquiry seems to have been made as to the nature and names of the 'Tragedies, Comedies, &c.,' which the children were to act; for in the margin of the paper are written the titles of thirteen plays, five of which are perhaps known, and eight certainly unknown. They are these—



speeches and prayers that have been uttered on particular occasions, which swell the work, are copied with as much anxiety and precision, as if an acquaintance with individual names, and pious sentiments, were essential to a knowledge of the services which this extensive and ancient institution has conferred on the community. There is also a good deal of the pedant observable in the style and feeling of the performance, which is natural enough, and may therefore be excused, as coming from one whose office, has for a number of years been to perform the highly important duties of a schoolmaster. But we think, that he really might, without any diminution of credit for his own scholarship, have dispensed with the enumeration of the academical honours he has earned, the several testimonies to his skill and talents as a teacher, and even the portrait of himself, which accompanies these obtrusive gratulations. The volume, however, though unnecessarily spun out, and marred by a self-important tone, regards an institution in which have been reared and educated so many individuals, as to deserve a distinct history, and to claim the study of the public. On the state of education in the metropolis, Christ's Hospital has been since Edward VIth's time intimately connected, and even identified. The hosts of industrious men it has sent forth, and of such as have attained to high eminence in the commercial world, in the learned professions, and in the defence of their country, have had an influence on a national scale, and beyond most public institutions in the empire. The patronage it has obtained, the support that a multitude of the most munificent citizens in the world have bestowed on it, and the style of its management, may therefore well demand publicity, while the pains taken by the reverend author will be appreciated, in which, even by the great majority of Londoners, there will be many things found that are new and interesting as respects the *Blue Coat Boys*, and still more so the part of those who have never had their eyes attracted by the singular garb of these numerous scholars. For the sake of all such of our readers, we shall select a few of the notices that seem the most striking in these pages.

On the dissolution of the monastic and religious establishments by Henry VIII., there was a great increase of mendicity and wretchedness in the city of London. That monarch was therefore induced to grant the conventual grounds and buildings of the Grey Friars, with the Hospital of St. Bartholomew, for the relief of the poor. In its new capacity, the church was dedicated to our Blessed Lord, under the designation of "Christ Church." No advantage, however, had been taken of this gift during the life of Henry, but his son had not long been upon the throne, though but a boy, ere he manifested the most tender regard for the welfare of all his subjects, and a remarkable docility in obedience to the wisest and most benevolent suggestions that his ministers uttered in his presence. It was his custom even to take notes of the sermons



which he heard, particularly of those which seemed to have a relation to his own duties. As, for instance, of Ridley, it is said, "on the occasion of bringing about the foundation of Christ's Hospital. He sent the bishop a message when the sermon was ended, desiring him not to depart until he had spoken with him. Ridley had a most fruitful and edifying conversation to the bishop, he was so moved to the poor and also to more such as were in authority, to travel by some charitable ways and means to comfort and relieve them." In reference to this advice, the young king spoke —

"My Lord," said he, "you will, such as are in authority to be careful thereof; and to devise some good order for their relief. Whereto, I pray me, for I am in highest place, and therefore am the first who answer unto God for my negligence, if I should not be so, knowing it to be the express commandment of Almighty, compassion of his poor and needy creatures, for whom we are an account unto him. And truly, my Lord, I am not at all unwilling to travel that way, and doubtless, nothing of an approved wisdom and learning, who have our good words only unto them, but also that you have had some conference, what ways are best to be taken therein, the which I am

desirous to understand, I pray you therefore to signify unto me. Though well acquainted with the virtues of the young King, Ridley was nevertheless taken by surprise at this burst of moral feeling, and hesitated for a moment to reply. At length he observed, that the city of London; as well on account of the extreme poverty which prevailed there on the one hand, as of the wise and charitable disposition of its more wealthy inhabitants on the other, would afford a favourable opportunity for the satisfaction of the royal bounty; and advised that letters should forthwith be directed to the Lord Mayor, requesting him, with such assistance as he might think meet, to consult upon the matter. Edward wrote the letters upon this instant, and charged Ridley to deliver, in his own name, his expressed request and earnest supplication, that measures might forthwith be taken to forward his views, and that he might be assured of their success. The Bishop's delight was manifested in the ease with which he undertook the commission. The King's letter and message were delivered on the same evening, and a promise received from Sir Richard Dutton, then Mayor, to proceed with the business without delay. — pp. 26, 27. L. 1. 1.

A plan was soon developed. It seemed that the poor of London might be divided into three classes. 1. The poor by infirmity, as such as young rheumatic children, the demented, the crippled, and the old. 2. The poor by casualty, as the maimed, the sick, and the diseased. 3. The third class poor, whom idleness and vice had reduced to indigence and want. For each of these an asylum was founded, viz. Christ's Hospital, St. Thomas's, and Bridewell. In the month of June, 1540, the King wrote to the Corporation of London, at the palace, and presented them with the Charter. The children that had already been received into Christ's Hospital, being present at the ceremony. There is a fine picture by Holbein, in the hall of the Hospital, descriptive of this heart-stirring scene.

an engraving from which forms one of the embellishments of the work before us, and of which Mr. Malcolm has given the following criticism:—

"The King is seated on a throne, elevated on two steps, with two very clumsy brackets for arms, on which are sanctified pilasters, adorned with carving and an arch; on the left pilaster, a crowned lion holding a shield, with the letter E., a dragon on the other, has another inscribed E. Two angels reclining on the arch, support the arms of England. The hall of audience is represented as paved with black and white marble; the windows are angular, with niches between each. As there are statues in only two of these, it seems to confirm the idea that it is an exact resemblance of the Royal apartment.

"The artist has bestowed his whole attention on the young monarch; whose attitude is easy, natural, and dignified: He presents the sword of gifts with his right hand, and holds the scepter in his left. The scarlet robe is unimmaculate and flows with ermine, and the folds are correctly and minutely described. An unavoidable circumstance injures the effect of this picture, which is the diminutive stature of the infant King, who shrinks into a dwarf, compared with his full grown courtiers; unfortunately reversing the necessary rule of giving most dignity and consequence to the principal person in the piece.

"The Chancellor holds the scales over his strongest right hand. The usher and three others are the duellists seated at the foot of the throne; and show his upmost modesty; for the right are the Mayor and seven, kneeling. Much cannot be said to praise of The Mayor receives the gift with a stupid expression opening his left hand, while every one of his brother looks on the King; and the extension of his arms evinces so much general wonder, which the artist has adorned for admiration, respect, and gratitude. The Council, also, on the other side, are grovelling and the action more varied. The beauty of the style full of antique decoration.

"But five of twenty-eight children, who are introduced in the foreground, turn towards the King; the remainder look out of the picture. The mother of the girl's gift (if a portrait) was chosen for her mental, and not her personal qualifications. Such are the merits and defects of this historical painting, which, though inferior to the execution to many of Holbein's, Dutch and Italian compositions, is a valuable, and in many respects, an excellent historical composition."—pp. 42, 43.

Previous to the institution of the hospital, the means of education in London were extremely confined. But this comprehensive establishment called forth the energies of the citizens in furtherance of its purposes, and the corporation were unceasing to bring it into notice. We need not go into the history of the various endowments that had respect to the advancement of the interests of the charity, or the alterations that have taken place, in the course of centuries in its internal arrangements; but the dress which distinguishes the scholars, originally of russet cotton, but which was soon

afterwards changed to the present colour: but the  
minutely described.

... It consists of a long blue coat, reaching up the middle, and fastened  
the waist with a leather girdle. A yellow sash or sash, which  
now worn, under the coat only during the winter, though it was originally  
a necessary appendage throughout the year; and stockings of white  
wristed. A pair of white handkerchiefs the coat in his hand remains of the  
original ruff or collar, which was then a part of the ordinary dress of  
pink; and the black cap, upon the smallness of which the boys set  
pride themselves as a peculiar distinction of the school, is also a remnant  
of the cap of larger size, worn at the period of the foundation. It has  
been imagined that the coat was the mantle, and the yellow, as it is  
technically called, the sleeveless tunic of the monastery, the blue  
girdle also corresponding with the hempen cord of the habit. There is an  
old tradition current among the boys, that the coat was originally of  
velvet, fastened with silver buttons, and an ornament for emblem of the  
early habits of their royal founder. The idea may possibly be traced to the  
clothes and portraits of the monarchs, with which their acquaintance is  
familiarized; and to which the royal mantle and cap, with the cap and  
plume, may easily have been referred by the youthful fancy in the  
emblems of their own attire. Without redress, however, so as to  
an original, those who live word it are accustomed to view it with  
degrees of veneration; which its antiquity is calculated to inspire; and  
the slightest change in any part of it would amount, in their estimation,  
to a species of sacrilege. Some few years ago, an appeal was made to  
the Governors to exchange the cap for some more efficient protection  
against the cold; and that which was never thought a hardship by the  
boys themselves, was regarded with a reluctance by the governors, who  
suggested wisdom for them. It is to be hoped that the day is far  
distant when the experience of centuries will be sacrificed to the temporary  
ill-humour of the youth, and when the senseless ceremony shall be intro-  
duced into an institution, where health and convenience require none of  
the arts of modern refinement to impair and destroy them.

The most, after stranger in London need not, after reading the  
above description, be at any loss to know a Blue Coat Boy. The  
itself, not larger than a tea saucer, is distinction enough, not to  
speak of the flowing blue, or the coney

The original plan of the institution  
first departed from in his inconsistent  
viewers have incurred in some instances  
however, that the author clearly shows  
this been uniformly observed, and the  
with other things in the frame of it  
for modifications and higher aims, and  
and children in a state of better de-  
position of the funds belonging to  
also to be affected by the fact and it  
drawn, as set forth in these pages, to  
to enter into this controversy, and  
sometimes divide in their views of civi

mentally true of the institution; it has at all times materially depended upon benefactions and bequests; some of which have pointed out and provided for new arrangements. The munificent legacies of Dame Mary Ramsey for example, laid the foundation of that distinction, to which the scholars of Christ's Hospital have attained from time to time in the university of Cambridge. Provision came also to be made for establishing a seminary for the younger children in the hospital at Hertford, who are at proper periods drafted to the more complicated and advanced establishment in the metropolis. A mathematical school came also to be granted by Charles II. where a certain number are called King's Boys, because they are trained for nautical purposes.

"Among the peculiar privileges of the Royal Mathematical School, may be reckoned the annual presentation of the boys at court, at the first drawing-room of the year. Formerly, this ceremony took place on New Years' day; but, since that festival has ceased to be observed at court, it has been transferred to the day on which the Queen's birth is celebrated. From the period of the melancholy illness of George III., and during the entire reign of his successor, as no drawing-rooms were held, the custom was of course discontinued; but it has since been renewed under the auspices of their present Majesties. On these occasions the boys produce their maps and charts, and other specimens of their proficiency in nautical science; which they unfold to the king, kneeling on one knee, as he passes to the presence chamber. The urbanity with which George III., and his amiable consort, were wont to receive their youthful visitors, was highly characteristic of their kind-hearted condescension; but there is something peculiarly gracious in the interest which King William and Queen Adelaide are pleased to take in every individual among them. Each is addressed in turn; and every breast beats high in acknowledgment of the honour conferred by the notice of the Sovereign. His early recollections of the service for which the youthful family are training, does not, it may be imagined, tend to diminish the royal interest in their welfare; nor will the word of advice and encouragement, kindly vouchsafed from such a quarter, be forgotten in a future day of difficulty or danger, and their struggles for their own honour, or their country's good."—p. 399.

We have not room to speak particularly of the system or branches of education now taught in Christ's Hospital, but it is such as no gentleman or nobleman's son could be ashamed of. The extent and magnificence of the accommodation furnished for the benefit of the scholars must be sought for in the volume before us, or it may be in some measure understood by a glance at the exterior of the buildings erected at Hertford, but especially in London. As to the internal economy of the hospital, however, we shall point out a few striking features, and would recommend all persons whose duties lead them to study the wisest methods of governing and benefiting large communities of boys, to resort to the model here found. Before noting some of the excellent rules at present observed in the institution, we cannot but lament, with the author, that



one most affecting event has been of late years denuded of some of its ancient solemnities. We allude to the funeral of any one of the boys, which indeed in such a numerous body is a rare circumstance compared with the ordinary history of human life, the healthful and excellent regulations constantly observed, of course, accounting for this delightful fact.

“ On the evening appointed for the funeral, the boys of the ward to which the deceased belonged, assembled in the quadrangle of the Infirmary, for the purpose of attending the remains of their departed school-fellow to the grave. When the melancholy procession began to move, six of the choir, at a short distance in advance, commenced the first notes of the burial anthem, selected from the xxxixth Psalm; the whole train gradually joining in the solemn chaunt as they entered, two by two, the narrow vaulted passage, or *creek*, which terminated in the cloisters. The appearance of the youthful mourners, moving with measured steps by torchlight, and pealing their sepulchral dirge along the sombre cloisters of the ancient priory, was irresistibly affecting; and the impressive burial service, succeeding to the notes of the anthem, as it sunk sorrowfully upon the lips of the children, riveted the spectator insensibly into a mood of serious and edifying reflection. There was something of a mournful grandeur in these observances, peculiarly adapted to the monastic territory in which they were conducted; nor can they ever be obliterated from the reverential memory of those who have taken a part in them. The most imposing features of the ceremony, to a stranger at least, are no longer retained; though it would be difficult to assign a cause for their discontinuance. That striking effect, produced by the funereal glare of the torches, is no longer present, and the corpse is committed to the ground in open daylight; the distance along which the procession passes is considerably diminished; and, except the solemn chaunt of the burial anthem, there is little to excite particular attention. Still there is enough in the tribute of affection paid by the boys to a lost companion, to strengthen in the minds of the survivors a bond of union, which is never broken in after life. ”—pp. 162, 163.

We pass over the duties of the president, the privileges and offices of the governors, those of the treasurer, and several other personages constantly employed in the management of the hospital; and come to the office of the steward, under whose surveillance the scholars are placed during the time in which they are not occupied with their studies. He not only attends them at their meals, sees that they present themselves in clean and decent attire, and conduct themselves orderly at table; but his duty is to receive the various provisions supplied for their use, to examine tradesmen's bills, and to prepare for the inspection of certain auditors the several articles provided for the establishment.

“ He is assisted in receiving and delivering out the usual articles of consumption and domestic use, by three of the senior boys, thence denominated *Buttery-boys*, who are rewarded by a weekly ticket and sundry other privileges and distinctions for the service which they afford. The appointment of these juvenile officers seems to have been coeval, or nearly so, with the foundation of the school; for it is shown by an entry in the





order among them. Before the ringing of the bell for dinner, it is her duty to be present in the kitchen, and see that the meat is properly and sufficiently dressed; that the diet in general is good, sweet, and wholesome; that the proper quantity is served to the nurse of each ward; and that no disorder or confusion arises in its distribution. On Sunday she accompanies the children to church, taking charge of the gallery to which her pew is attached, and enforcing the regular attendance of the nurses, unless prevented by sickness or alleging any reasonable excuse. In their wards also, the conduct of the nurses is under her special control. She is empowered to 'command, reprove, and rebuke them;' and, in case of disobedience, to report them to the Committee. Once in a week at least she is required to visit every ward between nine and ten o'clock at night, and see that the children are covered in their beds; and that none are harboured there who do not belong to the Hospital. It is her further duty to look to the necessary repairs, and the clean and sweet washing of the clothes and linen belonging to the children; once in every month to examine the beds and furniture, and if any of them be spoiled or embezzled to make it known forthwith to the Committee; to see that the wards are kept in a neat and cleanly condition; and to pay the nurses their weekly wages. The cutting out of all the linen for the use of the children and for the domestic purposes of the establishment, which is made, for the most part, by the girls at Hertford, forms part of her employment; and the table-linen of the court-room is deposited in her custody. On the days of public entertainment she directs the important ceremony of *laying the cloth*; and the rose-water is prepared in the antique salver by herself alone. Such essential privileges ought not surely to pass unnoticed; and it is the sincere wish of every blue that they may long be enjoyed by the present possessor."—pp. 321, 322.

It should be marked that a nurse, at the time of her election, must be above forty years of age, of irreproachable character, and the widow of a freeman of the city of London. They have to give their entire and ready attention to the comfort of the boys, avoiding all railing, scolding, and immorality.

From these few notices, taken from a vast number of other arrangements, it may be seen that no pains, and no study has been spared, which can be conceived conducive to the welfare of the scholars. Had we room we should gladly point out the extreme care had to the religious instruction conveyed to such a numerous community of young persons, who are afterwards, and year after year, entering upon the great business of life, and thereby seasoning, so to speak, the whole mass of society with their knowledge and example. We must, however, close these remarks, with a fact that goes far to prove the entire excellencies of the institution; we mean the truth which has often been attested, that "the Christ's Hospital boy's friends at school, are commonly his intimates through life."

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**ART. II.—*The Constitution of Society, as designed by God.* By VERITAS.  
London: Effingham Wilson, 1835.**

THE writer sets out in the preface, with saying, that as Newton has shewn the material world to be governed by the law of attraction, it is here proposed to do a similar thing for the moral world; "that is, to consider of the application of the law of association to the moral world." This law of association is said to be the same thing with that which is called love in the New Testament, and which should regulate all our actions. For, "had all created intellectual beings, from the first moment the Most High commenced the work of creation, been obedient to his will, it may be presumed that the whole universe would have formed one great association, all the members of which would unceasingly have gone on educating nothing but good to each other, and the glory of their great Creator." Or if such commands as the following were obeyed, things would go on very well, and much better than at present:—"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself;" and "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." What a Daniel must the writer of these 640 closely printed pages be, who is able so soon to make the discovery, which he justly considers the grand secret of all government, personal, social, and political! No wonder that he "wholly disavows any connection whatever with a religious or political party, as far as the following essay is concerned. He considers all the various sects, whether relating to religion or politics, into which mankind are divided, as human inventions." And as respects both "belief and practice, one mode only in these important matters for the whole world, can be in accordance with the divine will," (which mode has never yet been followed, although some hints are thrown out, in the last chapter, regarding its nature); nothing short of this can satisfy our author. We must therefore jump forward and advertise our readers of what this grand secret consists—this unique mode. Why it is nothing else than that there should be a Heavenly Association formed, consisting of all men, of all nations, and all generations, who not only resolve to act, but who always are to act in perfect accordance with the Divine will. What a Daniel, say we again, must our laborious author be! We cannot but feel amazed, however, that such a prophet should withhold his name from this wonderful performance, and so cowardly shelter himself under the borrowed plumage of Veritas; nay, speak nonsense, and tell falsehoods under the name of truth. For we have never met with such a rhapsodical string of misstatements, illogical arguments (indeed argument there is none), and absurd assertions, in the whole course of our experience. The strange jumble of authorities crowded into every page, the unceasing use of the most solemn passages of Scripture, with Tom Paine very frequently pressed into their bosom,

can only be excused by the fact of the author being of unsound mind.

Though we had been inclined to review this bulky volume, with the design of setting the author right, or rather guarding the public against its follies, it would be impossible to know where to find the beginning, middle, or ending of an argument. In his use of terms he sets at nought all precision or perspicuity of definition. His unceasing use, for example, of the phrase "Law of Nature," leaves nothing but confusion in the ear, and we defy any mind accustomed to find the way enlightened, as the leaves of a book are turned over, to remember the import of the last in any part of his.

It is, perhaps, hardly worth while to point out a few of the thousand stupidities that crowd the volume; but lest any one should happen to be misled by the adherence which the author generally expresses to revealed truths, and to give heed to his ignorant and crude errors, that appear so often in the same paragraphs, we shall copy some of his assertions, opening the volume at random. He very early asserts that there are only three modes in which intellectual beings can associate; namely—

"1. To educe to each other nothing but good.

"2 To educe nothing but ill.

"3. To educe a combination of good and ill.

As to the second, it is not for a moment imaginable, that a constitution, emanating from Infinite Wisdom, Power, and Benevolence, can be made to educe nothing but ill. And the supposition is wholly opposed to the actually existing state of things. It is also as little to be imagined, that heaven can have decreed, that intellectual beings may sometimes educe good, and sometimes ill, to each other, as the one would be destructive of the other. It follows, therefore, that the Divine Being must have designed that all intellectual beings, in all places, and at all times, and in all their relations, shall educe nothing but good to each other. Consequently, when they act otherwise, they are rebelling against his holy will. Any other order of things, on the part of the Divine Being, would argue a want of wisdom, if he voluntarily chose it, of power, if he was able to have constituted them differently;—or, if able, a want of will to exercise such wisdom and power most beneficially for his intelligent offspring; but as no deficiency of wisdom, power, or benevolence, can be attributed to the Most High, it is clear, that he has constituted the Universe as has been assumed—namely, so that intellectual beings, if they live according to the law of their existence, shall, in all their relations, educe nothing but good to each other."—pp. 2, 3.

We say nothing of the style in which the word *educe* is employed—a word most unmercifully ridden throughout the work; but we quote the passage to shew how our metaphysical giant disposes of the existence or origin of moral evil. By-the-bye, he is elsewhere a believer in evil spirits; but we leave him to reconcile his opinions. We have, soon after, this sentence; "The rights of every man comprehend the unrestricted use of his faculties, and an equal right to the property in the *land*, with all his fellows." Again, "The

English code is unquestionably an utter disgrace to the human intellect." Again, "The only form of government lawful in the sight of the Lord God Almighty, in any country or age, therefore, is a pure democracy. In all other forms his most holy law is violated, towards all that are excluded from their share of the political right." How shall the French constitution survive the following challenge and appeal?

"Was it possible to take one of each class of the oppressors—namely, the king, a peer, a deputy, and a constituent, and to say to each of them—You shall have one month to consider the following proposition:—If, at the end of this period, you can evince that you have the least conceivable greater right to assist in governing France, than any one of the 6,839,000 males you now misrule, you shall have the whole land of France assigned to you for so doing: but if you cannot do this, for assisting in the maintenance of a government in contravention of the law of God, your head shall come off; it cannot be questioned that the king, the peer, the deputy, and the constituent, would all lose their heads. And this is wholly irrespective of the manner and time of the formation of the constitution, whether it emanated from domestic usurpation, foreign invasion, or a combination of these; whether it was founded yesterday, or immediately after the deluge; whether Louis Philippe's ancestors sat on the French throne from the deluge, or he is the first sovereign of his race; whether the chamber of peers has existed in France ever since the deluge, or was first appointed yesterday; whether the peers derive their mis-called rights hereditarily, or only for life; whether the chamber of deputies emanates from the 160,000, or the 6,839,000; all these matters are immaterial, as far as their legality is concerned.—*They are all utterly unlawful in the sight of heaven.*"—pp. 324, 325.

Is not the fair sex roughly and ungallantly handled by our Daniel?

"The history of all nations is little less than an account of the various ramifications of political jugglery, and wholesale butcheries thence arising. With these things, women have ostensibly little to do. Of the character of the female sex in the aggregate, therefore, history furnishes us with but very imperfect information. The experience of any individual, however great, must also necessarily be far too circumscribed, to speak decisively on so important a matter: but, from all the evidence that exists, the conclusion is, that however gross and universal is the immorality of men, when compared with the only legitimate standard, the divine law, immorality is yet greater in women—the different degrees of temptation to which the sexes are obnoxious being considered; and thus appears to have thought a very competent judge.—(*Eccl. vii, 27, 28*). With us, women are generally liable to be little assailed by any thing beyond their own dwellings; but men, having far more-extended intercourse with the world, are proportionably exposed. If, in the history of the world, women do not appear to have acted so viciously as men, we apprehend it is because they have not had *the power*; and that the peculiar vices of females are not a suitable subject for the historic pen. Ordinarily speaking, whatever power does fall to their lot, they exercise equally or more viciously, than it is exercised by men; and women too often exert a most pernicious influence over their male connections; men



being instigated by them to act in a way they never otherwise would. Some, though disposed to admit that women, when they are bad, are many of them exceedingly vicious, affirm on the other hand, as to women that are good, that many of them are superior to the most excellent men. With these sentiments we do not accord. It appears to us, that, as men are ordinarily corporeally and intellectually superior, so are they morally greater than women."—pp. 388, 389.

Our champion for Divine authority has declared that "some seem to consider that the fall entailed vice and misery upon all the descendants of our first parents. The Scriptures, however, do not make this declaration; but only that, as man was evidently incapable of appreciating and rightly enjoying the bounties of heaven, he should not attain them without a certain degree of labour—a most merciful dispensation—that women should have to endure a certain degree of suffering in child-birth, and besides this, the whole human race become mortal. It can scarcely be questioned that almost any two adults of the human race (if it were practical to place them as our first parents were placed) would violate the Divine command. The prayer put into our mouths by our Lord—'Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven!' and his commandment to us—'Be ye perfect, even as your Father, which is in heaven is perfect,' seem incompatible with the supposition, that men, collectively, are less able to do the will of Heaven now, than our first parents were before they fell; though some individually, may find it extremely difficult to do this holy will, from the wickedness of those with whom they are associated, and by whom they are in a less or greater degree influenced." We know not what are the parts of the Bible our author reads, nor the persons he associates with. We should suppose, however, that he himself is the only one at most that is immaculate; for in many other places he rails against mankind as totally depraved.

But the Constitution of the British nation comes in for the hardest knocks. We shall let him, in a sentence or two, be heard against our wicked, wretched country. He begins with quotations,

"There is not a problem in Euclid, more mathematically true, than that hereditary government has not a right to exist. When, therefore, we take from any man the exercise of hereditary power, we take away that which he never had the right to possess; and which no law or custom could or ever can give him a title to.—(*Paine's Princip. of Gov.*)

"The heart of this people is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes have they closed;—lest they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart, and should be converted.—(*Acts xxviii. 27*).

"The truly wise and good man is he who with all possible earnestness endeavours to discover what is the will of God, and who is ready to forsake all that he hath, even life itself, that he may do this will. If, then, it were possible for the writer of these pages to know that, as soon as he had finished this paragraph, he would have to pass into eternity, and that

his everlasting doom would instantly be determined, he solemnly affirms, and calls men and angels to witness the declaration, that of the following classes of persons, he is unable to comprehend how there can be amongst them a *truly wise and virtuous man*—namely, the members of the

Guelph family !  
House of Lords !  
House of Commons ! and—  
The Judges !

He arrives at this conclusion from a single circumstance—namely, the total absence of even the slightest attempt to evince in print the legality of the British constitution in the sight of Heaven !

“In contemplation of the possibility of the most wretched state of things among the Americans, a monumental inscription was lately proposed for them. A column referring to every one of our hereditary and elected legislators that have arisen since the Norman subjugation, seems very suitable for this country. On it the following may be inscribed :—

THERE HAS BEEN,  
AND THERE NOW IS,  
'NONE TO GUIDE HER  
AMONG ALL THE SONS  
WHOM SHE HATH BROUGHT FORTH ;  
NEITHER IS THERE ANY  
THAT TAKETH HER BY THE HAND,  
OF ALL THE SONS  
THAT SHE HATH BROUGHT UP !

(*Isa. li. 18.*)”—pp. 504, 536, 537.

But the best thing of all that is crowded into this *admirable* philosopher's work, is to be found in the “Dedication to the King, the members of the House of Lords, and the members of the House of Commons,” which is inserted as an Appendix. It begins thus, “Sire, I desire to be informed, whether the following may be addressed to you, without any violation of the law of this nation.” This is something not very distinct from the nature of an Irish bull, and is certainly equally like putting the cart before the horse. He goes on to sketch the origin and history of the legislature, and pounces upon its several branches, for saying that the constitution of this country has been established and maintained, “in accordance with the will of the Most High.”

“This affirmation is particularly made in the two following ways : by the portraits of the present and late chief magistrates, being imprinted on its metallic currency, with an inscription as to each, purporting that he holds his office in accordance with the divine will ; and by this being also declared in various places in the common prayer-books of the church.

“When things are said to be done in accordance with this holy will, the expression may be taken either that they are simply permitted by Heaven, as is the case with all unlawful acts ; or that they are sanctioned by Heaven, as is the case with all lawful ones. In this latter sense, the inscriptions on our metallic currency, and the expressions in the prayer-books of the church, are obviously intended.

“ But, however clearly yourselves, and some, or all, the constituents of the elected legislative, may comprehend that the Constitution of this nation is lawful in the sight of God; it is undeniable, that very many Englishmen are too ignorant to understand that it is so; of these, I am not ashamed to confess myself one; for, though I have diligently studied the subject for some years, comparing the Constitution with the Divine Law; that is, the Law of Nature, republished in the law of Revelation, comprised in the following words of the Lord Jesus Christ; ‘Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself;’ or thus—‘All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them;’ I have not been able to discover that you have any right whatever to make and execute laws for the people of this nation; nor that the constituents of the elected legislative have any right whatever to appoint that body. I desire to be understood, not as affirming any thing, either for or against the right of any of you, or of those that appoint some of you; all that I say, is, that I have not sufficient capacity to understand in what manner, what you call your and their rights, accrue.”—p. 634.

Mr. Veritas, don’t you fish at times for a compliment? But we go forward to join him heartily in a succeeding sentiment, which runs thus:—“And it being apparent to all good men, that the constant application of the name of God, as a sanction to a thing that is lawful, even when it is indisputably so, is an act of great impiety, in those who do not clearly comprehend its lawfulness:”—What do our readers suppose is likely to follow the close of the paragraph, of which the above quoted half sentence is the beginning?

“Wherefore in the glorious and fearful name of the Lord God Almighty! and in vindication of his government of mankind; I solemnly declare to you, that it is expedient, that, with the least possible delay, you appoint a committee; the members thereof all being ‘able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness,’ selected from ‘all the people;—who in the sight—not only of their own countrymen—but of all mankind, the holy angels in heaven, and the Lord God Almighty himself—do make the undermentioned inquisitions. And that your committee be directed to report to you thereon, as well as of such other matters, as to it shall seem meet.”—pp. 635, 636.

After this appalling invocation and dreadful profanity, we must be excused for not going over the long report of this supposed committee in which the same or similar appeals are abundantly made to the Holiest name, that we may learn what is recommended by our wise-acre, should no heed whatever be paid to his cut and dry questions and answers.

“And provided it is determined that there is no violation of the law of this country, in addressing the foregoing to you, but that any further notice thereof is declined; I further desire to be informed, whether the following may, without any violation of the law of this nation, be addressed

#### TO THE WHOLE PEOPLE OF THE BRITISH ISLES.

Having sent a letter to the members of both houses of parliament and the chief magistrate, (a copy of which is hereunto annexed); to which

they declined paying any other attention, than to declare there was no illegality in so doing; it is expedient that some of you, in behalf all the others, appoint a Committee, to make the same inquiries, the members of the two houses of parliament and the chief magistrates were to have had made.

“Should such committee be appointed, and it finds that the several propositions, put by me in the Report, which I supposed might be made by the government Committee, are *all of them truths enduring to all generations*; and your Committee shall further state, that it is incumbent, as far as lies in you, by all measures, in accordance with the divine will, even if necessary to the sacrifice of the lives of any of you, at such time, and in such manner, as comports with the glory of the Most High, UTTERLY TO SUPERSEDE THE CONSTITUTION AND CODE OF THIS NATION, for those in accordance with the will of heaven; and that each and every of you, in neglecting so to do, will be guilty of high treason to the government of God: in such case, it will be expedient that you cause a copy of the Report of your Committee to be delivered to each of the members of the two houses of parliament and the chief magistrate; accompanied by a requisition, that each of them will point out whatever appears to him in such report to be in contravention of the will of God.”—pp. 638, 639.

But if the “whole of the people of the British Isles,” like the chief magistrate, and members of both Houses of Parliament, should neglect to listen to Daniel (a consequence not beyond the reach of possibility), he has nothing for it but to add, “I call heaven and earth to witness against you this day (the same invocation was inserted at the close of the supposed neglect of the former committee), for all the iniquity and suffering that may thence arise in your own and future generations.” So much for Mr. Veritas’s Constitution of Society as designed by God. We have only to add, that for such follies and profanity, madness becoming bedlam, would be the best apology.

ART. IV.—*The Heavens.* By ROBERT MUDIE, Author of “A Guide to the Observations of Nature,” &c. &c. &c. London: Thomas Ward and Co. 1835.

MR. MUDIE is a writer who never fails to convince us, by the manner and the matter of his productions, that he is a close and earnest observer; and one, too, unguided by any forerunner. His love for the study of external nature must be intense, while his remarkable talent in throwing new light on familiar objects, proves his intellect to be suited to his enthusiasm, so as to simplify, at the same time, that he entices. In short, he takes an accurate, a direct, and an ardently affectionate view of the works of creation; and clothes his thoughts, his discoveries, and his feelings in such flowing and warm language, that the reader is suddenly and powerfully led into his strain—improved and delighted at once. This result we have felt carried to the pitch, where alone all lessons and

gratification should lead—to a higher and warmer perception of the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Creator, than when we sat down to study the author; a result, we think, which every one will experience on a perusal of any part of the present elegant (elegant in every sense) little volume.

We deny not that the author appears to us to be usually diffuse, and not very logical either in arrangement or exact in illustration. But being a man of a strong, ardent, and reflecting mind, his rapid and disjointed, but natural observations, like pictures taken from one object at various aspects, suit well the character of a popular treatise, and leave behind very distinct impressions with those who are unacquainted with purely technical and scientific discussions.

The preface to this volume is not only a beautiful piece of writing, but it happily points out some highly important truths, and suggests several striking ideas, not less shrewd than original. Mr. Mudie pretends not to the authorship of a system of technical and philosophic astronomy, for, as a science, that of the heavenly bodies is now one of the most perfect and simple, to those who approach it in a systematic manner. But convinced that there is a popular road to this science, both short and easy, he has endeavoured to set up a finger-post in this amusing and delightful path, which he has done, “not by describing the end to be arrived at, but by attempting to describe the way.” Such is the purpose and method which he has had in view, as he tells us, and his attempt is highly praise-worthy, although, perhaps, it may be improved upon. But still, it is no easy matter to divest exact science of its technicalities, or to perceive the extent and precision of its reach without a knowledge of a tongue unknown to the generality of mankind. We, therefore, without saying how far his attempt may be improved, must feel gratified and pleased with the progress he has made in the present essay respecting the laws and phenomena of the heavens.

Nothing can be more just than Mr. Mudie's observation, that however perfect and satisfactory the science of astronomy may be in the eyes of those who systematically have studied it, and however ready many be to lend to its wonderful truths the fullest acquiescence, there is yet but few who give any thing better than an unreasoning assent, and without knowledge, so that an uninformative and even blighting result is occasioned, such as words without meaning will always lead to. The form in which those books intended to teach the science popularly, are written, is blamed by our author, as tending to augment the difficulties necessarily belonging to the nature of the subject; the results being stated, without any notice of the means by which these are arrived at; without any application or teaching of that analogical style of reasoning, by which great things may be judged of accurately by comparison with small. This defect is here in some measure amended, so that for the young, as well as for all on whose parts this sort of



study has unexampled attractions, a convenient key is presented, wherewith the reader may learn much of the science of astronomy for himself, in the direct contemplation of what he observes around him. To be sure, it is not every one that can guide and keep up his observations like our author; but when, as here, the method and habit has been pointed out, great facilities are possessed, beyond what the teacher himself had before him, besides a highly interesting example of how a vigorous, inquisitive, and original capacity proceeded to work.

As we do not purpose doing more than to cull a few specimens of the author's manner and matter, without regard to a continuous or connected account of the volume, we shall first of all copy the heads of the sections as detailed in an analysis of the contents, whereby our readers may judge of the scope and compass of the work, as well as of its spirit and minute execution. The sections run thus;—Inducements to the Study of the Heavens;—Necessity and Advantage of the Study of the Heavens;—Nature of the Knowledge of the Heavens;—Apparent Diurnal Motion of the Heavens;—Stability of the Heavens;—Gravitation and Motion;—Particulars of an Elliptic Orbit;—Apparent Place, Magnitude, Distance, and Motion;—Distances, Magnitudes, and Masses of the Heavenly Bodies;—and lastly, System of the Heavens. On the Advantages and Necessity of the Study of the Heavens, we have the following information, and though by no means novel in matter, it is singularly plain and pleasing in manner.

“Time is one of the most important of all considerations to every man, whatever may be his condition in life; and, other than what we derive from the knowledge of the heavens, we have no natural standard of time, and could not, with certainty, keep our appointments, or transact even the most ordinary business with any thing like advantage to ourselves or satisfaction to others. It is true that, in the present improved state of the arts, we have mechanical clocks and watches, which keep more uniform time, for short periods, than that which we obtain from observation of the heavenly bodies; but even these are, in a great measure, results of our knowledge of the laws of celestial motion: and we have no standard, except the heavenly bodies, by which to ascertain whether our mechanical time-keepers keep true time or not. For longer periods of time, a knowledge of the motions of the heavenly bodies is absolutely necessary; and it was not till after the science of the heavens had made very considerable progress, that the length of the year, or time of the earth's annual revolution round the sun, and the length of the day, or time of the earth's rotation on its axis, could be accurately compared with each other. The appearances of the moon, during its revolution round the earth, are so varied, and those nights during which the moon shines are so cheering to persons who have occasion to be abroad, as compared with nights on which there is no moonlight, and the moon early attracted the attention of mankind, and there are nations who still keep time by moons. But as the time of the moon's revolution round the earth is not any even part of that of the earth's revolution round the sun, and as this again does not contain an exact number of rotations of

the earth upon its axis, those three methods of counting time cannot be made to agree with each other without a very intimate knowledge of the celestial motions.

“ But, independently altogether of those variations in the positions of the sun and moon, which are the consequences of those three motions, there are appearances on the surface of the earth itself, which are produced, each by one of these motions; and thus, no one of the motions, as a standard of time, will answer for the whole. The day, which is occasioned by the rotation of the earth on its axis, is the most striking of all these phenomena; because, throughout the whole earth at some times, and over the greater part of it at all times, one portion of the day is light, and the other portion dark. The month, which, though different in our Calendar, in which the three motions are, as much as possible, adapted to each other, was originally the same as a lunation, or a revolution of the moon round the earth. The tides of the ocean, though they vary, at different seasons and from other causes, yet depend chiefly upon the moon; and, to people inhabiting the shores of the sea and the estuaries of tidal rivers, it is often of great consequence to know the times of high and low water long before they occur. The year is determined by the revolution of the earth round the sun; and to all people, and more especially to people who cultivate the ground, a knowledge of the seasons, or times of the growth, maturity, decay, and death of those plants which are cultivated for the use of man, is of the utmost importance; because the cultivator must provide for the general character of every season before it comes, or else his cultivation will be to little purpose.

“ Now, in order to adjust the days, months, and years to each other, so that we may be enabled to employ our time to the best advantage, and have from the abundance of the season of growth a sufficient supply for that season at which the earth yields nothing, requires a very intimate knowledge of the motions of the heavenly bodies. No doubt, it is the motions of the earth of which the knowledge is necessary; but those motions are not discoverable, at first hand, any more than people who are below deck in a ship can know the rate at which that ship makes way through the water. They are discoverable only by the apparent motions of the heavenly bodies, which are (in the case of bodies remaining stationary) at the same rate at which the earth moves, but in the opposite direction. If, however, the body, from which the motion is to be determined, has a motion of its own, the rate and direction of that must be known and allowed for, in order to get at the true rate at which the earth moves.”—pp. 17—19.

The author, after noticing other facts, regarding the admeasurement of time, amongst other things, observes that the question of time, simple as it may appear, is one which requires the most intimate knowledge of the heavens before it can be determined with accuracy; and that it is also only by means of a knowledge of the heavens that mankind have arrived at any thing like satisfactory knowledge of the shape and boundaries of the earth itself. What were the consequences of supposing the earth flat?

“ The flat earth was regarded as a sort of a partition, or, more strictly speaking, a floor, in the universe—if universe it could be called, of which the lateral extremities were so perplexing. The habitable side was, of

course, the upper one, above which was the region of light, while below the other side was altogether a region of darkness. The former contained, of course, first the atmosphere, then the region of the sun, moon, and stars, and above that the dwellings of the gods of heathen mythology, all this part of it differing according to the fancy of the describer, but all perfectly incompatible with an accurate knowledge, or any thing approaching to an accurate knowledge, of the true God; because gods which had a particular local habitation, in one part of the universe rather than another, must have been, not only finite gods, but material gods, and therefore not gods at all—not creators, but creatures, and creatures not of God's making, but of man's imagining; and yet, however some of the more intelligent among the people, who held this belief, must have been perplexed with its absurdity, no other conclusion could be drawn from the belief that the earth was a flat surface. Hence we have another argument for the necessity of a knowledge of the true system of the heavens for enabling us, in so far as man can know so awful a subject, to have a proper knowledge of the true God.

“All on the under side of the earth, as the place of darkness, was the region of woe, the place of punishment; though according to the then notion that the regions of the gods could be inhabited by the gods only, and by them in proportion to their degrees of godship, it was found necessary to assign the shades or spirits (they were not spirits, however, but thin and vapoury bodies) of good men, as well as those of bad men, to the under or dark side of the earth.

“To us these speculations of the times of ignorance appear very absurd, and yet the men by whom they were held show, by many of those memorials they have left, that, in matters which they did properly understand, they were our equals, if not our superiors; and if the labour of ages in the search of truth, and above all the destruction of the fancies of heathen mythology by the light of divine revelation, had not enabled us to acquire that knowledge of the system of the heavens, and of the form and magnitude of the earth, which we now possess, as clearly as though the former could be set on the table before us, or we could turn over the latter in the hollow of our hand, we should have been, even at this day, in the same state of ignorance and error that they were, if not worse.”—pp. 22—24.

Mr. Mudie with unusual force and original illustrations, goes on to prove that the earth is a sphere, observing, that nothing can more satisfactorily show the great superiority of the mind over the body, or of the inductions of philosophy over the immediate dictates of the senses, than the difference between the true system of the heavens, including the earth as part of that system, and those notions which we acquire of it by common observation. For though it may be easy to point out many proofs that might have struck mankind from the beginning, of the impossibility of the earth being a plane surface, from end to end, or of its being stationary, yet these proofs are only clear to us, after the discovery of the truth has been made, so that seeing, for instance, the masts of ships, before seeing their hulls, although a matter necessarily familiar to the ancients, and many such facts, went for nothing, until the true or celestial system was discovered. We must refer our

readers, however, to the work before us, for certain, plain, and striking illustrations, exhibited by a style and method that has never been employed in any other popular treatise on astronomy with which we are acquainted, and which, fortunately may be fully understood without a previous knowledge of the subject by any one.

Astronomy though it treats of the most distant and extensive parts of the universe, as regards the inhabitants of our globe, is yet the most perfect and satisfactory of the whole of the sciences, because it is one of pure observation, and regarding which we can neither hasten nor retard any one result. But to keep by our author's method of observing nature itself, and thereby gathering knowledge, let us see what he says of the *apparent sky*, or celestial space. The imperfections or sources of error that may exist in light as the medium of our knowledge, and in the eye as our organ of perception, which errors may be said to be rendered inveterate by the pictorial representations, the maps and globes so much in use, may be exposed in the following manner; by studying nature, free and open as it is to all.

“ Upon what part soever of the earth a spectator is situated, that which appears to him as being ‘the framework’ of the heavens always seems of the same form, and, under the same circumstances of the cloudless atmosphere, of the same magnitude. It always appears a portion, nearly but not quite the half, of a hollow sphere or globe, of a blue colour more or less intense according to the state of the atmosphere. The point directly over head, or that to which a pole or other tall object, which does not lean to any side, points, always appears the highest in the canopy or dome. Even if it is obscured by clouds, the general shape is not much altered, nor is the apparent size so much lessened as, from the real difference in the length of the view, we might be induced to believe. There is, however, a felt difference in this respect, not only between the clear sky and the cloudy, but between different states of each. The blue sky of day never appears so ample as the raven-black sky of night; the night sky, illuminated by the full moon, never appears so ample as the moonless sky does: and in cloudy skies, those in which the clouds are thick and dark never look so distant as those in which the clouds are pale. These differences in the appearance of the sky have some information to give us, if we would think and receive it. The blue sky of day receives its colour from light acting on the earth's atmosphere; and the moonlight sky, though, as the light is less intense, and not quite the same in its composition, it is differently coloured, yet receives its tint from the light acting on the same atmosphere; and this light, produced by the action of the luminaries on the atmosphere, is the reason why the stars are not seen at all when the sun shines, and why they are faint and apparently few in the clear moonlight. There are other circumstances which, when we come to reflect upon them, show us that the apparent magnitude, and also the colour, of the apparent sky, depend upon the nature and distance of the substance which acts upon the light, or rather, perhaps, on which the light acts. When the upper part of the air is what is called ‘gummy,’ and there is a ring of reflected

light round the moon, or pencils of bearded light round the brighter stars, the heavens always appear of smaller dimensions than when the air is clear. So, also, when the sun or the moon is seen through a fog, which takes off the brilliance of the lustre but allows the form of the disc to be seen, the luminary always appears at a much smaller distance than when it is seen in the clear sky. So, also, even when there is no visible vapour, except what may be inferred from the colour of the sky in the thick air of a rich valley, if one ascends from that to a lofty mountain, around whose summit the air is dry and pure, the sky expands and deepens in its tint; and the view on the surface of the ground, not only widens with the elevation, but becomes clear in the bringing out of distant objects."—pp. 56—58.

Thus it is shown that the apparently spherical form of the space by which the earth is surrounded is an illusion, a mere appearance to the eye, which its incapacity for judging of distances so remote as even the nearest of the celestial bodies appear, occasions; and thus also it is that our author proceeds to teach astronomy. His methods, compared with those used by systematic philosophers, may be imperfect or rude for the determining of positions, but the great principle is the same; while he shows how much may be done, and how delightful must be the employment, when the contemplative and reasoning mind devotes itself to such investigations, though destitute of previous knowledge of the principles and practice of astronomy, and possessed of no other instrument than his eyes.

"With this understanding, let the observer suppose himself to remain in his position until the sun has gone down; and, supposing that the sky is still cloudless, and that there is no moon to obscure the lustre of the stars, then—as twilight begins to fade, and the russet chases the brighter colours westward after the sun, and is in its turn chased by the raven grey of night, which deepens in tint as it extends more completely over the visible heavens—he will find star after star make its appearance, all in the order of their apparent brightness, until the glory of the night will far exceed the radiance of the day.

"The light, though varying a little in colour in different stars, will be found more exquisitely white and beautiful than that of the sun; and, if the observer has not habituated himself to the sight frequently before, he will find delightful occupation for several hours in contemplating this dome of deepened but softened sapphire, glittering at all points with diamonds of the most splendid lustre, all scattered over it with an irregularity which is, however, far more pleasing to the eye than if these beautiful specks were arranged into symmetrical figures.

"In the calm sublimity of this night view, all will appear to be in a state of rest with regard to each other; and, as under such circumstances there is little to attract the attention towards the earth, and no very ready means of comparing the relative positions of even the dimly seen objects upon it, unless they are lofty and near at hand, the impression will be that he is looking upon that 'pillared firmament'—that 'unchangeable investment of the earth and the air—to which such frequent allusion is made by the poets.

"But if he will remain his two hours, or even one hour, without taking note of the stars nearest the horizon, and more especially those near the



southern part of it, and will then examine them in those parts, he will find that this apparent heavenly dome, all silent, still, and stable as it seems, has yet shifted so much as that many of the stars which he first noticed in the south-west have now disappeared; many new ones have made their appearance in the south-east, and all those in the intermediate parts, without shifting their relative distances from each other, are moved westward. If he now turn to the north, he will find that those stars which were directly in that quarter, and near the horizon at the commencement of his observation, will have climbed obliquely upward in the north-east; that others will have occupied their former places in the extreme north, and that others again will have descended in a slanting direction in the north-west.

is made at a season when the nights are long, so that rivals, from six o'clock in the evening till about the rising, and if at the first of these times he observes a star on the verge of the horizon, in the exact north, or where the terrestrial meridians meet; then, if he watch that star, he will find (if he takes careful note of it, so as not to be deceived by other), that it mounts upward in the east, marks a semicircle in the eastern part of the heavens, until it is in the south or the north of it, according to circumstance, and again in the meridian at nearly six o'clock in the evening, is there, he divide the arch of the meridian between these two positions as accurately as he can, and make a mark at that point (for instance), to let him know the point, he then observes on this point is very closely collected all the stars; that they all circulate round without ceasing to do so, of course, if they do not set in the extreme west, and that this point as a centre; and that even those which disappear in the west, performing a revolution in a circle, still have this point as a centre."—pp. 62—63.

It is that it was according to some such method, that the Chaldees first studied the heavens, and our

contemporaries of the present day, who count their hours by the sun, and regulate their operations by the succession of the seasons, look to the sky by night as well as by day for much of their necessary information. Mr. Mudie notices this fact, in nearly the above terms, thereby convincing us of his own habits and taste, which, however the whole volume proves to be devoted to the practical study of nature, its elements being his chief apparatus.

In our last extract we left him at the north pole, for he has been supposing the northern portion of the earth, as the position of the observer. A similar pole however would be found in the south. But while the author remarks of these poles, as they are called, that we are not to suppose them to be fixed points, we must add, that he brings reading and scientific information to help him out with his observations of nature, which must ever be a necessary course to him who would make much progress in the study of astronomy. Neither the time nor the capacity of any one can accumulate much from his own unassisted discoveries. Still it is he who unites the

two processes of observation, and the study of the observation of others, in the manner that our author has done, that must derive the noblest lessons and highest delight from this science and study.

On the advantages of using the relations of quantities in our calculations, instead of the quantities themselves, by which the distance of the sun from the earth may in a few minutes be measured, and as to the principles on which the process is conducted, some of our readers may desire information; nor can they find it more simply or clearly given than by our author. We shall quote only parts of his statement.

“Those who are not conversant with the analogical methods of reasoning, that is, of reasoning from quantities of which we can find the magnitude by actual measurement, to other quantities which are millions of miles beyond our reach, in any other way than by the sight, always feel a sort of scepticism when the exact distance, or bulk, or weight, of any such distant body as the sun or the moon is mentioned; and though they do not openly deny the possibility or the truth of such allegations, they refrain from doing so more in deference to the opinion of those whom the world calls wise, than from any conviction in their own minds. They, in fact, give their votes against their consciences—say yes with the lips, when the heart feels no, out of mere deference to the authorities. The ‘great men’ of science have sometimes, though perhaps unintentionally, done as much mischief to the understandings of men, as other ‘authorities’ have done to their morals in a way not very dissimilar. With these latter we have, in the meantime at least, no necessary concern; but we certainly wish that, in matters of science, there were no such thing as an authority. Upon a very general and delightful, and as it would seem a very obvious principle, the knowledge of that creation which God has given to all, should be as comprehensible by all as it is free to all, or if there be a *taboo* laid upon any part of it, we can regard that as the taboo of superstition only, and of superstition the more dangerous the less that it is avowed and apparent as such. When we are once in possession of the knowledge of any subject, we begin to wonder why we could have felt, or others can feel any difficulty about it. It is reported of a very eminent man, that he employed a young tailor as amanuensis in writing a treatise on the science of quantity, which science, as having much of the technical taboo upon it, is always repulsive to the ignorant. The philosopher dictated, and the tailor wrote: ‘Do you understand this?’ was asked, as every step had been taken. ‘Yes,’ was the invariable answer. After the work had made considerable progress, the amanuensis, annoyed perhaps at the reiteration of the same question, is said to have anticipated it by ‘Algebra is a great deal easier than making jackets.’ The simplicity of the book, though it is a very profound one, was demonstrated by this single remark, and there was no necessity for again repeating the question.

“In attempting to give some slight popular notice of the means by which the dimensions and weight of the heavenly bodies are obtained, we must confine ourselves to the simple notice of the principles; for the practical operation of those principles requires instruments and experience, the first of which cannot perhaps be properly explained in words, and the se-

and can be learned only, as all other mechanical operations are learned, by practice.

The foundation of all this branch of our knowledge—that which enables us to connect with each other all those principles and all those results of experience which assist us in this work, is the simplest of all possible figures—a triangle—three straight lines, joined two and two at the ends, and thus having three corners or angles, as well as three sides. This simple figure has many useful properties, and it has this remarkable one; and is the only figure which possesses it—that it is impossible to put it out of shape. We have seen, in a former section, that a circle, which is a very regular figure, can be easily put out of shape, and can be made to pass through all shapes of ellipses till it is flattened to a perfectly straight line. It will be readily understood that a four-sided figure, or one with any number of sides greater than four, may also be put out of shape, while the lengths of the sides remain unaltered; because, if we press any two opposite angles towards each other with sufficient force, the other angles will give and extend outwards. But the triangle is perfectly stubborn, and if we suppose it to be made of three laths, or any other pieces of solid matter instead of imaginary lines, we shall find that, unless the laths are broken, or separated from each other at the angles, we can in no wise alter its shape.

In this figure, the sum of the three angles is the same, whatever be the size or form of the triangle; that is, they are equal to half the space round a point; and thus, if we know two of them, we also know, that is, we can at once find, the third one. In all cases there is a constant proportion between the sides and the angles; so that if the three sides of one triangle be proportional to the three sides of another, each to each, that is in the order in which they are placed, the triangles are similar, the angles are equal, and any reasoning founded upon one of them will apply to the other, whatever may be the lengths of their sides.

On this principle, the sides of an entire set of triangles, answering to every variety of angles, are found by calculation, and expressions for them in numbers are entered in a table, which table is called a table of sines. By the help of this, or by reasonings founded upon it, or additional tables in the construction of which it is an element, we are enabled to make use of triangles in extending our mensuration, as far as we can observe with certainty that there is any determinate magnitude to be measured."—pp. 207—211.

The manner in which the relative weights and magnitudes of the heavenly bodies are ascertained, is with equal accuracy and plainness stated, considering the nature of the subjects treated. Without being acquainted with all the preceding views and reasonings of the volume, the author's doctrine and reference cannot of course be fully understood by unscientific readers. But our last extract shall be his account of the means by which the relative weights of the heavenly bodies are known, as one step towards the ascertaining of their comparative densities, and absolute quantities of matter.

This may be done by attending to the disturbing influences which any two of them produce upon a third; but the most simple and easily explainable means is that of a planet which has a secondary or satellite

revolving round it, and there is no better case than that of the earth and moon. It is true that, owing to the various causes, the motions of the moon are very irregular, but that body is so near the earth, and its parallax, as seen from the earth, so much more accurately determinable than that of any other known satellite as seen from its primary, that it answers best for common illustration.

“ If we consider the moon in the opposite points of its orbit—the opposition to the sun and the conjunction with that luminary, we can easily understand that the distance from the sun will be less, and the gravitation towards the sun greater in the conjunction than in the opposition, and that the joint attractions of the sun and moon act upon the earth at that time, while they oppose each other at the opposite part of the orbit. We may consider the centre of gravity of the earth and moon jointly—that round which the moon really revolves as performing a revolution round the earth, at the same average rate as if the whole matter of the two were converted into that point; and therefore the only effect in the opposition and conjunction of the moon will be that, in the former case, their common centre will be a little farther from the sun, and in the latter a little nearer. Now, if we supposed the mean distance of the moon from the centre of the sun, and also from the centre of the earth, to be known, and they may be found in the manner hinted at in the former part of this section, we have, according to the law, the squares of the periodic time of the two in the proportion of the cubes of their mean distances. Now, as the forces (the resulting forces) have the same proportion to each other as the distances divided by the squares of the periodic times, and also to the masses or quantities of matter divided by the squares of the distances, we have the proportions of the masses as the cubes of the distances divided by the squares of the periodic times.

“ Therefore, if we multiply the sun’s distance from the earth twice by itself, and divide the last product by the days and parts of a day in a sidereal year once multiplied by itself; and also divide the product of the earth’s distance from the moon, twice multiplied by itself, by the length of the sidereal revolution of the moon, in days, multiplied once by itself, we obtain two numbers, which are not indeed the absolute weights or quantities of matter in the sun and earth, but which express the ratio or proportion of those weights to each other. These numbers, obtained from the distances and periods taken on the average, and which are easily found by observation, are, in a rude and easily remembered estimate, about 355,000 for the sun, and one for the earth—the number, by the nearest approximation to the true average distance, is 354,937; but the other number is more easily remembered, and it is sufficient for giving us an idea of what a gigantic body the sun must be—it is equal in weight to about three hundred and fifty-five thousand earths of the same weight as that which we inhabit.

“ The mass of every other planet which has satellites may be determined upon principles exactly similar, only, in the case of remote planets, the distance of the satellite from the primary is not so easily obtained with accuracy as that of the moon from the earth; and in the case of several satellites at different distances from the primary planet, the difficulties are increased; so that, in the case of them, the disturbances are more accurate, though, as they depend not upon the mean distances and periodic times, but upon the alterations of place and velocity which

are occasioned by the approach of the two planets to each other, they require very nice observation in order to find the true places."—pp. 234

From these extracts, and from what we have said, our readers will be satisfied that Mr. Mudie's work on *The Heavens*, is, like all his former productions, one abounding with the fruits of long and intense observation, and of no inconsiderable share of scientific learning. It contains nothing new in point of principle or knowledge—the author pretends to no such merit; but it attempts and does something which to many is much better than the extending of science; it translates scientific truths, out of the jargon of scholarship into the every-day language of life, to a very considerable extent; and we hope the experiment may be followed up and improved upon by others. As Mr. Mudie says, a midway between ignorance and formal school learning is wanted, and in this service he has already proven himself a zealous and efficient hand.

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ART. V.—*The Philosophy of Morals; an Investigation, by a new and extended Analysis, of the Faculties and the Standards employed in the Determination of Right and Wrong.* By ALEXANDER SMITH, M.A. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1835.

THE title and subjects of these volumes remind us forcibly of the days and nights spent in a northern metropolis some twenty-five years ago, when Locke, Hutcheson, Smith, Reid, Stewart, and others of kindred spirit, were our companions and studies. But beyond the precincts of academical routine at that day, the science of morals and metaphysics was a frequent theme of oral discussion, even among sedate citizens, and the sons of traffic. To be sure, the region of the empire referred to has long been notorious for such kinds of speculation, and at the period we speak of might be remarkable for an attachment to philosophic disquisitions. The genius of Stewart was still awake, and at intervals pouring forth its ripened dissertations. There was a host of his disciples in the community, and periodically were they arresting the attention, and not unfrequently the admiration of mankind, by the subtleties or beauties of their doctrines, drawn from, or suggested by the great canons of the philosophy then and there in vogue. But a change has come over the fashion of the times, and in that land of argumentation, the passion for metaphysics, and precisely defined systems of ethics, has greatly given place to the more direct, plain, and matter-of-fact tastes of the present time; nor do we suppose that beyond the immediate influence of the university are the names or the themes that a quarter of a century ago were so profoundly regarded, often heard of, among the vigorous-minded men of the north.

Is this change in taste and pursuit for the better? Without



attempting to decide upon the question in all its bearings; and being inclined to think that the present fashion of seeking and taking cheap and short cuts to the most abstruse sciences, and, as formerly treated, ponderous studies, is a proof of an advanced stage in the progress of mental and social improvement, it cannot be disguised, that though thinkers are now more numerous than before, there are far fewer profound ones; and that superficiality is the character of the age. At a time when almost every one fancies he sees to the bottom of every thing—nay, when nearly as many take upon themselves to teach through the press, and inundate the world with their crudities, it is not to be expected but that the complexion of the age should be flippancy and dogmatism.

The work before us is, however, an exception to the mass of recent publications. We are, of course, bearing alone in mind such as belong to its class—namely, those that profess to treat of mind, morals, in their various departments, and religion. It is also an exception from another, but by no means objectionable or useless class of publications, provided the readers of them would appreciate their proper purposes, and remember that popular outlines could never have been worth any thing, had not profound and intricate investigations bear the ground-work, the pillars, the only permanent scaffolding, by which their simplicity and beauty can be preserved. We mean that class which, under the name of Libraries, Cabinets, and the like, have of late years become so numerous, and which are generally ably executed. Mr. Smith is neither a superficial thinker nor a copyist and compiler. He thinks for himself, and with no inconsiderable degree of shrewdness and vigour. There is, however, according to our apprehension, a want of that training, a deficiency of those weapons that used to be considered necessary to a champion in the difficult enterprize which he has undertaken. There may be said to be a conventional method of reasoning, and of phraseology, which has been established by the fathers in mental and moral philosophy, and which, without some very manifest improvement, is not to be dispensed with; and in the instance before us, we feel a difficulty in the attempt to take hold of the precise doctrine of the author at any one definite point. He seems to us, in a great measure destitute of the common-sense philosophy, so to name it, of Reid—the aptitude of illustration, which Paley so wonderfully possessed, that one is at a loss to conceive why the same thing had not before occurred to himself without any study—and the polished exactness of Stewart. Neither is our author, as we think, innocent of an assumption and dogmatic tone, altogether at variance with convincing argument, and the grave dignity of science. We should say, he is not of the same craft, and by no means fit to be a professor in the same establishment with any of the illustrious moralists whom the mind at once fixes upon, when ethical philosophy is mentioned. We object also strongly to a tone, not far short of virulence, with which he characterises certain

creeds, whose entire character he either misrepresents or misrepresents. The opinions and doctrines which he impugns may be erroneous, but it is not by such weapons and power as he possesses that they are to be overturned. We think also, that notwithstanding all the pretensions which he sets up to perspicuity and force, he is not eminently happy in these respects. At the same time, we have derived much satisfaction from the perusal of the volumes. They are well calculated to lead the mind to close and independent reflection; and although they treat of topics that give room for the couplet,

"Philosophers at war about a name,  
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same;"

there are not a few acute and valuable distinctions drawn, and conclusions arrived at, where the author's originality is conspicuous.

Mr. Smith's Theory of Morals does not lay claim to the honour of being a discovery, but rather a new combination of well known phenomena—a more minute and exact analysis than has yet been attempted, of the moral perceptions, both in regard to their nature, as mental acts, and their subjects as a species of truth. We shall give his own outline, as stated in the preface, of the principal subjects discussed in the work.

"For some years past, the current of philosophical opinion has seemed to me to run somewhat decidedly in favour of the hypothesis that moral approbation, or its contrary, must resolve ultimately into a *feeling*; and that any thing of a thinking or reasoning character which takes place, is of a subordinate and preparatory kind—fulfilling, as it were, merely the office of jury, a furnishing the verdict on which feeling, as the judge, must pass its sentence. This opinion, which has almost been taken by many for an axiom, I have assigned such reasons for calling in question, as I trust will procure its being reconsidered by its supporters. In opposing it, indeed, I am neither singular, nor without the aid of great names. But it appears to me that those on whose side I rank myself, have never taken the ground they were entitled to occupy, or, so to speak, come to sufficiently close quarters with their opponents. It seems to me, also, that the settlement of the question affects the foundations of moral obligation in a greater degree than is generally supposed; and that, in this point of view, it has never received all the attention it deserves.

"Still it is inferior, at least in practical importance, to the question which relates to the final test or criterion of moral right and wrong; and to the latter question, accordingly, I have given a wider consideration. In this part of the subject, I have necessarily had occasion to review the famous controversy about *utility*; and I presume to have defined, with more care and minuteness than I am aware of having yet been employed, the precise line which ought to divide the contested ground. This line seems to me often to take a different direction from what either the advocates or the opponents of the doctrine have assigned to it: the former at once claiming too much and reserving too little."—vol. i, pp. xii—xiv.

The author is of opinion, that the truths of theoretical morality are not yet sufficiently clear and undisputed to admit of being made

generally accessible in a popular form, as is of that character; for he maintains that philosophy lies somewhere between the metaphysics and the sciences. It is not our design, however, to attempt a full review of the work. The time that it would take would occupy in our pages, and the restriction, forbid us entering upon such a task. We shall exhibit its scope and complexion. The Subjects generally, of a Theory of Moral Faculty;—secondly, the “Doctrine of Morals;”—thirdly, “Of the Moral Qualities and Attributes of an Agent;”—fourthly, the “Application of the Preceding Doctrines to the Solution of the Controversy regarding the Relation of Utility to Virtue;” and lastly, “Of the General Character of Excellence in a Living Being.”

Under these heads there are many subdivisions—a wide and diversified field traversed; nor can any one but a novice or superficial thinker in this most important department of philosophy, look upon the *expanse* but as fundamental. In truth, it upholds and illustrates, in no small degree, the principles of jurisprudence, morals, general politics, and theology.

We have already alluded to the dictatorial tone, on some occasions, and inadequate manner in others, to which our author has given himself up. The way in which he speaks of certain religious doctrines, and of the knotty controversy between the advocates of *liberty* and *necessity*, may be looked into as examples. But in so far as our more particular review and references are farther to extend, we rather seize upon one chapter of the work, that we may have the pleasure of inserting some of Mr. Smith's arguments on certain points, regarding which there is a prevalent scepticism of a most dangerous and disastrous character. The flippancy and the temerity of the age we live in are remarkable in all that regards many of the greatest and best established subjects of belief. Our author's wholesome and seasonable chapter we now have, but eye upon, forms the conclusion of the work, and treats of the “Relation of Morality to Religion, natural and revealed.” Let us revert to some of the matters herein discussed.

Religion, it is truly said, is morality towards the Deity, and towards ourselves and others, considered as dependant upon the Deity. To say then, continues the author, that a man may be a good moral man, and yet destitute of religion, is as if we should say, that he is a good moral man, but has no affection towards his father, no gratitude towards his benefactor, no care about avoiding his own ruin, or that of others. But there are some, who while they would not be thought destitute of becoming feelings towards the Author of nature, think that the doctrines of revelation, or even

the question of the truth or falsehood of revelation, and subjects to which they may decline giving attention.

The usual motto of such persons is this:—

For modes of faith let angry zealots fight,  
His can't be wrong, whose life is in the right.

Which is much the same as if a man should say—I do all that the law could require me to do—therefore I need not mind *what the law is*, or pay any regard to the authority of the magistrate. To assume that your life is in the right, while you dispense with inquiring what is the will of the all-wise Being who may be presumed to be the best judge of what is right for you—and obedience to whose will is, of itself, one great part of what is right—is certainly a mode of settling the matter which is at least remarkable for its convenience, as for its reasonableness.

Whether such a religion as Christianity is true, is not a question like whether the Polar sea is fluid, whether Troy stood, or whether the queen of Scots was guilty or innocent;—it is whether the Being who formed the universe, and who must have the supreme disposal of it and of all that it contains, has, or has not, ever conveyed to mankind any knowledge of his will, or of their destiny. If a revelation is what, *a priori*, cannot be shewn to be impossible, and if there is, in favour of any particular system, a *prima facie* case made out, the conscientious believer in the existence of a Deity cannot excuse himself from making a full and candid examination of the proofs.”—vol. ii, pp. 283, 284.

That there is a *prima facie* case for the truth of Christianity, the author holds to be clear, from the circumstance that many of the ablest, most enlightened, and honest men have believed in it; and although it may be objected that names are no argument in its favour, they are at least an argument for examining its evidences. If it be said clergymen have an interest in maintaining Christianity, it is replied that many of the most celebrated characters who were believers, were not clergymen—nay, that even of the sacred profession there have been many who would have sat secure in their livings, if they had never written a syllable in favour of Christianity; or if it should be objected that it was through Christianity they obtained their benefices, may this not be fairly replied to, by saying Christianity was believed in before they were born, and would have continued to be believed after their deaths, without their assistance. The author has answers to other allegations. For example—

But there are a number of prejudices that assist on the side of Christianity.—There are many more prejudices to assist against it—the most universal, the most unconquerable of all prejudices, the prejudice which every man has against moral restraint; the prejudice—(and—in this age of honour and spirit, when the sorest imputation a man can undergo is that of being afraid—afraid of anything in heaven or in earth—a prejudice of no little strength)—the prejudice against being supposed to be awed by an unseen Power; above all, the prejudice—and it is the one which the wisest and the best men have most difficulty in throwing off—the prejudice (if it is allowable to call it so) against being implicated in the monstrous

still is made the occasion. Are there any prejudices in favour of Christianity equal to these? But let there be prejudices in favour of revelation. I know of no prejudices which have not given way before the increasing light of reason in this intelligent, this doubting, this searching age. Have individuals, or have nations become less apt to believe in Christianity as they became more thoughtful, more learned, more intelligent? Has an increase of knowledge invariably removed this prejudice as it has done other prejudices? On the contrary, is not the conviction of the truth of Christianity strongest in those individuals, and those nations who have made the largest advances in knowledge? And at this moment, while every species of antiquated prejudice is fast wearing away, is there any appearance of Christianity's going with the rest? Is there any appearance of its being subjected to the investigation of keener, of more emancipated, or of more enlarged intellects, than have already been employed upon it?—vol. ii. pp. 296—291.

He next considers some of the most frequently urged presumptions against Christianity; and remarks that it is one thing not to believe, and another to disbelieve; the one being a negation, the other the reverse of belief; so that a want of belief in one man, is not always such a presumption against the truth of any fact, as belief in another is a presumption in favour of its truth. Add to which, that the unbelieving side is most apt to be chosen by such as desire to evince superior shrewdness, or who seek occasion for the exercise of wit and ridicule. Now, Mr. Smith thinks it more certain that Newton, Locke, and Butler, believed in Christianity, than that Hume, Gibbon, and Voltaire disbelieved it. His criticism upon the sceptical opinions of these men is forcible, apt, and satisfactory.

Most assuredly they have not assigned sufficient grounds for disbelieving (even in the way that a Deist would reckon of such sufficiency), nor are we otherwise warranted in ascribing any great weight to their opinion on the subject. What did Hume establish, or attempt to establish, against Christianity? He wrote an essay to prove (what I think a candid Deist would allow to be proving too much) that no evidence whatever could, in the nature of things, make a miracle credible. The same person wrote an essay, apparently with equal good faith and sincerity (I may add—with equal success) to prove that neither the external world, nor himself, nor any other being existed; and another essay (in the form of a dialogue) to prove that the most horrible and unnatural crimes are capable of being viewed as virtues, by men in a different state of society, and therefore that the difference between them is merely conventional or ideal. And, of the great variety of original opinions put forth by Hume on subjects of philosophy—while most are praised for ingenuity, how many, let me ask, are believed, or received as true among philosophers in general? So much for the weight to which this writer would seem entitled on the present question.

What did Gibbon effect against Christianity? He stated several circumstances which went to favour its propagation in the Roman empire, independently of any support from supernatural aid. His argument against Christianity is much about such an argument as it would be



against the skill of a physician, to show that in any particular case where a cure had been brought about under his management, the patient exhibited some symptoms that made his recovery possible, even without medical assistance. Gibbon's is not a positive argument against Christianity; his conclusion, if made out, but weighs against the argument in favour of it—only against an *auxiliary branch* of the argument (namely, that which is founded on the rapidity of its propagation in the Roman empire)—only *pro tanto* against that. Gibbon's chief study, while writing his history, seems to have been, to produce a striking literary composition; and, to me at least, the merits of the style are fully more conspicuous than any of the other merits for which the work is famed. The author seems always ready to run away in any direction that promises the opportunity of saying a smart thing; and I cannot help suspecting that the attack upon Christianity was commenced more on account of the scope which it seemed to afford for the exercise of that delicate irony in which Mr. Gibbon excelled, and on which he piqued himself, than for the sake of expressing a deliberate conviction upon a question of truth or falsehood. It would indeed be impossible to say that Gibbon bore no stronger dislike to Christianity, than what could be thus explained. The admiration which he pays to the character of the Emperor Julian, betrays so warm a sympathy with the opinions of that noted personage, as compels us to allow that if Mr. Gibbon was not wholly an unbeliever, he was wholly desirous of being so. That a man of good judgment, and good disposition, might be dissatisfied with the evidence of the truth of Christianity, is a concession which courtesy, if not truth demands. But that any man, come to years of understanding, should believe, sincerely believe, in the puerilities of the heathen mythology—as Julian did—betrays, if not such a general, at least such a local debility of intellect, as almost entitles us to draw the same sort of testimony, in favour of an opinion, from such a man's dissent, as we should from another man's concurrence. If he who is enamoured of absurdity, may be presumed to loathe the truth, then it is anything but discreditable to Christianity, to have been found worthy of the hostility of Julian, and of Julian's admirer.

"I have already observed, however, that Gibbon's remarks, at most, weaken but one branch of the argument for Christianity. How little they do even in this way, has been shown by many eminent writers, who have subjected this part of his work to examination. Translate Gibbon's sneers into plain propositions against Christianity, and see what they will amount to. From this deduct what strike, not against Christianity itself, but against the follies and crimes of its professors—and see what you will have remaining.

"These few remarks on the deistical writings of Hume and Gibbon have been made for the sake of instancing how very slight are the grounds which two of the most noted opponents of Christianity have furnished for being considered as *authorities* upon the question of its truth. It is entirely beside my purpose to extend the examination. Just stopping to inquire, in passing, what weight, in a question of this nature, is due to Voltaire—a wit, a poet, a lively narrator, a man of fancy and imagination, say—which is but the truth—a man of genius, but a man who can never be supposed to have examined such a subject as this with the requisite care and attention—let me in general ask how many deistical

writers have been free from the imputation of *nebulosity, diffuseness, levity*? how many have been, in their ordinary life and circumstances, exempt from considerable eccentricities of mind, manners, or conduct—such as should, in fairness, detract from the weight of their judgment upon a grave question? I know this mode of arguing may be retaliated, with full effect, against many of the supporters of Christianity; but can one opposer of it be produced (or how many of such) whose character was that of a man of irreproachable morality, of solid judgment, fair and candid disposition, full information, and who either appeared, or professed to examine the controversy, seriously, in its full extent, and with the spirit in which a sober and ingenuous inquirer generally investigates a philosophical question?—vol. ii, pp. 292—296.

No apology can be necessary for the length of our last extract. It is eminently calculated to strike a candid mind, and if that mind doubts, to lead it to a course of reflection that will end in an acquiescence in the truth, wherever that may be. In a note, it is judiciously remarked respecting Voltaire, that he wrote and spoke of Christianity, as it was exhibited by the French church of his day, and that he could not fail to be a Deist or a fool. We believe that our recollections are correct when we say, that he confesses, in one of his volumes, never to have examined the Bible thoroughly for himself.

Our author proceeds to declare that the question regarding the truth of Christianity is a *large* question, requiring a wide survey of circumstantial evidence, consisting of all that falls under the miracles, prophecies, and doctrines of our religion, taken in a concurrent shape. But—

“The opposers of Christianity are invariably to be found nibbling at details; and nothing, for the most part, can be more easy than to find insulated points on which an impression may be made. Take some particular miracle in the gospel; view it by itself; compare it, merely as a miracle, with some heathen miracle—and really there may be little to enable us to say that the one is true, the other false. Take any particular prophecy—it may be impossible to deny that such a one might have been uttered at random, and fulfilled by chance. Pick out certain parts of the narrative of the Scriptures; set them side by side with some of the fables of ancient profane history, and there may seem little to choose between them. Take any particular moral precept; something little worse, or quite as good, may be found in some part, of some work, of some heathen philosopher. This is not the fair way of arguing the question. The points at issue between the Christian and the Deist, are not—was this a real miracle? was this a real prophecy? is this fact truly narrated? is this doctrine a true doctrine? all the points maintained by the Christian against the Deist, I take to be these (at least I should not, in controversy with a Deist, think it wise to extend my front—if I may use a military phrase—beyond these two positions) namely, that the Deity has made certain direct communications to mankind; that the Jewish and Christian Scriptures contain an account more or less full, more or less true, of these communications. Many particular parts of the Scripture history, many particular doctrines, are so far from being proofs of the general truth of revelation, that the truth of these particulars must be taken as a deduction from the truth of a general

position, which general position is supported by the evidence of other particulars; and what particulars are to be proofs of the truth of the general position, what particulars are themselves to be proved from the truth of the general position, the Christian assumes the right, in this dispute, of choosing for himself."—pp. 296—298.

All this is so just, that we must add some kindred ideas and charges which he has thrown into notes. Thus, says he, one man is a Deist because he cannot conceive how Noah stowed the animals in the ark; another is startled at the story of Jonah and the whale, and so on. The miraculous birth of Jesus is a subject of especial merriment to some. As to this last mentioned subject, for instance, he says, in a controversy with a Deist, there is no occasion to maintain the truth of the particular fact; but since there is an incontrovertible mass of evidence to prove the general position that Jesus was endowed with miraculous powers, that his life was attended with miraculous circumstances, this alleged fact, although it may be allowed to be without sufficient proof of itself, is yet not more wonderful than other circumstances, of which we have proof, and believing which, we see no reason for disbelieving this, but the contrary. It may well therefore be said, that it is strange, among all the persons concerned in the establishment of Judaism and Christianity, none ever let the cheat, if it was such, be seen—none ever mistook his part, nor made such a blunder as to derange and disjoin the system? Mr. Smith manages the argument *ab absurdum*, as well as many others, with equal dexterity and force.

"Suppose it is a true revelation, and all is plain and natural. It is all that we might expect it to be, even to the very sort and amount of difficulties that might be expected. Suppose it false, and every thing is quite different from what we might expect it to be, and the difficulties which we find in it are of a kind that might have been avoided with one-tenth of the talent otherwise displayed. Reasoning from the supposition of its falsehood, we fall into absurdity after absurdity—escaping from one only to run into another. Do we suppose that the authors of Christianity were impostors? we must suppose so in the face of every proof of integrity, simplicity, earnestness, disinterestedness, that men could possibly furnish. Do we suppose them dupes—which however presupposes an impostor—we must believe that men who gave numerous and various instances of discretion, prudence, and address, in some of the most critical situations in which men could possibly have been placed, allowed themselves to be imposed upon under circumstances where we can hardly imagine the veriest fool would have failed to discern the cheat. Do we suppose them visionary enthusiasts? we must persuade ourselves that men who were governed by a diseased imagination were capable of composing a sound and reasonable system of morals, and of propagating it with all possible coolness, steadiness, good sense, and moderation. Can we satisfy ourselves that one or a few of the persons were either dupes, impostors, or enthusiasts—we have others of different characters, circumstances, places, and times, who must all have been exposed to the same delusion, all have combined in the same imposture, all been infected with the same enthusiasm. Do we reject the

scriptural history, altogether?—we lose the interest of explaining how the world came to be as we find it to be now, and to have been; at any particular point of the connection between sacred and profane history. It is abundantly easy to ring changes upon 'preterests'—enthusiasm—'pious frauds,'—'ocular delusions,'—'barbarous traditions,'—and to certain persons, these talismanic words afford as much satisfaction, in the present inquiry, as 'subtile essences'—'hidden powers'—'invisible ether'—'penetrating fluids'—'minute atoms,' afford to persons of the same intellectual grade, in their physical inquiries. But what is required is this—frame an account of the whole matter in all its minute details of fact (such as you admit the fact to be) which shall be consistent with the supposition either of imposture, or enthusiasm, or both, or any thing else, but a divine revelation—do this, and try whether you will not require our assent to still greater improbabilities than any which our belief of Christianity presents to us. For my own part, having frequently tried to frame some hypothesis of the kind mentioned, I must say that, viewing the extreme and numerous improbabilities that are to be encountered under any supposition but that of the truth of Christianity, I have the credulity to be a believer—I have not the credulity to be an unbeliever."—vol. ii, pp. 316—318.

Leaving behind much that we would gladly avail ourselves of, had we room, in the concluding chapter of the present work, in which, as ought ever to be done, the previous speculations are brought to a definite end, and a point that whatever preceded was meant to establish as well as converge in, there is one argument that must not be left untouched, although the most that we can do, is to tell where it is to be found, and to give a specimen of the manner in which it is conducted. The author's object, as stated by himself, in his concluding chapter, is to deduce the *special* duty of examining the evidence of revelation from the *general* principles of morals: as also to point out that which he conceives to be the fair and true method of dealing with its evidences; and although he does not say that all the evidence must be examined in detail, and in combination, before a man can rationally believe, he does maintain, that, until such examination has been made, no one is entitled to *disbelieve*. But to come to the important argument hinted at:—

"Persons who are adverse to the recognition of Christianity, are never at a loss either for a salvo to their own misgivings, or an answer to the admonition of others, in the proposition that belief is *involuntary and dependent upon evidence*—one of those sayings which, true in one sense, and false in another, are not the least seldom employed where they are the least applicable. Let me ask, is there anything in this plea which might not be used by a judge or jurymen taxed with giving an unjust decision? Is a judge responsible for his judgment—a jurymen for his verdict? certainly not, in the sense that he can, at pleasure, or by any effort, believe either alternative of the case presented to him. But is a judge or a jurymen therefore under no responsibility? can there be nothing morally culpable in a verdict or judgment? I take it each of such persons is responsible for three things—first, for his impartiality—secondly, for his attention—thirdly, for his truth in uttering what he

really believes. Surely a man is answerable for his acceptance or rejection of revelation in these ways.

All this would hold good, if *believing in Christianity* imparted merely the formation or expression of an opinion—if it were a mere matter of affirmation or denial; and, also, if the sentiment of *belief* must inevitably be formed, and made decidedly manifest to consciousness, by the mere production of a specific amount of evidence—neither of which suppositions would be correct. To believe in Christianity means to *become a Christian*, in the ordinary sense of the words; not to assent to a proposition or propositions, but to decide a case of conduct—not to say *yes*, or *no*, but to *act* in a certain way. Now in cases where the question is, whether a man will or will not *act* upon some information or advice presented to him, it often happens that there is no other way in which even he himself can determine whether he believes such information or advice or not, but by his choice to act upon it or not. Wherever the correctness of information or advice falls short of absolute certainty, there is always a *chance* that a man may safely disregard it—(and who does not know what *desperate* hazards a man will run with some darling object to pursue, some hated course to avoid?) If then a man *chooses to run the hazard*, he is said, and in a very just and intelligible sense, to *disbelieve* the information or advice, and this even while he owns all the *probability* to be on the side of its truth. Am I mistaken in supposing that the disbelief of Christianity professed by many persons is of this kind? Is there, then, any responsibility for belief here?

“There are many questions relating to practical conduct, in which neither side may be either demonstratively true, or demonstratively false; and where a man's believing either the one side or the other means nothing more than his adopting that side, that is, his choosing or determining to act upon it. If a friend admonishes me that my idle and indolent habits will ruin my business, or that my addiction to intemperance will injure my health, or that my extravagance will waste my fortune—if I take his advice and alter my conduct, I believe him—if I reject his advice and continue my former conduct, I disbelieve him. In any of those cases it might be quite possible, in the way of argument, to bring the truth of his representations into question. In none of them—where yet every reasonable man would see the justness of his advice—might it be possible for him to *prove* what he asserted. But would it not be altogether idle in me to pretend that my belief or disbelief of what he said depended altogether upon the *evidence* which he brought of its truth; that my disbelief, if I disbelieved him, was involuntary, what I could not help, could not be required to answer for? Can any one avoid seeing that the point here is really not *to believe or disbelieve*, but—*do or not do*.”—vol. ii, pp. 323—325.

The author besides holds, that religion is a test of character; that it is the indication of a reflecting, foreseeing mind, and of a heart capable of being penetrated with displays of wisdom and goodness—that it nourishes a persuasion of the existence and providence of one Supreme Being, and a desire to obtain his guidance as well as to please him according to any intimation of his will. On principles of morality and natural religion, then, a readiness to believe revelation—that which purports to be a divine message—



is a test of good character; and in this sense, a man is responsible as respects such a character. Objections are here anticipated:

"But would not this test be like answered by being even a Mahometan or a professor of any superstition whatever? I am prepared to admit the consequence. If one man, *without rational grounds*, adopts Mahometanism as the will of God; another, *without rational grounds*, rejects it—the former is, without doubt, a *better man* than the latter. But another who is willing not merely to do what is pointed out to him as the will of God; but also to take some pains to ascertain that it is his will, has more religion, and is a better man than either. If, then, I attach the right idea to *faith*, it is so far from being opposed to inquiry, that it requires it. He who shews his devotion to God by taking every offered intimation of his will on trust, behaves with much the same sort of regard towards him as that executor or trustee would, towards a testator, who should just believe the first story of such testator's intentions told by any interested acquaintance, or dependent, instead of searching for proper evidence of those intentions. This is the difference between rational religion and superstition. Both may imply a regard to the divine will—but the one does, the other does not, care to ascertain what that will is.

"For the considerations now stated, I should be inclined to say, that the responsibility which a man incurs for the mere mode of his *conducting the inquiry* into the truth of revelation, is but the least part of that which he really lies under. The *spirit* with which he enters upon the inquiry, is, I believe, the main point in this matter. It is, as the test of this spirit, the test of his wish to know and obey the divine will, that a man's belief, or unbelief, is made the ground of his acquittal or condemnation. How is this test generally answered by those who disbelieve revelation—how are its evidences examined by them?—As a man examines the evidences of some old and unthought-of claim brought against him—in which he is desirous to find a flaw or defect that will justify him in resisting it. Shall such a man gravely tell us—he cannot help his belief—his mind passively follows the proofs—he may be mistaken, but it is impossible he can be to blame? Yet this is generally the meaning of the proposition, that *belief is involuntary*."—vol. ii, pp. 326—328.

We remember to have heard of a young man having, amid his doubts of the truth of Christianity, had recourse to an aged clergyman, who, before answering the inquirer, put such questions as the following to him: "Do you believe that there is a God?—Do you believe that this God interests himself in the welfare of his rational creatures?" Affirmative replies were given. "Then have you prayed to this God, that he would direct you in your inquiries in search of religious truth?" "No," was the answer. "Then, till you have complied with this most obvious duty, according to your present creed, I do not offer you assistance." Now, this was clearly a rational view, even according to conscientious Deism, but one which we believe is seldom taken by that class of theorists.

One quotation more, and we have done. It is in answer to what is considered by many a triumphant objection to the truth of Christianity, or at least a rational ground for withholding reliance upon its evidences. "The objection is what may be called that of

uncertainty; and, for the manner in which our author handles it, as well as many other matters identified with what we believe to be the eternal welfare of mankind, most of our readers will feel grateful in no ordinary degree. Perhaps higher praise cannot be bestowed on Mr. Smith's work.

But after we have made the fullest display of the evidence of revelation—after we have shewn the responsibility that attends the rejection of it, the Deist has still another entrenchment within which to retire—and one which he generally flatters himself is impregnable. To what purpose, we say, all this argument—all implying and admitting that there is at least some room for doubt, and therefore, by virtue of this very admission, giving up the whole question; for we may be assured that, if the Deity had really given a revelation, he would have given it with indubitable evidence; therefore, the evidence of Christianity not being altogether indubitable, is unworthy of attention. But if those persons propose this amendment upon the manner in which we suppose revelation to have been attested, let them hear a farther amendment that may be made upon their own proposal, namely, that instead of a future judgment being revealed at all, judgment should be *executed here at once*. We venture to say that if every individual were, immediately upon committing a transgression, to be struck dead, or to have a limb paralyzed, or a fit of the gout, or the stone, or the tooth-ache, according to the magnitude of the offence, this would keep men in better order than a revelation of hell fire in a future world supported by evidence absolutely indubitable. Whatever reason there is for making retribution future instead of instant, there is the same reason for making the truth of revelation to a certain degree doubtful, instead of absolutely certain. Were the truth of revelation as obvious to negligence as to attention, as admissible by prejudice as by candour, as acceptable to depravity as to innocence; were there, in short, no room for the exercise of a choice whether a man would observe or overlook it, whether he would deal with it fairly or unfairly, whether he would obey or not obey it—such a revelation could not possibly be made subservient to any of the purposes for which man has been placed in a state of moral probation. —vol. ii, pp. 333, 334.

Part VI.—*Records of a Route through France and Italy; with Sketches of Catholicism.* By WILLIAM RAE WILSON, F.A.S. A.S.R. Author of "Travels in the Holy Land, Egypt, &c;" "in Russia, Poland, and Finland;" and "in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark." London: Longman and Co, 1835.

Our author's extreme opinions in politics and religion are well known; but ours is not a controversial work, and, therefore, we leave such debateable ground to those who have a taste and occasion to traverse it. There is this much to be commended in Mr. Wilson's performance, however: it is an earnest, plain-dealing, straight-forward expression of his mind on a great variety of topics and scenes, which, although in themselves they are the most hackneyed of subjects, receive, from his honest feelings, a freshness which more artful and fashionable thinkers would fail to attain.

As our author's former travels are well known, and from every extract we are now to present, a pretty full and correct estimate may be arrived at of his talents and manner, there can be little occasion for us to waste time in an attempt to describe his status as a tourist or a writer. The thing we chiefly like in his works is the perfect sincerity and seriousness of the man. We look upon him to be a simple and rather weak-minded individual; but then he throws his soul so unreservedly into his work, and so constantly is he impressed with a sense of responsibility for what he writes, not merely to society but to Deity, that we cannot do otherwise than respect, though we doubt his opinions. He could not be what is generally meant by the term liberal, without being callous. Moderation in religion would, with him, be lukewarmness. He is not afraid of being considered too strict or singular. Yet, whilst he cannot but be aware how unpalatable his statements must often be to many, we rather think there is something like bravado in the contempt or defiance uttered in contemplation of such a reception.

Mr. Wilson's records of France and Italy are not confined, by any means, to matters of fact—to sights and scenes—but consist, in a great measure, of cogitations and reflections on what is very commonplace; so much so, indeed, that one is fatigued with the continual recurrence to the practice of drawing instruction from what he has seen. The consequence is, that our simple and well-meaning traveller utters and re-utters the same things so very often, as to weaken his moral lessons, and induce the reader at length to skip over the *preachment*. How often does a plain, but warmly conceived statement of facts impress the moral they bear so finely, that any additional pressure breaks their force, and destroys their point entirely. This is the case, not unfrequently, with such a prosy writer as our author. Were there vigour, grasp, or originality in his reflections, the mind would long for the exercise which such arousing displays necessarily create, although there might be a diversity of opinion as regards the matter inculcated. The only substitute for this masculine exhibition in the present volume, is the union of such earnestness and strictness of morality, as goes a good way to give an individual and characteristic complexion to the work, and in so far takes it out of the great class of tours and travels that have been published of late years concerning our author's much beaten tract. At the first outset, and respecting Calais, the only thing which particularly interested him was the spot where Lady Hamilton was interred, "the once admired, courted, flattered beauty, after having lived to experience want, disgrace, and scorn." The moral taught by her history would not be a principal theme for most writers, and, therefore, we herein detect a peculiar feature in our author's records; but still, we could have done with something less than a whole page of reflections; by way of improvement, upon the self-instructive and affecting facts rehearsed. If her ladyship's unhappy and degraded fate would have "sup-

plied Johnson with a striking illustration for his admirable imitation of Juvenal's tenth Satire, compressed into a few couplets, so it has not served Mr. Rae Wilson, who weakens while he labours.

New Anglicised Boulogne, with its colony of nearly Frenchified John Bulls," as our author's pointless wit has it, receives a very hasty notice, and is a mere stepping-stone to Paris, which is unceremoniously enough handled. The incapacity which the people of one country exhibit for a fair appreciation of the genius and manners of those of another, we are willing to believe is signally displayed by the following description :—

"The Parisians have more levity than real gaiety, more of vulgar officious politeness than good breeding, much ridiculous vanity with very little honest pride, and far more of show and assumption than of solidity in any thing. Of them it may be truly said, '*Natis comode est*;' and they are, ~~vital~~ the most essentially ~~vital~~ *vodka* of any people on the face of the earth. They are eternally busied in doing nothing, and talking and vapouring about the nothings they do. They get up a revolution just as they would a *pièce de spectacle*; for, with them, theatrical matters are treated as affairs of state and affairs of state as harlequinades. Religion is, at present, not the mode: it is unnecessary, therefore, to ask in what light it is held: neither is morality in much greater repute, especially if we may judge by some of the very strange specimens which their most popular dramatists and novelists have put forth to the public. The very stamina of these works is profligacy—profligacy of the very rankest and most polluting kind. Let us not be told that some of them exhibit talent and power: so much the worse; because, in that case, they are likely to be doubly mischievous: beside, how universally and deeply rooted must immorality be in that nation, where those who should instruct are so lost to self-respect as to be the first to corrupt. It is time to lay aside some of the detestable cant kept up about genius; for where genius displays itself as a principle of evil rather than of good, it deserves not the applause but the execration of society. Of all people, too, the French least require to be goaded into excesses by such stimulants as their favourite writers are in the habit of serving up to them. They are not so very ascetic and rigid as to need to be exhorted to relax their strictness, and to abandon their ascetic scruples. To say that that there is no morality at all in France, that the domestic virtues are entirely disregarded, that licentiousness is universal, would undoubtedly be exaggeration; in fact, such a state of society could hardly exist. Yet it is surely quite sufficient charge to say, that the licentiousness forms the rule, and the morality merely the exception to it. It is easy enough to call all this very liberal: the question is, whether this be not true. Some will probably pretend that the difference between France and our country in this respect lies chiefly in appearances; and that here there is more hypocrisy and ostentation of morality than the reality of it. That there is some hypocrisy may be taken for granted; yet even that is preferable to the open unblushing immorality, which proclaims that infamy and baseness may stalk abroad unmasked.

It is usual for many to descant on the superior graces of French women, to sneer, or without sneering, others teach to sneer, at the compa-

active, gaseous, of our English ladies, and to ridicule the latter as domestic automata, totally unskilled in the arts of conversation. And truly, if life were to be spent in the *salon*; if taste in dress, volubility in discourse, science in coquetry, and skill in dancing, are to be considered as a discharge of the duties of female life, we might be allowed to hesitate, perhaps to decide in favour of the French system, as the more specious and showy of the two. A French woman has her *monde*, her circle, her set, but no *home*: she lives in public; and to be in public, while *home* is the peculiar and privileged sphere of an English female. Of one fault laid to the charge of our British ladies, it is impossible to accuse the French, namely, of 'chilling reserve'; which chilling reserve, however, is seldom more than a due self-respect, and becoming avoidance of that familiarity which encourages impertinence, if not something worse."—pp. 7—9.

There is nothing new in this charge; every one of the sentences has been hundreds of times uttered, at least in effect, though generally with more acuteness; but its sweeping conclusions are Mr. Wilson's in a particular degree. The Parisian Sabbath, gambling-houses, suicides, the cafés and restaurateurs, are subjects that receive our author's criticism. The gentry of the silver-fork school are treated with an anecdote of a gentleman who humorously ridiculed such vulgar would-be delicacy as they possess. In a company where some one had been noting the plebeian habits of one of the guests, whom he had observed eating with his knife, he took the opportunity of saying to him, "Have you not heard of poor L——'s shocking catastrophe? He dined yesterday at M——'s, apparently well and cheerful; when at the dinner table he suddenly took up his knife, and ———" "Good Heaven! and did he actually cut his throat?" "No, not quite so bad as that, neither; but he shocked us all dreadfully; for the poor wretch actually put it up to his mouth!" There is point in the charge, that the superstition of sentimentality operates upon the Parisians; who have long ago discarded every other kind of superstition. And the passion for the theatrical, to our sober fancies, discovers itself in the custom of pronouncing a *monde* panegyric on the deceased at their funerals, if public characters, which is little else but a heathen apotheosis. We fear that our author is not too severe, when he characterises the French literature of the day as revolutionary and immoral. Their popular dramas are dreadfully impure and blasphemous; and being, with our author, of opinion that the theatre is but a questionable school for teaching morality, taking it with all its appendages and circumstances, even when under the precisest management, what can be expected as the fruit of those representations and fables, where, with every theatric enticement and embellishment, the grossest principles and practices are taught and recommended? With all their revolutions and changes, the mass of the people are not sensibly improved; nor so long as irreligion characterises the nation, can we look for either a high-toned morality, or permanent happiness.



Lyons, which used to be considered as the second city in France after Paris, is represented as having received a severe blow to its prosperity and future prospects by the late insurrections, in consequence of the turn-out of the operatives in resistance to any reduction of wages. The marks of ravage are everywhere visible; manufactories have, in many instances, been broken up or transferred elsewhere, and the property destroyed is enormous, far exceeding the damage done in 1793 and 1794.

From Lyons our author took the route for Chambéry, passing through a country which he describes as cheerless, in respect of scenery, cottages, and peasantry. He entered the territory of Savoy, which became much more picturesque, making but a short stay in the capital, and quitting it without regret. Turin, Genoa, and many other towns in our author's route receive hurried notices, in which Catholicism is sure not to pass unscathed—its forms and doctrines scandalising our author on all occasions. Architecture is a branch which he also is apt to be critical about; but at Pisa there is another subject brought on board, which, in the eyes of many, possesses a sort of interest distinct from any yet mentioned; we mean Lord Byron, whose errors receive no quarter, either on account of the splendour of his genius or the vicissitudes of his life. Mr. Wilson's plain-dealing no doubt will give offence; but with respect to the noble poet, we are of opinion that the statement now before us, unless it can be charged with falsehood, is more imperiously called for than as regards any other deceased celebrated man. We do not know where fulsome cant and demoralising admiration are so abundant as in reference to Don Juan. We cannot widely dissent from any one sentence in the following outline:—

In the opinion of some of his Lordship's worshippers—those, namely, who cant so much about his genius—Pisa ought, undoubtedly, to be considered consecrated by it, since it was here that he wrote several cantos of his Don Juan; a strange production, it must be confessed, for one who, at the outset of his literary career, exclaimed, in most Cato-like tone,

—The Muse must still be just,

Nor spare melodious advocates of lust.

Others had been reviled as renegadoes, apostates, and turncoats, for far more excusable, and perhaps, meritorious inconsistency between their earlier and their later conduct and opinions. Granting that Lord Byron possessed all, or even ten times, the genius his most enthusiastic admirers claim for him, it is not easy to perceive how intellectual power can justify moral turpitude, or how vice is rendered innoxious in proportion as it is palatable and alluring. Prostituted genius is but splendid guilt. When great talents are employed for the benefit of mankind, they command respect; not so when abused and employed for the purpose of sapping and undermining moral and religious principles, of sneering and doubting, and doubting and sneering at what constitutes the best, the only safeguards of society. The language of a living Italian writer, when speaking of Guicciardini, is strikingly applicable to Byron:—By those who rank talents and knowledge,

say, "above all other human qualities, this man will be ranked one of the most eminent characters of his time; but by those who are of opinion that virtue ought to be more highly esteemed than anything else, his memory will be held in detestation." Unfortunately, the world is but too inclined to accept genius, talents, nay, almost mere cleverness, as an equivalent for what is of infinitely greater importance. It forms of them idols, before which it grovellingly prostrates itself. Again, it is urged in extenuation of brilliant yet profligate writers, that their works do not produce that harm which is imagined; and that there are antidotes against the most pernicious doctrines. Yet it is to be feared that those who swallow the poison are precisely those who eschew the antidote; besides which, the criminality on the part of the authors is just the same, whether bad consequences result from their publications or not.

"To say that there have been many others, besides Lord Byron, who have employed their pens in the cause of lewdness and unholiness, is no excuse for him, unless we assume that guilt is only comparative; that no one is guilty, if not the very guiltiest of all—a monster of unparalleled turpitude. An English poet of the nineteenth century certainly cannot avail himself of the plea frequently put forth in extenuation of similar literary offences, namely, that great allowance is to be made for the ignorance and licentiousness of the times when they wrote, and the then state of society. In Byron's flagitious performance there is, very evidently, a studied purpose to corrupt. This *animus* is everywhere apparent from beginning to end. Lord Byron could not be that consummate fool we must suppose him to have been, if we say, that he probably considered there was nothing particularly mischievous in it. Good God! and are we to be insulted by being told by way of apology, that it contains many splendid poetic passages? These gems are set in the most disgusting ordure; we can neither touch them without being defiled, nor contemplate them without sickening. After all, those who like to go with the crowd in the admiration of Byron, are at liberty to do so; but I, for one, must be excused from bearing them company to the shrine of their adoration. Genius I do not depreciate: the abuse of it all ought to deprecate; for in proportion to its excellence in a good cause, is its atrocity in an evil one; then, as Cowper has well expressed it,

'Worse than a poignard in the basest hand,  
It stabs at once the morals of a land.'

It is not for finite and erring creatures to judge a brother sinner; yet neither should mistaken compassion seduce us so far as to applaud where we ought to condemn, to extenuate where extenuation becomes an apology, to disguise or to palliate the principle of mischief that remains to corrupt others. Let us not impiously deify talents, without any reference to the application made of them. Where the noblest gifts have been liberally bestowed, the perversion of them, so far from arguing superior merit, only argues superior baseness. And it may be well for us to bear in mind that *genius* exists but for a time; it is righteousness which endureth for eternity."—pp. 126—128.

The author says he once dined at the same table d'hôte with La Guiccioli, who appeared to be then very far from the fascinating creature she has been represented; nor did any one seem to take much notice of her. We know that the poet was upon the most

amicable footing with the lady's father and brothers; the picture thereby suggested of Italian morals cannot be too severely characterized, unless some singular latitude is to be allowed the phoenix of his age, which Mr. Wilson sarcastically suggests, in defence of the poet and his admirers.

At Pisa, says our author, it is the buildings, at Leghorn the population, which chiefly arrests attention—offering to the unsentimental tourist few attractions, since it is the very Amsterdam of Italy. Naples, however, sounds more romantically. But, with our tourist, nothing short of sober, rational, and serious occupations or scenes are favourites. The Strada di Toledo is the Palais Royal of Naples—its focus, its vortex; and the following description is spirited enough.

Although the number of inhabitants does not exceed four hundred thousand, and by some has been estimated at much less, Naples appears far more populous than Paris or London; for here almost every body is out of doors. Shoemakers, and various other artisans, work at their respective trades in the streets. On my remarking this to a friend, he observed—True; the people here seem to have built houses only that they may keep out of them, and crowd together in the streets, for the sake of making which the houses themselves, I suspect, have been erected. The whole city is ambulatory—all are peripatetics! In most other places, let the throng be ever so great, you see people walking on, and the chief noise arises from the rattling of carriages; here, on the contrary, especially in the Strada di Toledo, every one is in a bustle for the nonce, and most vehemently so. Their tongues, too, are quite as active, or even more so than their feet; for those who are sitting or standing about are invariably talking, and of course gesticulating both with extraordinary vehemence; for Neapolitan talking is what elsewhere would be termed vociferating and screeching.

No wonder then Punchinello is so great a favourite with them—all ranks, the highest as well as the lowest—since he is but a personification of the national character, and by no means an exaggerated one. Women and children are not the least efficient performers in this *al fresco* street concert; and their voices make up in frequency and shrillness for what they lack in depth of base. Add to this the continual bawling of hundreds of crierian lungs, whose owners are hawking about fruit and innumerable other retail commodities; and as if all this were not quite sufficient, both the throng and the concert are further swelled by numbers of donkeys, each of which has a large bell attached to its neck. Let the reader conceive the effect of a thousand postman's bells ringing at once, and all day long, and he will obtain some notion of the music of the Strada di Toledo. There is, to be sure, one counterbalancing advantage, namely, that the noise of carriages is quite drowned by this congregation of din—masculine, feminine, adult, infantine, canine—at least asino-tintinnabular. And this circumstance again points out how indispensable it is for a pedestrian to be ever upon the alert, and to abstain from reveries and musings. Let some vehicle should cut them short by driving over him—the unfortunate absentee. In fact, no ordinary presence of mind is required for perambulating this part of the town; amid an atmosphere of scolding noise and

tumult, which are such, that, as Webb remarks, they 'sink Charing-Cross to the level of *still life*.' Nor is the eye stunned much less than the ear, so incessant and so varied is the procession of strange lantern-figures and groups one here beholds. Lazzaroni, monks, porters, beggars, pickpockets, hawkers, idlers, busy bodies, wheelbarrows, cabriolets, donkeys, carriages—all pour in swarms from the neighbouring streets into the Toledo. Here you observe handsome modern shops and *cafés*; a little farther on you come to a range of butchers' shops, which, although they bespeak abundance of good cheer, and the Neapolitans' inclination for it, and notwithstanding that some fancy is shewn in decking them out, are not particularly inviting objects for delicate folks. In some of them may be seen a row of hogs hung up just after being killed, and the blood draining from them; in others, the entrails of animals and long chains of sausages suspended like garlands; and macaroni hanging like ropes. And as if a third sense should not be unregaled, where two others are filled to repletion, a passer-by may enjoy gratuitously the mingled effluvia arising from boiling, frying, and cooking in the open air; for such culinary operations are here performed in the street, by those who are always ready to furnish a customer with an *impromptu* dinner. No one can accuse the Neapolitans of being an artificial people; for they do almost every thing as naturally and unceremoniously as possible. The lower orders work, eat, drink, scold, and quarrel in the streets; they have no curtain lectures among them, but all *ad prae bona publice*, and for the edification of the numerous by-standers. Occasionally a short pause intervenes: a procession of some brotherhood, with long hoods over their faces, and bearing their holy standards and ensigns comes in sight; and the populace who have just been laughing or quarreling, begin to fall down on their knees, and beat their bosoms in the most zealous manner; for who shall say that they are not devout, if thumps and bruised knees constitute devotion? These symptoms of devotion, however, seem to be confined to them, for the upper classes take no notice of such exhibitions; nay, some—as far as they dare venture to do so—express their contempt of them."—pp. 151—153.

With the fondness for parade manifested by the people of Naples, which finds wide scope in the funeral observances, their mode of interment is disgusting. After all the other ceremonies are gone through, the corpse is stripped of its finery, placed in a kind of shell, or tray, and a trap being opened into a vault, it is then shot down into that receptacle, among a mass of already putrifying bodies. And our author adds, "what a dark spot is this in a picture of so much loveliness and seeming enjoyment as that city presents!" The carnival of the Neapolitans shocked our author beyond what he conceived could be reached by a people incessantly given to dissipation and foolery. He says—

"One might imagine that a congress was held of all the scaramouches, jack-puddings, buffoons, and clowns, in the world; each striving who should distinguish himself by the greatest possible extravagances and absurdities. The most lunatic antics imaginable were played off in the streets by persons dressed in preposterous disguises. The lowest of the mob seemed to have found their way into carriages on this occasion; for the company in those vehicles seemed as arrant buffoons as those on foot. Showers of *bonbons*, or rather hard pellets made of paste, and about the size of mar-

bles, were flung on every side, to the no small danger of eyes, teeth and noses among those who did not wear masks. Royalty itself must needs put on some motley like the rest; not content with honouring these ceremonies with their august presence, the king and his brothers took a conspicuous part in them; and, dressed as sailors, were drawn in a wheeled machine made to resemble a large boat. On their commencing a broadside on the populace with their *bombons*, they received some furious volleys, in return. The pellets hissed about them like grape shot, and actually covered the deck of the vessel. Whether this was considered particularly complimentary, I do not know; but I am sure the peppering they underwent must have made them nearly black and blue all over, unless they adopted the precaution of casing themselves up in armour beneath their outward dresses before they sallied out on this expedition. Alas! thought I, for 'the divinity that doth hedge in a king!' no symptom of it was discoverable here, except, indeed, such divinity as that of father Jove, who had certainly an unaccountable penchant for masquerading, in which frolics he invariably made a beast of himself. His example, however, is but a poor precedent for kings of flesh and blood, who are apt to look rather contemptible when they thus play the fool for their subjects' amusement. Undoubtedly here was plenty of fun going on during the carnival: but it seemed that of the dullest and most stupid kind—almost too low for the taste of an English scavenger and coal-porter. So far from at all enlivening or exhilarating, it rather humiliates one by the degrading collusions in which it sets forth human folly. Those who can be amused by such scenes, would not be disgusted by beholding a holiday in bedlam, when all the inmates were set at liberty and allowed to play what tricks they pleased. For one thing, however, I felt grateful—that we have no carnivals in England. Political mountebanks we may have, but at any rate they do not don the costume of play-house clowns. Not even the great O'Connell himself puts on a merry andrew's dress to captivate public attention."—pp. 185—187.

These are exactly English feelings applied to foreign customs. Why should not royalty join in that which is so popular? An English race-course is perhaps not a more rational scene, and at the same time is probably as vicious. The author's bringing in the redoubtable Dan by the shoulders, so abruptly, is indicative neither of sagacity nor satire. We are slow in seeing the propriety of the appellation, "mountebank," to such a stalwart Hibernian as the Agitator, whether taken corporeally or mentally. One thing is certain, that however much O'Connell may be in the wrong, we know of few things in which he would not summarily make our author very small.

One of the most effective chapters of the volume, whether we regard the power of description, or the impressive character of the reflections interspersed, is that which treats of Vesuvius, our author having witnessed its eruption in 1832, and visited its immediate locality, ere the fiery storm had ceased to rage. It must have required nerves of no mean vigour to have stood on the spots described in our next extract. And yet, we are informed many females had



repaired, upon the same occasion, to the precincts of the burning lava and the crater.

"We kept about the distance of no more than ten yards from the burning lava, which was now trickling down in a gentle stream; consequently the heat from it was very sensibly felt by us; as may be conceived, when it is said that the lava is not effectually cooled for a whole twelvemonth from the time of an eruption. The noise of the volcano too, now began to be frightful; and, what rendered it more so was, that we perceived occasional emissions of flame and stones, which latter we were apprehensive would fall on the very path we were taking. At last, parched with heat, and quite exhausted, we gained the summit, where there were already many persons of both sexes assembled, but found that it would be madness to attempt approaching the crater; for, where we stood, the heat was scarcely endurable. Around the cone, perforated by the crater itself, is a kind of rim with a hollow between the two, into which the lava first pours itself, and then escapes through the fissure in it down the sides of the mountain. It was upon this rim or mound we stationed ourselves, not however for long: as a very few minutes after an alarm was given by my guide; and, on turning round, I perceived the lava forcing its way through the ground just below where I had seated myself. It was a scene which a man of the strongest nerves might confess he had not witnessed without dismay. During some seconds the noise was quite alarming: the discharge of volleys of musketry, and artillery, commingled with the hissing of some tremendous steam engine, would not convey an adequate idea of it. On thus finding a sudden vent for itself, the liquid fiery matter spirted itself forth in a sparkling shower intensely glittering on the eye, and presented to us the image of a burning fountain. Considerations for safety, however, prevailed over curiosity; and, after the first few instants of surprise, we hastily retreated from the perilous spot which had afforded so unexpected and so complete a view of this tremendous phenomenon.

"On finding myself comparatively out of danger, I felt as if miraculously preserved from destruction; and although I have not since regretted the occurrence, must own, that had I had any reason to anticipate it beforehand, I should hardly have subjected myself to such a trial, even if assured no positive injury should result from it. No one could have witnessed it without deep awe, and without being impressed with the greatness of that Being who 'touches the mountains and they smoke.' The mind involuntarily recurred to that manifestation of Jehovah on the top of Sinai, when 'the sight of the glory of the Lord was like devouring fire in the sight of the children of Israel.' Equally impossible was it not to figure to one's self the final catastrophe of the earth, when the fiery element shall be permitted to involve all things in universal conflagration; when 'the heavens shall vanish away like smoke,' and 'pass away with great noise; the elements melt with fervent heat, and the earth and the works thereon be burned up.'"—pp. 195—197.

Mr. Wilson has a taste and a talent for putting a quencher on many of our cherished and romantic ideas of foreign sights, which travellers in general have helped to feed, with, we doubt not, very highly exaggerated representations. Pompeii, for instance, has been made to appear to our imaginations as an exhumed city, with

rows of compact streets and houses, preserved entire by that which buried it. The present writer, however, delights in matters of fact, as we firmly believe. It has been said in the first volume of the Library of the Fine Arts, that "we are so apt to dwell upon those particulars which flatter the imagination by their splendour, that in picturing to ourselves the state of social life among the ancients, we pass over, or exclude from sight all meaner details, all imperfections and deficiencies: we exaggerate to ourselves what *was*, without stopping to inquire what there *was not*; and consequently our estimate is quite erroneous. By studying the ruins of Pompeii, we shall correct much of this poetical delusion of the fancy; and the disenchantment would doubtless be still more complete, could we have actual experience of the mode of living that then prevailed." Accordingly our author has neither been carried beyond himself by what he saw of the resuscitated city, nor led to envy the accommodations of its ancient inhabitants.

"The truth is, Pompeii offers to our view only the skeleton, the mere wreck of a city; all exhibits devastation and confusion; every building is dismantled and unroofed. Whatever was portable has been carried away; and even mosaics have been taken up, and pictures painted on the walls cut out and detached from them. The more solid parts are standing, though denuded; and according to remaining bits of ornaments, and such documents for furniture and embellishments as are to be found in the Museum at Naples, architects have made *restorations* upon paper, that convey a very lively idea of Pompeian atria and apartments, but of which we here meet with no more than the rude materials and imperfect indications. It must be admitted, that the singularity and strangeness of the scene takes hold of the mind very forcibly; and as far as names alone go, it is impossible to be dissatisfied, or complain that any thing is wanting. If we require illusion and effect, it is better to stick to books and engravings. We are shown what are distinguished as vestibules, atria, porticoes, exhedræ, tablinæ, triclinia, baths, ambulationes, &c. whose names made a promise to the ear the things themselves do not keep to the eye. There is hardly a closet or recess that has not some fine-sounding classical term appropriated to it; consequently there are far more verbal distinctions than perceptible differences.

"The rooms appear to have been all detached, and must either have been very badly lighted, or else greatly exposed to the weather—which, as people say what they will about the extraordinary fineness of the climate, must have been attended with much inconvenience, more than would have been put up with had the inhabitants had the means of remedying it. In such rooms, for instance, which had a large unglazed window opening to the peristyle of the further court, there could have been no privacy, because, unless the court itself was perfectly secluded from all intrusion, conversation must have been continually liable to be overheard. Although curtains might serve well enough to exclude eye-curiosity, they would be a most treacherous defence against ear-curiosity, as they would sometimes have screened listeners, and so given them a double advantage. The general smallness of the rooms, too, must have greatly increased the inconveniences just adverted to. Nay, the rooms

on each side of the curtain, which concealed what in England would be termed mere closets:—it is literally impossible “to swing a cat in Florence” and they also resembled closets in being perfectly dark, unless they received some faint degree of light by means of an open space left between the door itself and the soffit of the doorcase. Perhaps they were used as mere closets, after all; for to what other purpose such gloomy, ill-ventilated cells, all crowded together, could have applied, it is not easy to conjecture. If they were receptacles for beds, an Englishman would no more relish sleeping *à l'antique* in such a doghole, than the Doctor's guests relished his classical dainties at the entertainment described by Peregrine Pickle.”—p. 217—220.

It may well be said, therefore, that this specimen of an ancient city is not at all calculated to put us out of conceit with a modern one; for though it must be conceded that their public edifices were magnificent, such buildings do not constitute a city. Neither ancient nor modern Italian cities obtain Mr. Wilson's favour. There is, according to him, a prevalent indecency and grossness in the very conversation of the ladies in that country, that is absolutely inconceivable to those who have been accustomed to the decencies of English families. And upon this statement, he views that system of expatriation which transplants so many of our families, not only from the soil, but from the habits and feelings of English society, as a deplorable fashion, outweighing every advantage by the risk of contagion that is unmasked in those foreign parts. An attempt is made to account in some degree for the vitiated manners of Italian females, and the consequent vitiation of the whole constitution of Italian society, by saying that instead of being treated as rational beings, they are either worshipped as idols, or degraded into the opposite extreme. It is easy to see how such a tide of demoralization as our author describes, must sweep away the strongholds of delicacy and virtue, and without some regenerating impulse, not short of miraculous, entail upon a country a loathsome disease.

Without following the writer to Sicily, we shall find his particular style and opinions abundantly displayed in reference to Rome, which he says, may well be styled the “Eternal City,” since it is the everlasting, and it should seem, inexhaustible theme of all who have written or will write upon Italy. We might do better than fall upon the clumsy egotism and efforts at sarcasm that disfigure his picture of Rome, but as the same sort of bad taste and rambling criticism very frequently finds place in these pages, we think it right to balance his claims to saintly virtues, by a glance at certain slight weaknesses, of which he seems marvellously unsuspecting. He declares of Rome that;

“It would be no hyperbole—perhaps, very short of the truth—to say, that were the waggon-loads of paper that have been penned and printed on the subject of this city alone to be piled up together, they would form a mass equal to that of St. Peter's itself;—and a most curious medley such mass would be—classical, critical, nonsensical, antiquarian, sen-

timid, grave, flippant, learned and ignorant, all blended together:—unless all the heavier writings, including, of course, the leaden ones, were placed below for the foundation, and the nonsensical ones, as the lightest, at top. At which extremity of such a pile my own volume ought to obtain a situation, I leave the reader to decide; for, of course, he will assign it a station either among the leaden ones or the nonsensical, except, indeed, he should think it deserves to be placed midway between these two extremes, as best of all suited to a work of—to use an Hibernianism—extreme mediocrity.

To give a tolerably complete and encyclopedic account of Rome, would require nearly a hundred volumes; but, as I can devote only a single chapter to it, I shall not even make the attempt. Taking it for granted that most readers must be tolerably well acquainted with so very hackneyed a topic, I shall confine myself to one or two ‘odds and ends’—fragmentary observations, and remarks on a few particular features. Contrary to the advice I should give a traveller, which is, to reserve the principal objects until he has first visited those of less importance, otherwise the latter are apt to appear quite insignificant after the former, I commence with St. Peter's.”—pp. 296, 297.

After a good deal of nibbling criticism, sometimes of a theological, and sometimes architectural order, respecting St. Peter's, his ultraism in both finds scope in the following paragraphs,

“I know not whether Raphael's Transfiguration, of which there is here a fine copy in mosaic, be not chargeable with some degree of inconsistency. It is undoubtedly worthy the reputation it has acquired, yet, as a composition, it is defective; for what should be principal is rendered subordinate—at least in situation, and, in comparison with the figures, Mount Tabor appears little bigger than a haystack; besides which, the group in the foreground is a detached and independent action thrust in by the painter. No modern artist, perhaps, would commit such egregious faults; yet, where is the artist, either ancient or modern, who could rival this glorious work in those qualities which constitute its soul? By this time, no doubt, the reader is heartily tired of St. Peter's; nor will I detain him in it longer than to mention that, during the time of one of our visits, the Pope entered with a retinue, among whom were several Cardinals. Taking his station at a desk, in front of the high altar, and about fifty paces from it, he commenced his devotions kneeling, while the Cardinals were seated on benches, and the numerous guards were stationed around. A throng of spectators crowded behind them, but in perfect silence; and the whole place was so hushed and still, one might have imagined it quite empty. I got sufficiently close to have a good view of the Pontiff, who appeared to be entirely absorbed in the act of prayer. As soon as he had completed his orisons, he immediately retired, attended in the same manner as at his entrance, except that a Cardinal now officiated as his train-bearer. Numerous petitions were now presented to him, which were received by a person appointed for that purpose.

“In concluding this imperfect sketch of one of the most wonderful and stupendous fabrics ever erected by human hands, I cannot forbear remarking that, after all, it is rather the vanity of the creature than the glory of the Creator which is here honoured. It seems quite as much a

gorgeous museum of art as a temple for Christian devotion. By thousands and tens of thousands it is gazed upon, with profane eyes, as if it were a mere place of exhibition, and without any other idea than what is excited by the splendour of architecture and the pomp of art. What I would say has been so much better expressed by another writer, that I may here be allowed to follow his forcible language. 'I have been compelled,' he observes, 'to turn from the magnificence of art, from the beauty of sculpture, from the lofty aspirations of an outward edifice, from the balmy breath of a fragrant atmosphere, from the fine emblems of Heaven and eternity, to the appalling consideration that the beams of truth have feebly irradiated these walls; that the chillness of a moral death reigns eternally within them;—that the very structure, which had given the former enchantment to my senses and my heart, owes its existence to the ambition and despotism of human crime; and that, in very truth, these magnificent buildings are, in the words of an energetic writer (Foster), as triumphal arches erected in memorial of the extermination of that truth which was given to be the light of the world and the life of man.'"—pp. 311, 312.

If the doctrine contained in the latter of these paragraphs be just and correct, then every attempt at imposing grandeur or solemnity in any church, must be characterized as that which tends to withdraw the devotion of worshippers from the Creator to the creature. St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, every chapel in which any sort of decoration has been introduced, is faulty upon the same principle, though in a much slighter degree; and no appeal at all ought to be tolerated, which approaches the mind through our most tender or exalted sensations, derived from external objects. Music, on this ground, ought to be dispensed with, and the more exquisite and ravishing, it becomes the more objectionable. But who does not see that the author ought to be a Quaker, with such sentiments in his head? or who can maintain that so long as chastened and becoming efforts of art can be made to yield their benign and softening influence upon our spirits, that thereby we become attuned to other and holier themes? After speaking of the ceremonies which he witnessed during the Holy Week at Rome, he refers to an illumination which took place on the evening of Easter day, that must have been transcendently grand, and which seems to have given him small offence. It is thus described.

"By far the grandest display of all, and, moreover, the least objectionable of any exhibition peculiar to this holy season, because it does not, like the rest, profess to be of a religious nature, is the illumination of the dome of St. Peter's on the evening of Easter day. The lighting up began at about seven o'clock; and in the course of an hour the whole was illuminated with lamps, that had the effect of paper lanterns, shedding a subdued gleam over the architecture, and producing a surprisingly beautiful effect. In this state it continued for another hour, when, suddenly, additional lights burst forth almost simultaneously into a blaze of most vivid splendour. It was certainly a most astonishing spectacle, not less so for the celerity with which this powerful change was accomplished."



then for its dazzling brilliancy. The basilica seemed crowded by an host of angels, irradiated with thousands of gems, whose united effulgence was nothing short of a manifestation of the sublime mingled with the beautiful.

Compared with this indescribably fine—I may say, even, stupendous exhibition, all other illuminations I have ever beheld sink into insipidity and insignificance. It is true it was but a single object, yet that an unrivalled one; producing an effect of which nothing else of the kind can any more convey an adequate idea, than a thousand minor buildings can give the impression of one such a pile as St. Peter's itself. One advantage, moreover, of such illumination is, that it exhibits itself far and wide in every direction: and, indeed, were not such the case, by many it could not be viewed at all; for, thronged as the piazza and its environs were till after midnight, that space were insufficient to contain a population increased by a great influx of strangers and visitors. Notwithstanding the crowds of persons on foot, and equipages, there was as little confusion as possible under such circumstances, and, I believe, no pick-pocketing; which latter is certainly more than would have happened in England, where, for the encouragement, it is to be presumed, of the light-fingered profession, persons take care not to go into any kind of crowd without having something in their pockets to render them worthy the particular attention of those gentry."—pp. 323, 324.

There are some other things even in Italy, which Mr. Rae Wilson can tolerate and even praise. He has in an earlier part of the volume spoken in commendation of an hospital for insane patients at Palermo, and now in his notices of Florence, he is pleased again with the management of a similar establishment. He is even half complimentary in respect of the modern Italian drama. We have found in his criticisms of celebrated literary characters, sometimes nothing but the most common-place remarks, sometimes a good deal of absurdity, but always that which we have been inclined to read to the close, inasmuch as it is uniformly characteristic of Rae Wilson. The following, we think, is one of the best specimens.

"While speaking of the theatre, I may be allowed to observe, that it is singular enough none of our English playwrights should occasionally resort to the modern Italian dramatists for subjects. It is true, many pieces are brought out on our stage, where the scene is laid in Italy; but in regard to their exhibiting any thing whatever of Italian manners, they might nearly as well be laid in the moon. They exhibit to us all that sort of stuff which is now banished from circulating library romances—monks, murders, banditti, and ruffians—sentimental bravos, and a couple of lovers—the one tyrannical, and the other intended to be amiable. They give us antiquated extravagances in abundance; but of modern *ridicules*—of Italian life, as it actually shows itself—they display nothing whatever. Yet they might occasionally, for want of better models, and by way of serving up something different from their *toujours perdrix*—which are unfortunately *toujours* made into a hash—have recourse to De Rosai, Giraud, Federici, Nota, &c., who would supply them with some pleasant scenes, if not uniformly with genuine comedy,

Some one of those gentry who furnish our theatres with plots to extract insight, for instance, make a sufficiently clever one out of Noted *Filosofo Celibe*, by retaining all its satire and humour, yet instilling into it a little more energy and point; for there is generally an insipid flatness in the dialogue of the modern Italian dramatists that very much diminishes the interest of the scenes and situations they sketch out, which are sometimes so striking as to require only to be better developed and finished up, in order to possess the genuine *vis comica*. After all, they may be more interesting as curious pictures of manners, than desirable as actual lessons. For the most part, they exhibit some curious traits of manners, apparently rather imaginary than national: ladies are addicted more than they ought to be to the odd fancy of making their servants the confidants of their attachments and their weaknesses, and of conversing with these worthy 'helps' upon a footing of more than American equality. The stratagems, too, which lovers allow themselves frequently amount to downright frauds, and to such shuffling meanneesses, as absolutely to shock those who do not derive their notions of moral propriety from 'Newgate experiences,' and the ethic lessons of the Old Bailey. The kind of love that, so far from sticking at trifles, suggests almost every species of contemptible duplicity, trickery, and deceit, is not the most amiable or praiseworthy passion; neither is it particularly edifying to youth to find parents or guardians seldom brought upon the stage for any other purpose than to be exhibited in the light of harsh, obstinate, tyrannical beings, whom it is nothing short of meritorious to thwart by every imaginable scheme. Not very much more instructive,—at least wholesomely so, are the pictures given of married life, unless they be intended by way of antidote to the fulsomeness of unmarried lovers, and to show what kind of a trap it is the latter are so eager to run into. Methinks it is odd that no one has been able to strike out some fresher kind of interest both in the drama and in novel writing also, than that one eternal theme of love and husband-hunting, or whatever else it may be called, which in the actual world occupy but a small corner among the multiplex combinations that go to make up the sum of life. If Scott had the power to effect this, it is a pity he forfeited the greatest claim of all to originality, by not boldly emancipating himself from the fetters, and stripping off the uniform the whole corpse of novel-writers is pleased to wear."—pp. 400—403.

We should like to see our author trying his hand at a novel of any kind, especially such as he here recommends. It would be a curiosity. But we are on to Venice, where we purpose to leave our author, as he there seems really to be getting somewhat reconciled to the country he has been traversing; for he begins to be sentimental, and full of the picturesque.

"There are few who are not acquainted with some of the more striking features of this semi-oriental queen of the Adriatic—of Venice, whose architectural pomp has been mystified by Turner into dazzling, gaudy vacaney and indistinctness, and reflected by the pencil of Harding with all the force of reality, set off by the charm of poetic delineation—Venice, that has supplied Lilliputian scenes for annuals, and full-grown scenes for our theatres. Even to those, if any such there be, who have

no other images of it in their minds than what they have shaped out to themselves from description, its name alone is fraught with an indefinable charm, were it only for the associations linked with it by our Shakespeare, and by the 'mighty magician of Udolpho.' If less romantic, less imposing, than when at the zenith of her barbaric state and gorgeousness, her present aspect is one well calculated to excite a powerful, and yet melancholy, interest;—sympathy for a once haughty, and now fallen, capital, yet still glorious even in its decay. Although its 'mouldering palaces' found no favour with Sir Egerton Brydges; although that 'intelligent' critic, Forsyth, could discern no grandeur in the pile occupied for so many ages by its Doge princes, which he seems to have looked at with the tasteful eye of a London surveyor; although Webb also condemns the same edifice without mercy, for what he, with his usual singularity of language, terms its 'lubbard superincumbency of wall';—I, who am *nathus addictus jurare in verba*, was forcibly impressed with the indescribable poetry of architecture which characterises them; and which, with your *routine*, plodding, mechanical critics, stands for just nothing at all. With them, whatever does not come just within scope of their own *minikin* and mechanical rules—within reach of their own imbecile apprehension, is, without further inquiry into its merit, set down at once as something outré and bizarre, nondescript, monstrous, unintelligible. For the highest and most eloquent powers of the art they have no soul whatever; yet I wish them no harm: let but the peace of their own impenetrable dulness rest upon them, and they will be the most comfortable of morals.

" Venice is, of a truth, in her sere and yellow leaf—in her autumn garb: yet its livery, like that of the autumn of the forests, is rich—richer than the summer pride of many other cities. Almost as unique in physiognomy as in situation, its very buildings are fraught with history, and in them we may almost be said to read its annals—to view the now phantom glories and achievements of the proud Republic. How gorgeous this courtesan sea-queen among cities, this Naiad Cybele, must have been in her palmy state, when her fleets went out as armaments, and returned to her either with the spoils of conquest or the tributary merchandise of the east, is still attested by the faded and fading magnificence we yet behold. Gaiety has not yet entirely deserted her, but the mind is touched by it rather to sadness than to joy; it is too much like the last rallying effort of the spirits, that frequently precedes their fatal overthrow by the hand of death. And Venice looks so lovely even in her widowed, fallen fortunes, that it is impossible to repress a sigh for the bitter change that has come over her, despite the recollection of her treacheries—her tyranny—her crimes.

" As I first gazed on the Saracenic edifices, which were reflected on her pavement of waters, I was forcibly struck with the general resemblance the city bears to Grand Cairo, at the time of an inundation of the Nile. In both of them do rich architectural fronts, cognate in their style, behold their own inverted images, and seem, Narcissus-like, to be enamoured of their own mirrored charms. There is, moreover, something exceedingly impressive in the noontide hush and silence of these chariotless streets, that gives the whole place the character of an enchanted city. But it is time to break off these rhapsodies, as they will, doubtless, be termed; especially as they may also be thought to savour more of 'fine

writing, and of sentimentality, than is altogether becoming in one who professes to entertain no very great respect for them." pp. 438-440.

With all Mr. Wilson's sectarian principles in literature and religion, we can truly say that the present volume is entertaining and instructive. His egotism, plain dealing, and repetitions, are characteristic of a zealous, honest, and simple-minded man; and however much some may differ from him on certain serious questions, none can rise from the perusal of the book with a lowered tone of moral sensibility. The author's religious opinions may seem obtrusively pressed, or exceedingly narrow, but his seriousness and piety, none can question.

We might have remarked more particularly than we have done, the evidences he affords of a cultivated architectural taste. His extensive opportunities for improving this sort of knowledge have not been lost upon him. We have at this moment his notices of the bridge of the Rialto before us, and though these do not form a good example in point, they yet intimate the critical skill of a master. The pan which closes the extract is also indicative of a harmless partiality on the part of the author.

About midway in its course, the Canalazzo is bestrided by the single arch of the Rialto, or rather of the bridge of the Rialto. Of this structure the beauty is by no means equal to the celebrity; it is by no means striking for its magnitude, and, although there is a certain degree of elegance in the arch itself, the design of the whole is any thing but particularly happy. The shops built upon it are exceedingly ugly in themselves, and have, besides, a particularly awkward and disagreeable effect, because upon an inclined plane, although not so steep as is generally represented in prints. There is also another circumstance which causes them to have a more lumbering appearance than they otherwise might; namely, that, instead of being in continuation of the sides of the bridge itself, they are set back upon it, so as to leave a passage on each side, between them and the parapet, about ten feet wide, or half the width of that in the centre, enclosed by the double row of shops. As all of these passages form flights of steps leading up to a platform on the summit of the bridge, the steepness of the ascent occasions neither inconvenience nor deformity from the street; yet, it would have been far better could the ascent have been gained at each end, before where the bridge properly commences, so as to give it a level terrace along its whole extent, with a covered portico in the Venetian style. This would have formed a tolerably spacious ambulatory, commanding fine views of the canal; even supposing that it had been enclosed at its sides for shops, leaving only a limited number of arches open in the centre, somewhat after the manner of the Ponte Vecchio at Florence, which, although a continuation of the street, has an open gallery of three arches in its centre. This bridge is the only thing that deserves to be so called in all Venice, those which are thrown across the lesser canals, or *risi*, being no more than foot-paths; and, as even the Rialto is but a mere trifle compared with the fabrics that stretch over the Thames, the John Bull was not very much mistaken, who, on being asked, whether he had seen the Bridge of Sighs when at Venice, replied, there was no bridge of any size to be seen in it." pp. 450-452.

## ART. VII.—NOVELS OF THE MONTH.

1. *Mephistophiles in England ; or, the Confessions of a Prime Minister.*  
3 vols. 12mo. London : Longman and Co. 1835.
2. *The Monikins.* By the Author of "The Pilot," &c. 3 vols. London : Bentley. 1835.
3. *Outre-Mer ; or, a Pilgrimage to the Old World.* By an American.  
2 vols. London : Bentley. 1835.

WE say the "Novels of the Month," not wishing to intimate thereby that these three goodly works precisely fall to be taken up as the latest or only productions of the kind that have come to solicit our favourable opinion. By no means ; it is only as a sample of the heap before us, seized upon, too, without any very particular principle of selection, that they are here presented. We might well be fastidious in possession of such abundance ; for though the novels of the month be but of temporary interest, they are generally well written. Yet they form no exception to the sweeping truth, that the literature of our country is at a low ebb, if we are to regard the high requisites of imaginative works. While the public mind continues to be agitated by the anticipation of great and unusual changes, it does not seem that it is able to retire upon its own complete resources, and come forth either with the fully ripened fruit of calm and profound reflection, or to exhibit any wonderful burst of gigantic power. No forest trees appear ; we have only coppice-wood, or, perhaps, bramble, that cannot withstand the summer sun, and that will have no sap to outlive the winter. Scientific meetings for useful discoveries, works of a cheap, elementary, and immediately practical nature, are the great objects in this age of reform ; such a conflict is kept up between liberal and anti-liberal opinions, that it appears no speculation or effort of a more nobly intellectual order has time or attractions enough, beyond some hasty compilation, these being, however, generally able and complete, or some graceful fiction. Indeed, whether we look at the cheap and useful publications of the day, or the hosts of novels, we must arrive at the conclusion, that the swarms of well-educated people that distinguish the present age, have their minds bent upon such an engrossing object as does not allow the indulgence of protracted soaring intellectual speculation, or the careful culture of splendid imaginations. The truth is, that an eye to the social and practical improvement of society, not merely in Europe but America, is the tendency of the times, taking even the disportings of the fancy as an index. We do not find, for instance, from the works named at the head of our paper, that in the latter quarter of the globe, where it might be more naturally expected, that greater originality, power of judgment and imagination, or even freshness of style, is to be met with, than at home. This may in part be accounted for from the fact, that Americans write chiefly for the



approval of English readers, and make English literature, even of the present time, their standard. But the new world is as unsteady, uncertain, and ardent, in relation to social and intellectual improvement, as the old, and neither seem capable or careful enough to furnish a first-rate novel, even after old models, much less to burst into a new region, as was done about the beginning of the present century, by the great Scottish minstrel. We must now speak a word of each of the three productions we have before us, and give a few specimens, were it for no other purpose than to justify the very general and hasty opinions that have just been uttered.

Herbert, the hero in "Mephistophiles," is a young man of high rank and wealth, and an Englishman, who completes his academical education in Germany, where he becomes acquainted with Mephistophiles, who professes fatalism. Not only does the pupil learn from his master the most dangerous doctrines, but he leagues himself with the fiend by a dreadful bond—the reward for this barter of the soul being his obtaining the gratification of all his wishes. Nor does the pupil make slow progress in his diabolical studies—a German fair one and her father are his victims; but although imprisoned as a murderer, Mephistophiles liberates him, when they escape to England. It is in this country that the burden of the story lays, where Faust and his friend, in the character of a German prince, figure in a variety of scenes.

The tutor's abilities and designs are described in the following terms:—"I am called Mephistophiles, and if thou hast the courage to look on and fear nothing, I will shew thee the secret machinery of the world, of which thou formest a part; thou shalt see its hollowness. I will instruct thee in the mysteries of nature. Thou shalt behold her nakedness. I will be thy slave, thy servant, thy protector, thy instructor, thy friend. Thou shalt want for nothing—enjoy all thy wishes—gratify thy utmost ambition. Pleasure, beauty, wealth, fame, power, shall become thine own. But if thou art desirous of throwing off the shackles of thy human existence, which prevent thee from becoming all thou desirest, I must introduce thee to some acquaintances of mine, who will divest thee of such earthly prejudices as still cling about thy simple nature." A goodly couple, we may well anticipate, between whom metaphysics and devilry have ample scope. Let us see what is said by the author, of the London daily and periodical press.

"I looked at the fashionable intelligence in that oracle of the *beau monde*, the Morning Post, and there had the felicity of observing our arrivals noticed at full length. Mephistophiles amused himself over the Herald. 'It is extraordinary,' said I, as the breakfast things were clearing away, 'what an influence the public press has in this country.' 'Not at all strange,' replied my companion; 'some countries are priest-ridden—some ridden by soldiers—and England delights to be newspaper-ridden. Every man who can read reads a newspaper; those who are not so well

educated have it read to them ; and, as few people will take the trouble to think for themselves, the public press exercises a political power, which you think extraordinary, but which I consider very natural. In London there are fifty-five journals, of which thirteen appear daily, and forty-two once or more frequently during the week : in the provinces, one hundred and ninety-three are published : Scotland boasts of forty-six, and Ireland, of seventy-five—making a total of three hundred and sixty-nine, averaging a circulation of a thousand each. Supposing that the contents of each paper are made known to ten persons—which is a small average, for in the numerous coffee-houses and taverns the readers are almost innumerable ; then the newspaper-venders lend them out at so much an hour to several individuals ; and almost every paper goes from hand to hand amongst private purchasers till it is worn out—this makes a total of about three millions six hundred and ninety thousand. But this is not all : the magazines and reviews are also political journals, and their sale is from five hundred to twelve thousand : they have full as numerous a circle of readers as their daily or weekly contemporaries. The pamphlets must next be considered, as well as the cheap journals, published for the political instruction of the poor. There are at least five millions influenced by the public press. It is a mighty engine, but often wielded with little judgment. Were it properly directed, nothing could stand against it. Luckily, however, for the government, a great portion of the press is always under its control, and the rest of the political papers, generally squabbling among themselves, are not thought so dangerous as they might be made. Frequently the ministers are sadly puzzled what to do. The utmost license is allowed ; and, in the possession of that privilege, the opposition journals abuse the government and their measures in terms which would create a rebellion in any other country. Every public character distinguished by a different line of politics from that advocated by a portion of the newspapers is sure to be libelled. The whole public life of a minister is exposed, commented on, and abused : his private life seldom escapes similar usage ; his person is ridiculed, himself denounced, and his family and friends held up to public scorn and ridicule. If the individual or the government proceed by a prosecution against the libellers, the outcry which ensues is tremendous. Every paper throughout the kingdom joins in vehemently declaring that that hallowed bulwark of English freedom, the liberty of the press, is in danger. The jury, well aware that, if through their means, a heavy punishment should be inflicted on the offenders, they would become the objects of general opprobrium, are as lenient as possible, and in nine cases out of ten return verdicts in favour of the defendants. The consequence is, that, when he is proceeded against by criminal information, the libeller escapes, the press increases in influence, and the jury are lauded to the skies as honest, fearless, and impartial Englishmen : the result encouraging other juries on future occasions to follow their example.' 'I cannot agree to the truth of your representation,' said I, laying down the newspaper, and examining my meerschaum—a pipe having, by habit, become almost requisite to my existence. 'You have taken a prejudiced view of the subject. The public press in England has a highly moral as well as a powerful political influence.' 'Vastly moral !' said my companion, with one of his peculiar smiles. 'Read its descriptions of criminal offences—its accounts of trials for rape, crime, cov, or seduction—how minute, how glowing, how exciting.

Where is the young mind, ay, or the old one, that does not feel a sensible gratification at their perusal. Of course that gratification has its source in the love of virtue! Then observe the contents of some of the papers published for the exclusive edification of Sunday readers—to be perused before church, or after. How beneficial to the religiously inclined are their graphic disclosures of vice in high life, or crime in low! How much a young girl's morality is strengthened by perusing a highly-coloured history of Lady Somebody's intrigue with her footman! How greatly improved a virtuous youth must be by continually reading some charming account of the successful gallantries of a fashionable *roué*! The lower orders must wonderfully increase in respect and admiration of their superiors, seeing in how moral and useful a manner the latter conduct themselves! And the upper classes will, of course, become more virtuous, seeing what good examples are continually set before them! "But there are only one or two journals of that nature published; and I cannot help thinking that they do good," I said, applying myself to the *tabac*. "They benefit their proprietors," he replied; "for these moral papers have a more extensive circulation than others of a less assuming character. But do not suppose that I think lightly of the utility of these publications: to me they must ever appear useful, valuable, and agreeable. I always mean to encourage them."

It will at once be seen that there is no lack of talent on the part of the writer; but his personalities, which are upon the most licensed model, will be perhaps the surest passport to public favour. Among the fictitious personages introduced, a great number of public, and some literary characters, may be recognised. We shall avoid, if possible, personal bits, and select a few larger mouthfuls. Let us follow the hero and his guardian to the opera.

"It is amusing to me," said the fictitious German Prince, "to observe the taste of the English for music, as exemplified at the present moment. Here is a soprano singing miserably out of tune: yet she is applauded to the skies; and the more the tenor indulges in intricate and unmeaning cadences, the louder is the admiration exhibited by his audience. The manner, too, in which they get up this music, would disgrace the smallest theatre in Germany. With a company most extravagantly paid, they seldom attempt any thing but some half a dozen of the most hackneyed operas of Rossini, and of one or two of his least talented imitators; and, frequently as they perform these, they are seldom perfect. The orchestra, which boasts of so many great names, native and foreign, do not appear to understand the value of expression. What they are used to they play with a mechanical correctness; but when they attempt one of Mozart's overtures, it is sure to be played in the wrong time, without precision, energy, feeling, or that due respect to light and shade which constitutes one of the greatest charms in instrumental performance. As for the chorus, they are completely inefficient. But how can they be otherwise, when, by the parsimony of the manager, such persons are engaged, who know little, if any thing, of music, at a miserable allowance, which is seldom, if ever paid? \* \* \* The truth is, that all the channels of communication with the public are in the hands of persons calling themselves composers, who have long possessed a monopoly of their art, with very slight talent for any such office. These are very unwilling to make way for cleverer men; and as

to borrow and their superiors are to a great degree unknown, without any interest to back their qualifications, the public are doomed to listen to trash of the vilest kind."

1. The theatres are as little spared.

3. "The pieces for representation at this national theatre were the translation of a French farce played by English actors, and a French ballet danced by French dancers. One was a humorous development of gross libertinism, and the other an elegant specimen of voluptuous sensuality. \* \* \* 'How much the drama is degraded!' said I; 'and is there so little native talent in the country that we must import our farces from France?' 'Why, there is some dramatic capability,' replied my companion; 'yet your playwrights will work with foreign materials, and if they do not borrow they steal.' 'And what has become of the moral of the theatre?' I inquired. 'They used to aim at something of the kind. In the performances of this evening, however, such a thing does not appear to have been imagined!' '*Moral!*' exclaimed Mephistophiles, with a laugh that roused the box-keeper from his sleep; 'who ever heard of morality in a theatre? Think you this gay saloon, and this crowd of beauties, were intended to forward the cause of morality? Do you imagine that the display of indelicacy on the stage we have just witnessed is calculated to improve the morals of the audience? Oh no! such effects are never dreamt of.' \* \* \* \* 'If you should happen to wish to go behind the scenes to see the working of the vessel, I'll introduce you to the skipper, Mr. Pimp. Know him well.' 'Much obliged to you, Admiral,' said I; 'but both the prince and myself are already acquainted with Mr. Pimp, and do not desire a closer intimacy.'"

Club-houses and gin-palaces are not inappropriately linked under the same satire.

"The single man who, at a limited expense, enjoys, in a superb palace, all the pleasures of life, knows that by marrying he cannot improve his condition; nay, if he is desirous of making what the world calls a good husband, he must give up his present grandeur: consequently the bachelor, if he is wise, continues to enjoy his single blessedness. The married man flies from the cares and anxieties of matrimonial felicity to his club; and, in the splendour with which he is surrounded, forgets the poverties or miseries of home. His wife is sulking, his children squalling, his servants impertinent; but he is happy, and he finds friendly associates and obsequious domestics. The result is, that the husband spends the greater portion of his time in enjoying these selfish gratifications. Some pretend better purposes, but the end of all is the same. How much sociality must flourish in consequence of the existence of these clubs, is sufficiently manifest. The new member becomes an associate of five hundred others; and, unless he has particular claims upon their attention, may dine with them in the same room for a twelvemonth without their taking the least notice of his presence. If he belong to 'Crockford's,' and should happen to be particularly rich, the distinguished individuals to whom he is anxious to be introduced, will ease him of his money in the most condescending manner over night; and, should they meet him again, cut him with the most high-bred impudence the next day. If he should, by any misfortune, become a genius, and gain an entrance to the 'Athenæum,' with the hope of its ad-

vanishing his literary interests, he will find himself surrounded by a crowd of small wits of every rank in life, who are too much engaged in endeavouring to increase their own importance, to pay the least regard to the merits of a rival. Should he have travelled a thousand miles, he will be eligible to the 'Traveller's,' where he will find a multitude of tourists who never visited the picturesque beauties of their own country, yet have explored the most inaccessible parts of the globe; and can relate so many marvels, that his simple record of facts is not likely to be listened to, unless he makes use of 'the traveller's privilege' with the liberality employed by his new associates. Should he keep a stud of race-horses, and possess a desire to be ruined with extraordinary speed, he may become a member of the 'Jockey Club,' where he will be taught the art of being a knowing one in a few lessons, on scientific principles, and in the most gentlemanly manner. If he be a brave officer, left by his grateful country to die of gentility and half-pay, he is eligible for the 'United Service,' where he may enjoy, every day in the year, a solitary mutton-chop, with its delicious accompaniments, while around him general officers, who never saw a battle, are feasting upon all the delicacies of the season. If he be a successful writer of bad plays—a frequent scribbler of twaddling newspaper criticisms—a wretched singer with a large salary—a worse actor, still better paid—or a liberal patron of green room frailty and dramatic mediocrity, he will, doubtless, find a place in the 'Garriek,' where in an incredibly short time, he may be initiated into all the mysteries of vulgarity, and be surfeited with the originality of Joe Miller. And should he be a briefless barrister—a clientless lawyer—a retired citizen—a pictureless artist—a patientless apothecary—a vulgar stockbroker—a bookmaker without talent—a play-wright without originality—a treasury clerk, with a small sinecure and great conceit, or any individual who has some money to spend and a little respectability to lose, he will be welcomed to the 'Clarence,' where, in a week, he will be bored to death with bad puns, and ruined at sixpenny whist."

More particular subjects of satire, scandal, and envenomed abuse, we pass over, that those who have a morbid taste for such matter may search for it at their leisure; and that we may come to a transatlantic author of established celebrity. And yet here nothing but disappointment and offence is likely to be experienced by any one who has read his earlier works, or who has ever appreciated the power, the sharpness, or covert value of Dean Swift's prodigious stories, whom he has attempted to follow. An expedition to the country of the Monkeys, near the south pole, whither John Goldencalf, of English birth and education, who is a social-stake-system man, and a universal philanthropist proceeds, or supposes he does so in the delirium of his fevered brain, is the form of the allegory, in which moral, political, and religious subjects are discussed tiresomely. Without saying more of the characters, whether men or monkeys, we shall quote two passages, which we opine will be sufficient to fatigue most readers, and convince them that Mr. Cooper has sadly mistaken his part in the present production. Indeed, of late, he seems not to be his former self, if we are to judge by his doings.

Leaphigh (which is England) is arrived at, and the whole ap-



paratus and theory of government, under the Monikin monarchy is described. Leaplow (America) has an ambassador at Leaphigh. John Goldencalf meets him at court; but his journal must explain the nature of the interview.

“ ‘ I had reached the great square, when a tap on the knee drew my attention to one at my side. The applicant for notice was a monikin, who had all the physical peculiarities of a subject of Leaphigh, and yet who was to be distinguished from most of the inhabitants of that country, by a longer and less cultivated nap to his natural garment, greater shrewdness about the expression of the eyes and the mouth, a general air of business, and, for a novelty, a *bob-cauda*. He was accompanied by positively the the least well-favoured being of the species I had yet seen. I was addressed by the former. ‘ Good morning, Sir John Goldencalf,’ he commenced, with a sort of jerk, that I afterwards learned was meant for a diplomatic salutation; ‘ you have not met with the very best treatment to-day, and I have been waiting for a good opportunity to make my condolences, and to offer my services.’ ‘ Sir, you are only too good. I do feel a little wronged; and I must say, sympathy is most grateful to my feelings. You will, however, allow me to express my surprise at your being acquainted with my real name, as well as with my misfortunes?’ ‘ Why, sir, to own the truth, I belong to an examining people. The population is very much scattered in my country, and we have fallen into a practice of inquiry that is very natural to such a state of things. I think you must have observed that in passing along a common highway, you rarely meet another without a nod; while thousands are met in a crowded street without even a glance of the eye. We develope this principle, sir; and never let any fact escape us, for the want of a laudable curiosity.’ ‘ You are not a subject of Leaphigh, then?’ ‘ God forbid!—No, sir, I am a citizen of Leaplow, a great and glorious republic that lies three days’ sail from this island; a new nation, which is in the enjoyment of all the advantages of youth and vigour, and which is a perfect miracle for the boldness of its conceptions, the purity of its institutions, and its sacred respect for the rights of monikins. I have the honour to be, moreover, the envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the republic to the king of Leaphigh, a nation from which we originally sprang, but which we have left far behind us in the race of glory and usefulness. I ought to acquaint you with my name, sir, in return for the advantage I possess on this head, in relation to yourself.’ Hereupon my new acquaintance put into my hand one of his visiting cards, which contained as follows:—

General-Commodore-Judge-Colonel,

PEOPLE’S FRIEND;

Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the  
Republic of Leaplow near his Majesty the King of Leap-  
high.’

“ ‘ Sir,’ said I, pulling off my hat with a profound reverence, ‘ I was not aware to whom I had the honour of speaking. You appear to fill a variety of employments, and, I make no doubt, with equal skill.’ ‘ Yes, sir, I believe I am about as good at one of my professions, as at another.’ ‘ You will permit me to observe, however, General—a—a—Judge—a—a—I scarcely know, dear sir, which of these titles is the most to your taste.’ ‘ Use which you please, sir. I began with general, but had got

as low as colonel before I left home. 'People's Friend is the only appellation of which I am at all tenacious. Call me People's Friend, sir, and you may call me any thing else you find most convenient.' 'Sir, you are only too obliging. May I venture to ask if you have really, *proptid persond*, filled all these different stations in life?' 'Certainly, sir—I hope you do not mistake me for an impostor!' 'As far from it as possible. But a judge and a commodore, for instance, are characters whose duties are so utterly at variance, in human affairs, that I will allow I find the conjunction, even in a monikin, a little extraordinary.' 'Not at all, sir. I was duly elected to each, served my time out in them all, and have honourable discharges to shew in every instance.' "

A marriage in high life is thus given :—

"A distant door opened, and a gold stick, or some other sort of stick, announced the Right Reverend Father in God, his Grace the most eminent and most serene Prelate, the very puissant and thrice gracious and glorified saint, the primate of all Leaphigh! The reader will anticipate the eager curiosity with which I advanced to get a glimpse of a saint under a system as sublimated as that of the great monikin family. Civilization having made such progress as to strip all the people, even to the king and queen, entirely of every thing in the shape of clothes, I did not well see under what new mantle of simplicity the heads of the church could take refuge! Perhaps they shaved off all the hair from their bodies in sign of supereminent self-abasement, leaving themselves naked to the cuticle, that they might prove, by ocular evidence, what a poor ungainly set of wretches they really were, carnally considered; or perhaps they went on all fours to heaven, in sign of their unfitness to enter into the presence of the pure of mind in an attitude more erect and confident. Well, these fancies of mine only went to prove how erroneous and false are the conclusions of one whose capacity has not been amplified and concatenated by the ingenuities of a very refined civilization! His Grace, the most gracious Father in God, wore a mantle of extraordinary fineness and beauty, the material of which was composed of every tenth hair taken from all the citizens of Leap-high, who most cheerfully submitted to be shaved, in order that the wants of his most eminent humility might be decently supplied. The mantle, wove from such a warp and such a woof, was necessarily large; and it really appeared to me that the prelate did not very well know what to do with so much of it, more especially as the contributions include a new robe annually. I was now desirous of getting a sight of his tail; for, knowing that the Leaphighers take great pride in the length and beauty of that appurtenance, I very naturally supposed that a saint who wore so fine and glorious a robe by way of humility, must have recourse to some novel expedient to mortify himself on this sensitive subject at least. I found that the ample proportions of the mantle concealed, not only the person, but most of the movements of the archbishop; and it was with many doubts of my success, that I led the brigadier behind the episcopal train to reconnoitre. The result disappointed expectation again. Instead of being destitute of a tail, or of concealing that with which nature had supplied him beneath his mantle, the most gracious dignitary wore no less than six *caudæ*, viz. his own, and five others added to it, by some subtle process of clerical ingenuity that I shall not attempt to explain; one bent on

to the other,' as the captain described them, in a subsequent conversation. This extraordinary train was allowed to sweep the floor; the only sign of humility, according to my uniastructed faculties, I could discern about the person and appearance of this illustrious model of clerical self-mortification and humility. The brigadier, however, was not tardy in setting me right. In the first place, he gave me to understand that the hierarchy of Leaphigh was illustrated by the order of their tails. Thus, a deacon wore one and a half; a curate if a minister, one and three quarters, and a rector two; a dean, two and a half; an archdeacon, three; a bishop, four; the primate of Leaphigh, five, and the primate of all Leaphigh, six. The origin of the custom, which was very ancient, and of course much respected, was imputed to the doctrine of a saint of great celebrity, who had satisfactorily proved that as the tail was the intellectual, or the spiritual part of a monikin, the further it was removed from the mass of matter, or the body, the more likely it was to be independent, consecutive, logical, and spiritualized. The idea had succeeded astonishingly at first; but time, which will wear out even a *cauda*, had given birth to schisms in the church on this interesting subject; one party contending that two more joints ought to be added to the archbishop's embellishment, by way of sustaining the church, and the other that two joints ought to be incontinently abstracted in the way of reform. These explanations were interrupted by the appearance of the bride and bridegroom, at different doors. The charming Chatterissa advanced with a most prepossessing modesty, followed by a glorious train of noble maidens, all keeping their eyes, by a rigid ordinance of hymeneal etiquette, dropped to the level of the queen's feet. On the other hand, my Lord Chatterino, attended by that coxcomb Hightail, and others of his kidney, stepped towards the altar with a lofty confidence, which the same etiquette exacted of the bridegroom. The parties were no sooner in their places, than the prelate commenced. The marriage ceremony, according to the formula of the established church of Leaphigh, is a very solemn and imposing ceremony. The bridegroom is required to swear that he loves the bride and none but the bride; that he has made his choice solely on account of her merits, uninfluenced even by her beauty; and that he will so far command his inclination, as, on no account, ever to love another a jot. The bride, on her part, calls heaven and earth to witness, that she will do just what the bridegroom shall ask of her; that she will be his bondwoman, his slave, his solace, and his delight; that she is quite certain no other monikin could make her happy, but on the other hand, she is absolutely sure that any other monikin would be certain to make her miserable. When these pledges, oaths, and asseverations, were duly made and recorded, the archbishop caused the happy pair to be wreathed together, by encircling them with his episcopal tail, and they were then pronounced monikin and monikina.' "

This is a specimen of Mr. Cooper's Monikins, and, to our taste and skill, trash, poor trash! is the proper appellation for such waste of words. The other American work is much more to our liking, though neither original in plan nor execution. It abounds, however, with natural, fresh, and vigorous delineation of character and scenery, and is especially distinguished by a manly and polished current of feeling, that satisfies and enlarges the heart of the reader, so as not only to carry him spiritedly forward to the

last page of the work, but to make him regret that there is not more of it.

"The Pays d' Outre-Mer ; or, the Land beyond the Sea," says our author, "is a name by which the pilgrims and crusaders of old usually designated the Holy Land. I, too, in a certain sense, have been a pilgrim of Outre-Mer ; for to my youthful imagination the old world was a kind of Holy Land, lying afar off beyond the blue horizon of the ocean ; and when its shores first rose upon my sight, looming through the hazy atmosphere of the sea, my heart swelled with the deep emotions of the pilgrim, when he sees afar the shore which rises above the shrine of his devotion." The volumes consist of a number of different sketches and tales, after the Washington Irving style, connected with many lands and countries in the old world, each and all of them being talented beyond the usual merit of tales ; but what is not unusual, there is a becoming modesty along with this talent, about the manner of the writer, that adds in no slight degree to the pleasantness of his pieces.

As a following out of the natural and warm interest which he took in the old world, we shall quote part of his sketch and recollections of Rouen.

"When I had fully prepared myself for a ramble through the city, it was already sundown ; and after the heat and dust of the day, the freshness of the long evening twilight was delightful. When I enter a new city, I cannot rest till I have satisfied the first cravings of curiosity by rambling through its streets. Nor can I endure a cicerone, with his eternal 'This way, sir.' I never desire to be led directly to an object worthy of a traveller's notice, but prefer a thousand times to find my own way and come upon it by surprise. This was particularly the case at Rouen. It was the first European city of importance that I visited. There was an air of antiquity about the whole city that breathed of the middle ages ; and so strong and delightful was the impression that it made upon my youthful imagination, that nothing which I afterwards saw could either equal or efface it. I have since passed through that city, but I did not stop. I was unwilling to destroy an impression which, even at this distant day, is as fresh upon my mind as if it were of yesterday.

"With these delightful feelings I rambled on from street to street, till at length, after threading a narrow alley, I unexpectedly came out in front of the magnificent cathedral. If it had suddenly risen from the earth, the effect could not have been more powerful and instantaneous. It completely overwhelmed my imagination ; and I stood for a long time motionless, and gazing entranced upon the stupendous edifice. I had before seen no specimen of Gothic architecture, save the remains of a little church at Havre, and the massive towers before me—the lofty windows of stained glass—the low portal, with its receding arches and rude statues—all produced upon my untravelled mind an impression of awful sublimity. When I entered the church, the impression was still more deep and solemn. It was the hour of vespers. The religious twilight of the place—the lamps that burned on the distant altar—the kneeling crowd—the tinkling bell—and the chant of the evening service that rolled along the vaulted roof in broken and repeated echoes—filled me with new and intense emotions.

When I gazed on the stupendous architecture of the church—the huge columns that the eye followed up till they were lost in the gathering dusk of the arches above—the long and shadowy ailes—the statues of saints and martyrs that stood in every recess—the figures of armed knights upon the tombs—the uncertain light that stole through the painted windows of each little chapel—and the form of the cowed and solitary monk, kneeling at the shrine of his favourite saint, or passing between the lofty columns of the church—all I had read of, but had not seen—I was transported back to the dark ages, and felt as I never shall feel again.

“On the following day I visited the remains of an old palace, built by Edward the Third, now occupied as the Palais de Justice, and the ruins of the church and monastery of St. Antoine. I saw the hole in the tower where the ponderous ball of the abbey fell through; and took a peep at the curious illuminated manuscript of Daniel d'Aubonne in the public library. The remainder of the morning was spent in visiting the ruins of the ancient Abbey of St. Ouen, which is now transformed into the Hotel de Ville, and in strolling through its beautiful gardens, dreaming of the present and the past, and given up to ‘a melancholy of my own.’”—vol. i, pp. 25—28.

This is just what we should suppose a young untravelled enthusiastic American would feel in the situation described. We shall give part of the sketch of “The Sexagenarian,” to show, still farther, the style of sentiment and reflection peculiar to our author, which, for the most part, is grave and pathetic enough. He has also the art of throwing around his pictures an individuality and truth of keeping, as if he drew from life, thereby proving the closeness, as well as tasteful and tender affection with which he regards his subjects.

“The old gentleman’s weak side was affectation of youth and gallantry. Though, written down old, with all the characters of age, yet at times he seemed to think himself in the heyday of life; and the assiduous court he paid to a fair countess, who was passing the summer at the *Maison de Santé*, was the source of no little merriment to all but himself. He loved, too, to recal the golden age of his amours; and would discourse with prolix eloquence, and a faint twinkle in his watery eye, of his *bonnes fortunes* in times of old, and the rigours that many a fair dame had suffered on his account. Indeed, his chief pride seemed to be, to make his hearers believe that he had been a dangerous man in his youth, and was not yet quite safe.

“As I was also a peripatetic of the garden, we encountered each other at every turn. At first our conversation was limited to the usual salutations of the day; but ere long our casual acquaintance ripened into a kind of intimacy. Step by step I won my way—first into his society—then into his snuff-box—and then into his heart. He was a great talker, and he found in me what he found in no other inmate of the house, a good listener, who never interrupted his long stories, nor contradicted his opinions. So he talked down one alley and up another, from breakfast till dinner—from dinner till midnight—at all times and in all places, when he could catch me by the button, till at last he confided to my ear all the important and unimportant events of a life of sixty years.

“Monsieur d’Argenville was a scion from a wealthy family of Nantes.



Just before the Revolution he went up to Paris to study law at the University; and, like many other wealthy scholars of his age, was soon involved in the intrigues and dissipation of the metropolis. He first established himself in the Rue de l'Université; but a roguish pair of eyes, at an opposite window, soon drove from the field such heavy tacticians as Hugues Doneau and Gui Coquille. A flirtation was commenced in due form; and a flag of truce, offering to capitulate, was sent in the shape of a billet-doux. In the mean time he regularly amused his leisure hours by blowing kisses across the street with an old pair of bellows. One afternoon, as he was occupied in this way, a tall gentleman with whiskers stepped into the room, just as he had charged the bellows to the muzzle. He muttered something about an explanation—his sister—marriage—and the satisfaction of a gentleman! Perhaps there is no situation in life so awkward to a man of real sensibility as that of being awed into matrimony or a duel by the whiskers of a tall brother. There was but one alternative; and the next morning a placard at the window of the bachelor of love, with the words 'Furnished Apartment to let,' showed that the former occupant had found it convenient to change lodgings.

"He next appeared in the Chaussée-d'Antin, where he assiduously prepared himself for future exigencies by a course of daily lessons in the use of the small-sword. He soon after quarrelled with his best friend, about a little actress on the Boulevard, and had the satisfaction of being jilted, and then run through the body at the Bois de Boulogne. This gave him now eclat in the fashionable world, and consequently he pursued pleasure with a keener relish than ever. He next had the *grande passion*, and narrowly escaped marrying a heiress of great expectations, and a countless number of châteaux. Just before the catastrophe, however, he had the good fortune to discover that the lady's expectations were limited to his own pocket, and that as for her châteaux, they were all *Châteaux en Espagne*.

"About this time his father died; and the hopeful son was hardly well established in his inheritance, when the Revolution broke out. Unfortunatly, he was a firm upholder of the divine right of kings, and had the honour of being among the first of the proscribed. He narrowly escaped the guillotine by jumping on board a vessel bound for America, and arrived at Boston with only a few francs in his pocket; but as he knew how to accommodate himself to circumstances, he continued to live along by teaching fencing and French, and keeping a dancing-school and a milliner. At the restoration of the Bourbons he returned to France; and from that time to the day of our acquaintance had been engaged in a series of relations, lawsuits, in the hope of recovering a portion of his property, which had been intrusted to a friend for safe keeping, at the commencement of the Revolution. His friend, however, denied all knowledge of the transaction, and the assignment was very difficult to prove. Twelve years of unsuccessful litigation had completely soured the old gentleman's temper, and made him peevish and misanthropic; and he had come to Autaui merely to escape the noise of the city, and to brace his shattered nerves with pure air and quiet amusements. There he idled the time away, sauntering about the garden of the *Maison de Santé* talking to himself when he could get no other hearer, and occasionally reinforcing his misanthropy with a dose of the *Mémories of La Rochefoucauld*, or a visit to the scene of his duel in the Bois de Boulogne.

"Poor Monsieur d'Argentville! What a miserable life he led—or rather dragged on from day to day! a petulant, broken-down old man, who had outlived his fortune, and his friends, and his hopes—yea, every thing but the sting of bad passions and the recollections of a life ill-spent! Whether he still walks the earth, or slumbers in its bosom, I know not; but a lively recollection of him will always mingle with my reminiscences of Autueil."—vol. i, pp. 91—97.

This, it must be confessed, is pleasant reading, and instructive withal. A few sentences of what he says of old English prose romances, as coming from an educated and refined American, must be no less acceptable; which must close our *Novels of the Month*.

"Among other relics of the past, that have been thus exhumed, are some of the strange old English Prose Romances. These, it is true, do not quicken, and elevate, and instruct us by their wisdom, but they amuse us by their quaintness and simplicity, and enable us to compare the romance which delights us at the present day, with that which flattered the popular taste some three centuries ago. Trivial as these writings are, in themselves considered, they are important documents, when taken in connexion with the history of the human mind. This is one of the many forms in which the intellectual powers have exhibited themselves; and consequently such exhibitions of those powers should not be neglected by him who would study the human mind in all its phases.

"'It is infinitely more important for us,' says the poet and historian Schiller, 'to know a man's thoughts, than his actions; nay, it is of vastly greater importance to trace out the sources of his thoughts, than the consequences of his actions. Men have penetrated into the crater of Vesuvius, in order to investigate the causes of its fires; and why should they be less assiduous in the investigation of moral, than of physical phenomena? Why should they not examine, with equal care, the variety and power of those circumstances by which a man is surrounded, till the accumulated materials burst forth into a flame within him?' Upon this text a volume might be written. How often do the trivial incidents of yesterday, become the serious business of to-day? How often do the fleeting day-dreams of youth become the fixed purposes of manhood? If we trace back to its fountain the mighty torrent, which fertilizes the land with its abundant stream, or sweeps it with a desolating flood, we shall find it dripping from the crevice of a rock, in the distant solitudes of the forest; so, too, the gentle feelings that enrich and beautify the heart, and the mighty passions that sweep away all the barriers of the soul, and desolate society, may have sprung up in the shadowy recesses of the past, from a nursery song or a fire-side tale. The child is not only 'father to the man,' but his schoolmaster also; and the lessons he teaches are often those we remember longest. 'I should have been an atheist,' said an eminent statesman, 'if it had not been for one recollection; and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and cause me on my knees to say, Our Father, which art in Heaven.' The good principle took root in the heart of the little child, and although the tree that grew therefrom was swayed about and groined in the storm of strong passions, yet it was not uprooted. So, too, the wonderful tales told to us in childhood haunt our imaginations even to the grave, and many feelings, and passions, and principles of action, for whose origin we look in vain among the more recent

and immediate circumstances of our education, might doubtless be traced back to some tale of the times of old, some faintly remembered tradition of the chimney-corner. The story of Old Father Redcap, coming down the chimney at night, has made many a poor child so faint-hearted, that neither the jeers of his school-fellows, nor the lapse of time, nor the power of reflection, nor the lessons of reason and experience, could ever again render him courageous in the dark; while on the other hand, many a future hero has caught the first spark of valiant enterprise from the tales he had listened to, of the wonderful exploits of Thom Thumb and Jack the Giant-killer; and many a truant sailor-boy, as he rocks in the cradle of the sea, can date his earliest longing for an adventurous life, to the moment when he first heard, in the ardour of childish curiosity, the life and adventures of Robinson Crusoe."—vol. i, pp. 103—107.

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ART. VIII.

1. *Statement of the Provision for the Poor, and of the Condition of the Labouring Classes, in a Considerable Portion of America and Europe.* By N. W. SENIOR. London: Fellowes. 1835.
2. *A Discourse delivered before the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches in Boston, April 9th, 1835.* By W. E. CHANNING. London: Kennett.

THE first of these productions, we learn, was prepared originally for the sole purpose of forming an introduction to the foreign communications contained in the appendix to the poor-law report. For, as the commissioners appointed to make that report were restricted, by the words of the commission, to England and Wales, and as much light was naturally to be expected from the experience of other countries, Viscount Palmerston, at that time Principal Foreign Secretary, obtained the assistance of the diplomatic body in procuring, with the least delay possible, a full report of the state of the provisions made for the benefit of the poor in all the countries in which Britain had a Foreign Minister. To expedite and obtain information on uniform objects, a set of questions were circulated, that each inquirer might have his attention directed to special points; and the replies to such questions, together with other communications bearing upon the administration of the poor laws, form the contents of the present volume. A body of facts has thus been accumulated of the most various and curious nature that possibly can belong to the questions concerning the poor in many parts of America and Europe.

The poor-law question has given rise to the most opposite opinions, to the settlement of which, however, this volume offers some most important suggestions and facts. We cannot conveniently enter upon any of these individually, as they can only properly be understood by taking the interrogations and answers in detail, and consecutively. We may, nevertheless, quote the concluding paragraphs of this valuable production (for most important and valuable it is to every philanthropist and politician), in which a comparison

is drawn between the state of the English and Foreign labouring classes.

“ On comparing these statements respecting the wages, subsistence, and mortality of those portions of Continental Europe which have furnished returns, with the corresponding statements respecting England, it will be found, that on every point England stands in the most favourable, or nearly the most favourable, position. With respect to money wages, the superiority of the English agricultural labourer is very marked. It may be fairly said that his wages are nearly double the average of agricultural wages in the Continent. And as fuel is generally cheaper in England than in the Continent, and clothing is universally so, his relative advantage with respect to those important objects of consumption is still greater.

“ On the other hand, as food is dearer in England than in other parts of Europe, the English labourer, especially if he have a large family, necessarily loses on this part of his expenditure a part of the benefit of his higher wages, and, if the relative dearness of food were very great, might lose the whole. On comparing, however, the answers to the 14th English and 8th Foreign question, it appears probable, that even in this respect the English family has an advantage, though of course less than in any other. Of the 687 English parishes which have given an answer, from which the diet of the family can be inferred, 491, or about five-sevenths, state, that it could obtain meat; and of the 196 which give answers implying that it could not get meat, 43 are comprised in Essex and Sussex, two of the most pauperised districts in the kingdom. But in the foreign answers, meat is the exception instead of the rule. In the north of Europe the usual food seems to be potatoes and oatmeal, or rye-bread, accompanied frequently by fish, but only occasionally by meat.

“ In Germany and Holland the principal food appears to be rye-bread, vegetables, the produce of the dairy, and meat once or twice a week.

“ In Belgium, potatoes, rye bread, milk, butter, and cheese, and occasionally pork.

“ The French returns almost exclude fresh meat, and indicate a small proportion of salted meat. Thus we are told, that in Havre they live on bread and vegetables; never animal food, or very rarely. In Brittany, on buck-wheat, barley bread, potatoes, cabbages, and about 6lbs. of pork weekly. In the Gironde, on rye bread, soup made of millet, Indian corn, now and then some salt-provision, and vegetables, rarely if ever butcher's meat. In the Basses-Pyrénées, on vegetable soups, potatoes, salt fish, pork and bacon, seldom or ever butcher's meat. In the Bouches du Rhone, on vegetables, bread, and farinaceous substances made into soup, and bouille about once a week. Their food in Piedmont is said to be the simplest and coarsest; no meat, and twice as much maize flour as wheat flour. In Portugal, salt fish, vegetable soup, with oil or lard, and maize bread.

“ Further evidence as to the relative state of the bulk of the population of England is afforded by the ratio of its mortality.

“ The only countries in which the mortality appears to be so small as in England, are, Norway, in which it is one-fifty-fourth, and the Basses-Pyrénées, in which it is one-fiftieth.\* In all the other countries which

*We exclude Lubeck, the Azores, and European Turkey, as the returns from them appear to be more correct.*

Have given returns it exceeds the English proportion, sometimes by doubling it, and in the majority of instances by more than one fourth.

"A portion of our apparent superiority arises from the rapidity with which our population is increasing; but though the proportion of our births exceeds the average proportion of Europe, the difference as to births is small when compared with the difference as to deaths, and in a great part of the north of Europe and Germany the proportion of births is greater than our own, and therefore the longevity of the population still more inferior to that of England than it appears to be."—pp. 236—238.

Dr. Channing's Discourse however admits of an easier analysis, and furnishes more extractable matter for our pages. It is not only a noble effort as regards eloquence of language, and of benevolence, but it proceeds in such a plain though forcible current of popular address, that it is impossible not to be awakened by each and every paragraph it contains; and equally impossible to quote from it but with effect. His text is from Luke iv. 18, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor." The occasion was the first anniversary of an association, instituted for the purpose of providing a ministry for the poor, and of thus communicating moral and spiritual blessings to the most destitute of the community. The Doctor does not attempt to maintain that there ever will be an end to poverty and destitution amongst mankind. Neither does he labour to diminish the sympathy which the outward condition of such should always move; but his argument is, that the physical sufferings of the poor are not their sorest evils, and that their chief calamities are the natural consequence of their privation, consisting in degradation of mind. It is therefore as moral and spiritual beings, that he pleads on this occasion for them.

The admission, however (and it is one of eminent truth and value), that the great calamity of the poor is the tendency of their privations, and of their social rank, to degradation of mind, in a moral sense, intimates the amount of responsibility which is entailed upon legislatures, whose measures may always mightily increase or diminish those privations. Pauperism, which seems to some extent to be inevitable in every state, must be much extended in a manufacturing and commercial country like England, by the sudden changes that occur in traffic and business. But is it not most apparent that laws bearing unequally upon the different orders of society, must fearfully and wickedly affect a population, and thus bring the makers of them under the appalling guilt of having aggravated those privations that are the twin sisters of misery here, and hopelessness hereafter? But not to dwell upon such vile and positively disastrous distinctions and enactments, Dr. Channing's Discourse forcibly impresses upon us the conviction, that Government may be most flagrantly criminal in a negative sense—in throwing aside all care, and repressing all endeavours that would tend intellectually to enlighten and morally to instruct the poor, for



it is the want of such wealth that is by far their sorest calamity. Nor need we leave this truth upon a bare assertion, since the whole of the discourse before us goes to its establishment and illustration.

The Doctor is very far from denying that the outward condition of the poor is a hard one, but his view and argument is that we should not by an exaggeration of the pains of external poverty, turn away our minds from the great inward sources of their chief misery. Give them the light that leads most surely to wisdom, and they will find in their lot the elements of good and of happiness. He even says they have some peculiar advantages over the independent.

" Their narrow condition obliges them to do more for one another, than is done among the rich; and this necessity, as is well known, sometimes gives a vigour and tenderness to the love of parents and children, brothers and sisters, not always found in the luxurious classes, where wealth destroys this mutual dependence, this need of mutual help. Nor let it be said, that the poor cannot enjoy domestic happiness for want of the means of educating their children. A sound moral judgment is of more value in education, than all wealth and all talent. For want of this, the children of men of genius and opulence are often the worst trained in the community; and if, by our labours, we can communicate this moral soundness to the poor, we shall open among them the fountain of the only pure domestic happiness.

" In this country the poor might enjoy the most important advantages of the rich, had they the religious and moral cultivation consistent with their lot. Books find their way into every house, however mean; and especially that book which contains more nutriment for the intellect, imagination, and heart, than all others; I mean, of course, the Bible. And I am confident, that among the poor are those, who find in that one book more enjoyment, more awakening truth, more lofty and beautiful imagery, more culture to the whole soul, than thousands of the educated find in their general studies, and vastly more than millions among the rich find in that superficial, transitory literature, which consumes all their reading hours.

" Even the pleasures of a refined taste are not denied to the poor, but might easily be opened to them by a wise moral culture. True, their rooms are not lined with works of art; but the living beauty of nature opens on the eyes of all her children; and we know from the history of self-educated genius, that sometimes the inhabitant of a hovel, looking out on the serene sky, the illumined clouds, the setting sun, has received into his rapt spirit, impressions of divine majesty and loveliness, to which the burning words of poetry give but faint utterance. True the rich may visit distant scenery, and feed their eyes on the rarest and most stupendous manifestations of creative power; but the earth and common sky reveal, in some of their changeful aspects, a grandeur as awful as Niagara or the Andes; and nothing is wanting to the poor man in his ordinary walks, but a more spiritual eye, to discern a beauty, which has never yet been embodied in the most inspired works of sculpture or painting."—pp. 5, 6.

He goes on to state finely, that the happiness of a poor man has a peculiar dignity in it, that his living upon bread and water, because he will not ask for more than bare sustenance requires, and that his leading a cheerful, trustful life, points him out as one of the

true heroes of the race; for he thus shows, amid the scantiness of outward means, a sign of inward fullness, whereas the slavery in which the rich live to luxuries and accommodations, intimates the poverty within. The misery of the poor, therefore, springs not so much from physical causes which cannot be withstood, as from moral want; "but the moral influences of their condition, of their rank in society, of their connection with other classes, these are more terrible than hunger or cold;" and to these the author next directs his consideration.

He observes first, that one of the most fatal effects of poverty is, that it impairs, often destroys self-respect:—secondly, that the condition of the poor is unfriendly to the action and unfolding of the intellect—a sore calamity to a rational being:—thirdly—

"I proceed to another evil of poverty, its disastrous influence on the domestic affections. Kindle these affections in the poor man's hut, and you give him the elements of the best earthly happiness. But the more delicate sentiments find much to chill them in the abodes of indigence. A family, crowded into a single and often narrow apartment, which must answer at once the ends of parlour, kitchen, bed-room, nursery, and hospital, must, without great energy and self-respect, want neatness, order, and comfort. Its members are perpetually exposed to annoying, petty interference. The decencies of life can be with difficulty observed. Woman, a drudge and in dirt, loses her attractions. The young grow up without the modest reserve and delicacy of feeling, in which purity finds so much of its defence. Coarseness of manners and language, too sure a consequence of a mode of life which allows no seclusion, becomes the habit almost of childhood, and hardens the mind for vicious intercourse in future years. The want of a neat, orderly home, is among the chief evils of the poor. Crowded in with, they cease to respect one another. The social affections wither amidst perpetual noise, confusion, and clashing interests. In these respects, the poor often fare worse than the uncivilized man. True, the latter has a ruder hut, but his habits and tastes lead him to live abroad. Around him is boundless, unoccupied nature, where he ranges at will, and gratifies his passion for liberty. Hardened from infancy against the elements, he lives in the bright light and pure air of heaven. In the city, the poor man must choose between his close room, and the narrow street. The appropriation of almost every spot on earth to private use, and the habits of society, do not allow him to gather his family, or meet his tribe under a spreading tree. He has a home, without the comforts of a home. He cannot cheer it, by inviting his neighbours to share his repast. He has few topics of conversation with his wife and children, except their common wants. Of consequence, sensual pleasures are the only means of ministering to that craving for enjoyment, which can never be destroyed in human nature. These pleasures, in other dwellings, are more or less refined by taste. The table is spread with neatness and order; and a decency pervades the meal, which shows that man is more than a creature of sense. The poor man's table, strowed with broken food, and seldom approached with courtesy and self-respect, serves too often to nourish only a selfish animal life, and to bring the partakers of it still nearer to the brute. I speak not of what is necessary and universal; for poverty, under sanctifying influences, may find a

heaven in its narrow home; but I speak of tendencies, which are stronger and which only a strong religious influence can overcome."—pp. 9—11.

Fourthly, the circumstance of the poor living in sight and in the midst of innumerable indulgences and gratifications, is accompanied by tempting and corroding thoughts, which the rich make little allowance for; on the other hand, their whole spirit rather aggravates the evil. And fifthly, it is a most lamentable and affecting truth that the condition of the poor, while it denies them many elevating gratifications, which they see their superiors in station enjoy, places within their reach many debasing gratifications. Where is the cultivated mind and fortunately situated individual, to whom the following passage does not come home with saddest, strongest appeal?

"Human nature has a strong thirst for pleasures, which excite it above its ordinary tone, which relieve the monotony of life. This drives the prosperous from their pleasant homes to scenes of novelty and stirring amusement. How strongly must it act on those who are weighed down by anxieties and privations. How intensely must the poor desire to forget for a time the wearing realities of life! And what means of escape does society afford or allow them? What present does civilization and science make to the poor? Strong drink, ardent spirits, liquid poison, liquid fire, a type of the fire of hell. In every poor man's neighbourhood flows a Lethæan stream, which laps him for a while in oblivion of all his humiliations and sorrows. The power of this temptation can be little understood by those of us, whose thirst for pleasure is regularly supplied by a succession of innocent pleasures, who meet soothing and exciting objects wherever we turn. The uneducated poor, without resource in books, in their families, in a well-spread board, in cheerful apartments, in places of fashionable resort, and pressed down by disappointment, debt, despondence, and exhausting toils, are driven by an impulse dreadfully strong to the haunts of intemperance; and there they plunge into a misery sorer than all the tortures invented by man. They quench the light of reason, cast off the characteristics of humanity, blot out God's image as far as they have power, and take their place among the brutes. Terrible misery! And this, I beg you to remember, comes to them from the very civilization in which they live. They are victims to the progress of science and the arts; for these multiply the poison which destroys them. They are victims to the rich; for it is the capital of the rich, which erects the distillery, and surrounds them with temptations to self-murder. They are victims to a partial advancement of society, which multiplies gratifications and allurements, without awakening proportionate moral power to withstand them."—pp. 13, 14.

From these and similar views, it follows, that moral and religious culture is not merely the great blessing to be bestowed upon the poor, but that the chief evils that beset them are referable to a want of this. Indeed the author is prepared, he says, to show, that moral and religious principles, in proportion as they are strengthened in the breasts of the poor, meet all the wants and evils which he has been portraying as belonging to their external

condition; but he confines himself to a single point, viz. that the culture which he claims for the poor, is the highest cultivation which a human being can receive, and that indeed, there is no cultivation of the human being worthy of the name, but that which begins and ends with the moral and religious nature; and since this consists neither in libraries, literary institutions, elegant accomplishments, nor in knowledge, according to the usual acceptance of the term, it may be and really is within reach of the poor.

“ Without Science, they are often wiser than the philosopher. The astronomer disdains them, but they look above his stars. The geologist disdains them, but they look deeper than the earth's centre: they penetrate their own souls, and find there mightier, diviner elements, than upheaved continents attest. In other words, the great ideas, of which I have spoken, may be, and often are, unfolded more in the poor man, than among the learned and renowned; and in this case the poor man is the most cultivated.—For example, take the idea of justice. Suppose a man, eminent for acquisitions of knowledge, but in whom this idea is but faintly developed. By justice he understands little more than respect for the rights of property. That it means respect for all the rights, and especially for the moral claims, of every human being, of the lowest as well as most exalted, has perhaps never entered his mind, much less been expanded and invigorated into a broad living conviction. Take now the case of a poor man, to whom, under Christ's teaching, the idea of the just has become real, clear, bright, and strong, who recognises, to its full extent, the right of property, though it operates against himself; but who does not stop here; who comprehends the higher rights of men as rational and moral beings, their right to exercise and unfold all their powers, their right to the means of improvement, their right to search for truth and to utter their honest convictions, their right to consult first the monitor in their own breasts and to follow wherever it leads, their right to be esteemed and honoured according to their moral efforts, their right, when injured, to sympathy and succour against every oppressor. Suppose, I say, the poor man to rise to the comprehension of this enlarged justice, to revere it, to enthrone it over his actions, to render to every human being, friend or foe, near or far off, whatever is his due, to abstain conscientiously, not only from injurious deeds, but from injurious thoughts, judgments, feelings, and words. Is he not a more cultivated man, and has he not a deeper foundation and surer promise of truth, than the student, who, with much outward knowledge, does not comprehend men's highest rights, whose scientific labours are perhaps degraded by injustice towards his rivals, who, had he the power, would fetter every intellect which threatens to outstrip his own ?”—pp. 21, 22.

The topic opens before the author as he advances, and he scatters the doctrine to the winds which has sometimes been maintained, that religious culture narrows the mind and bars it against the lights of physical science. Part of his ennobling and cheering thoughts we must extract on this subject, for the anticipation he cherishes, therewith connected, is even more splendid than the eloquence that clothes his belief.

"It is to a higher moral and religious culture that I look for ~~a higher~~ interpretation of nature. The laws of nature, we must remember, had their origin in the Mind of God. Of this they are the ~~product~~, expression, and type; and I cannot but believe, that the ~~human~~ mind, which best understands, and which partakes most largely of the divine, has a power of interpreting nature, which is accorded to no other. It has harmonies with the system which it is to unfold. It contains in itself the principles which gave birth to creation. As yet, science has hardly penetrated beneath the surface of nature. The principles of animal and vegetable life, of which all organized beings around us are but varied modifications, the forces which pervade or constitute matter, and the links between matter and mind, are as yet wrapped in darkness; and how little is known of the adaptations of the physical and the spiritual world to one another. Whence is light to break in on these depths of creative wisdom? I look for it to the spirit of philosophy, baptized, hallowed, exalted, made piercing by a new culture of the moral and religious principles of the human soul."—pp. 26, 27.

There was a time when even some well-intentioned persons were afraid of the spread of intellectual knowledge among the inferior classes, and erroneously quoted an exception as the rule, when they pointed out instances of the superior evils which perverted knowledge had caused. It is not to be doubted, however, according to Dr. Channing's views, as well as those which have, we believe, been entertained, by every careful and unprejudiced man, that even great intellectual advancement, in so far as an accumulation of facts and the amount of knowledge are concerned, may be, and very often is conjoined with great immorality, and lamentable ignorance of religious truths and duties. While, therefore, we are satisfied that every sort of intellectual or mental culture must tend to elevate man above the gross pursuits and tastes that too often distinguish every class and station, we see nothing short of the higher, more enduring, and efficient acquirements and gifts, insisted on as indispensable by our author, that can work a complete and convincing change over human nature, and exhibit education in its full and fair aspect. Should the experiment be tried in England upon this principle and scale, we cannot doubt of its success. That no other or narrower system will be equal to the wishes of the philanthropic, may be argued from the very imperfect fruits of merely physical and intellectual knowledge hitherto discovered. Nay, till society in general, as well as national governments, resolve and endeavour to make the culture chiefly recommended by Dr. Channing, the principal matter of education among the poor, no system of poor laws will ever lessen pauperism, or alleviate the temporal and spiritual sufferings of the poor. They have a right, an indefeasible claim to this, and nothing less than this consideration and humanity. With it all, they hardly have their own. For see how our author enforces their rightful claims, in the last extract which we can afford to make from his powerful and touching appeal:—

"It is the boast of our country, that the civil and political rights of



every human being are secured ; that impartial law watches alike over rich and poor. But man has other, and more important, than civil rights ; and this is especially true of the poor. To him who owns nothing, what avails it, that he lives in a country where property is inviolable ; or what mighty boon is it to him, that every citizen is eligible to office, when his condition is an insuperable bar to promotion. To the poor, as to all men, moral rights are most important ; the right to be regarded according to their nature, to be regarded, not as animals or material instruments, but as men ; the right to be esteemed and honoured, according to their fidelity to the moral law ; and their right to whatever aids their fellow-beings can offer for their moral improvement, for the growth of their highest powers. These rights are founded on the supremacy of the moral nature, and until they are recognised, the poor are deeply wronged.

“ Our whole connexion with the poor should tend to awaken in them the consciousness of their moral powers and responsibility, and to raise them in spirit and hope above their lot. They should be aided to know themselves, by the estimate we form of them. They should be rescued from self-contempt, by seeing others impressed with the great purpose of their being. We may call the poor unfortunate, but never call them low. If faithful to their light, they stand among the high. They have no superiors, but in those who follow a brighter, purer light ; and to withhold from them respect, is to defraud their virtue of a support which is among the most sacred rights of man. Are they morally fallen and lost ? They should still learn, in our unaffected concern, the worth of the fallen soul, and learn that nothing seems to us so fearful as its degradation.

“ This moral, spiritual interest in the poor, we should express and make effectual, by approaching them, by establishing an intercourse with them, as far as consists with other duties. We must live with them, not as another race, but as brethren. Our Christian principles must work a new miracle, must exercise and expel the spirit of caste. The outward distinctions of life must seem to us not ‘ a great gulf,’ but superficial lines, which the chances of a day may blot out, and which are broad only to the narrow-minded. How can the educated and improved communicate themselves to their less favoured fellow-creatures, but by coming near them ? The strength, happiness, and true civilization of a community are determined by nothing more than by this fraternal union among all conditions of men. Without this, a civil war virtually rages in a state. For the sake of rich as well as poor, there should be a mutual interest binding them together ; there should be but one caste, that of humanity.”—pp. 30, 31.

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ART. IX.—*Memoirs of Lord Bolingbroke.* By GEORGE WINGROVE COOKE, Esq. 2 vols. London : Bentley. 1835.

THE subject of these memoirs, as all persons versed in general history know, was one of the most celebrated characters of his age, at a period, too, when men of first-rate genius were abundant in England. It holds, nevertheless, true, that his name has fallen into disrepute, and that the present work was called for, not only to fill up a void in biography, but to do justice to an illustrious statesman and writer, who has generally been spoken of with indiscriminate con-

Without examination, the generations that have succeeded the stormy era of Bolingbroke's existence, have condemned him as most profligate in private life, as most dangerous and erroneous in his moral and religious speculations, and as most unprincipled as a politician. It cannot be questioned that his character, conduct, and opinions, are often of an order that nothing but the splendid powers of the man can recommend him to our study; but when we consider his vaulting ambition, his shining talents, and the vicissitudes of his life, together with the prevalent ignorance and prejudices now existing regarding him, we must hail the present work with high satisfaction, for the addition it brings to our national literature, by introducing one of the richest subjects of biography. Whenever such talents, such passions, and such inconsistencies unite as they did in Lord Bolingbroke, there must be room for great effect and interest in any full and fair picture that is made of such a man—affording a most curious as well as instructive display. In a light not less favourable than this, have we perused Mr. Cooke's work, in which, though he professes Whig principles and Christian doctrines, we do not find any rancorous or exaggerated representations of the toryism and infidelity of the subject of his pen.

The previous memoirs of Bolingbroke have been meagre, and are full of errors, it now appears, from the papers and authorities which our author has, with no inconsiderable labour and talent, made use of. It may, however, be matter of wonder, that regarding this man who possessed so many unrivalled qualities, there should have hitherto been such a defect, especially as the brilliant era in which he shone, has been very generally illustrated. But faction was then too rife and decided to admit of a fair estimate of St. John's character, whose ambition was towering and despotic; unbounded expressions of admiration or sweeping accusations of public and private turpitude alone occupying a distorting medium in his case. As a writer, the nature of his speculations has not for a long time been popular, nor were they ever perhaps calculated to claim a more permanent regard than what belongs to specious and dazzling displays, at least in so far as his infidelity goes; while the strange contradictions sometimes observable between his conduct and his professions, seem to have led posterity to visit his memory with an usual degree of severity. We shall now lay hold of a few passages in the present work, that are well calculated to exhibit both the vices and the virtues of Bolingbroke in a fuller and juster shape than has ever before been done; and since the result of these is a brighter picture than we have been accustomed to look upon, every honest and benevolent spirit must in so far be delighted. As, however, the celebrated subject of these memoirs is closely connected with the general history of a long and remarkable period, no attempt shall, on our parts, be made to enter into such disquisitions as are supposed to be familiar to every one: the genius,

the temperament of the man, being the object of our contemplation, and not the politics of the era, except in so far as these become the field for displaying his character.

Bolingbroke, whose lineage was distinguished in point of antiquity, rank, wealth, and talent, during his infancy and childhood was much in the hands of his grandmother, who was a rigid presbyterian; and it appears that his early education produced impressions very opposite to those which his instructors contemplated. At Eton, and next at Oxford, his wit, genius, and learning soon distinguished him. A prodigious memory, brilliant conversational powers, and debauchery, were equally his characteristics. He also, at an early age, shewed great jealousy of rivals, assumed a superiority which he was destined always to maintain, and pursued knowledge ardently. He was compared, by those who remembered the court of Charles II., to Rochester, and he was proud of the comparison. He also cultivated the society of these men of genius and learning who then flourished, and was a patron of merit, to the extent of his means; so that his admirers saw the seeds of better things than his youthful irregularities bespoke. He married, at an early age, a rich heiress, thereby showing a desire to relinquish his excesses, although this step does not seem to have been dictated by any thing purer than convenience, and as a prelude to political pursuits. He succeeded his father as the representative in parliament, of a borough.

“His family interest was powerful; but the real and irresistible resources of St. John were seated in himself. It was not long before these were developed. The sparkling vivacity and easy gaiety which his familiar conversations had discovered, were accompanied with other qualities with which they are not commonly allied. Every effort of St. John bore that pregnancy of wit which constitute genius: it animated his conversation, it glittered in his speech, it flashed in his reply. It is said that, in the delivery of his speeches, there were occasional pauses of reflection; but when he had recovered and arranged his ideas, as he clothed them in words, his language flowed on without either hurry or hesitation in a copious stream of eloquence which equally delighted the ear and convinced the judgment. In all the arts of oratory he seemed to have been endued with a natural proficiency; and even the tactics of debate were not in him the acquirements of experience. Where the weakness of a cause was to be disguised, or the attention of the audience withdrawn from its examination, the wit of the orator shot like a star-shoot athwart the debate; but when the arguments of an adversary were to be sifted and his fallacies exposed, he discovered a wonderful power of analyzing his subject at a single glance, and of almost instinctively discovering its capabilities of attack and defence. He united in his reply a subtlety of reasoning, a profundity of thinking, and a solidity of judgment, which fixed attention and commanded admiration.”—vol. i, pp. 20, 21.

His father and grandfather had sided with the Whigs, that party being also now in power. But St. John was far too independent, ambitious, and eccentric to enter into the service of an established

party, to bow to its leaders, or to rise by slow degrees from the lowest grades of office. Robert Harley was now secretly laying the foundations of the power which he afterwards arrived at; and St. John attached himself to him, not, our author inclines to think, from any mean or insincere motives on the part of the hero of these pages, but in some measure owing to the kindred pursuits in which they took delight, and a sincere friendship, at least at that time, existing, however rancorous and lasting their hatred afterwards became. Queen Anne was in favour of the Tories, and, soon after her accession to the throne, Harley was made Secretary of State, and St. John the Secretary of War.

“Whatever might have been the influence which placed St. John in the administration, he certainly applied himself with diligence to the efficient discharge of the duties he had undertaken. His friendship for Marlborough was not the mere interchange of hollow professions: of such dissembling St. John was incapable. His temper was sincere almost to rashness, and where his co-operation was promised, it was given with zeal and conducted with ability. Marlborough was his friend, and he served him with fidelity; he supplied him with abundant succours abroad, and he defended his conduct at home. It was during the administration of St. John that the duke achieved some of his most glorious exploits. At this time the victories of Blenheim and Ramelies immortalized the name of the soldier, and placed another brilliant in the diadem of his country's glory. St. John had been assiduous to strengthen him for the struggle; he was now ardent to reward his success:—he introduced and carried through the commons the bill which conferred Woodstock upon the duke and perpetuated it in his family; and he secured to him other advantages scarcely less acceptable.

“To direct the energies of the nation in support of the war, and to announce the triumphs of her arms, were the peculiar province of St. John; but his activity was equally conspicuous in the other departments of the government. His eloquence was ever ready, his assistance always efficient; and often did the ministers, when discomfited in debate, find protection from the war of words behind the impregnable shield of St. John.”  
—pp. 73, 74.

Godolphin the Prime Minister, and Marlborough, became jealous of the designs of Harley, and although he ingratiated himself with the Queen, they obtained his dismissal, when St. John also resigned his office, preferring rather to forfeit his place than his political consistency, since after the dismissal of the former, the Tory party in the cabinet became extinct, and had our hero continued, he must have gone over to the ranks of the Whigs. His uncompromising adherence to the principles upon which he started in public life, gained thus the confidence of his friends, and the esteem of his opponents. After his retirement, and till the dissolution, his conduct was moderate, instead of furious in opposition, having at least the semblance of patriotism.

“But, whatever were the motives that influenced his political conduct, his public acts, both in retaining and relinquishing office, were much less

exposed to censure than his private life. That eager pursuit of pleasure which had stained his early youth, was the most serious reproach of his manhood. No affairs of state could be sufficiently important in his eyes to postpone a purposed gratification; no call of prudence, not even ambition itself, could moderate the licentiousness of his dissipation. These disgraceful excesses, which have been fairly urged in refutation of the principles he avowed, derived additional infamy from the exalted station in which they were enacted. But, while they load the memory of his private character with reproach, they contribute to vindicate his public conduct from any participation in the tortuous intrigues of his friend. The queen was attached, by education and conviction, to the principles of the church; and, although her zeal was somewhat indiscreet, her sincerity was undoubted. Her practice usually accorded with her profession; and the glaring immoralities of St. John, faithfully detailed to her as they were by the suspicious jealousy of Harley, inspired her with a disgust for his private character, which his political conduct might qualify, but could not destroy. This was too well known to hold out to him any inducements to a frequent attendance at her court, and affords an additional argument for pronouncing him guiltless of bearing part in the scene of duplicity which was played off against Marlborough and Godolphin. The honour of the statesman is of more importance to the community than the virtue of the man; and, perhaps, the object of our criticism would not be unwilling to compound for our approbation of the secretary by the condemnation of St. John."—vol. i, pp. 100, 101.

No sooner was the parliament dissolved, than St. John withdrew from the representation of the borough for which he had hitherto sat, and while Harley was pursuing his well-concerted schemes, which were to supplant the Whig administration, the former retired into the country, and entered upon a most earnest prosecution of study, which he kept up for two years; and he ever afterwards spoke of these two years as the most pleasant and profitable of his life. He was before this inferior to few in the extent and variety of his acquirements, but his great superiority is to be dated from the period now mentioned. Events however occurred which drew him from his retirement, and when Harley formed his ministry on the dismissal of the Whigs, though already become jealous of St. John, he was obliged to appoint him Secretary of State. He also became leader of the House of Commons, soon after which Harley was ennobled. And about the same time it became evident that the hitherto apparent friendship between the two, no longer was real. By the time St. John was raised to the peerage as Viscount Bolingbroke the rupture between these statesmen had increased: but we cannot follow the course of public events, in which the hero of these pages figured, more closely than refer to the charges that were brought against him in respect of the Pretender, and which led to his exile. His attempts against the press, when his loyalty was impugned, argues of themselves a distrust of the intrinsic defensiveness of many of the points attacked, rather than a dislike of the licentiousness which he himself had so fully indulged in formerly,



in regard of the Whigs, and still continued to do, by encouraging the scribblers of his own party.

The divisions in the Tory cabinet increased ; the quarrel between Harley, now Earl of Oxford, and Bolingbroke, became irreconcilable ; the ambition of the latter was disappointed ; the Queen died ; and he escaped to France, to avoid the consequences of an impeachment, and a trial for high treason.

“ Had Bolingbroke remained to meet the charge, he must have concerted his defence with Oxford, who was involved in the common calamity. ‘A sense of honour,’ he says, ‘ would not have permitted me to distinguish between his case and mine own ; and it was worse than death to lie under the necessity of making them the same, and of taking measures in concert with him.’

“ The recklessness of this hatred, which sacrificed to its indulgence the fortune of himself and of his friends, can be regarded only as the splenetic resentment of disappointed ambition, which, feeling acutely the stroke of adversity, looks around for some object on which it may resent the blow. But if it were folly to indulge old enmities at the expense of present security, it had been madness to wait the attack with no means of repelling it. In rejecting the plan of a reconciliation with Oxford, and the strict union and simultaneous movement of their whole party, he rejected a plan which was bold and feasible, easy of accomplishment, and calculated to compel their enemies to grant them honourable terms. He knew that the only alternatives were death, or flight and proscription.

“ For the latter he now prepared. His time for escape was short ; the toils were already closing around him. The Whigs had concluded their investigations : even the articles of impeachment were ready ;—every night expectation was excited of the opening of the charge—every hour was fraught with danger. Bolingbroke’s deportment to the last moment was bold and fearless ;—his flight was precipitate and unexpected. When he had received intimation that the charge would be no longer delayed, he appeared the same night at the theatre, where he conversed with all his characteristic gaiety, bespoke a play for the next night, and subscribed to an opera to take place a fortnight after. But immediately the performance was over, he left London with precipitation, travelled rapidly to Dover, crossed the Channel in a small vessel, and landing at Calais the next day, found himself an exile.

“ Such was the reverse which a few short months wrought in the fortunes of Bolingbroke. Now wielding all the mighty energies of his country, giving an object to the prowess of her arm, directing the thunder of her power, controlling her allies, breaking the resources of her enemies, guiding all the intricate mechanism of her domestic government, diffusing the terror of her name abroad, mitigating the burden of the contest at home, and, lastly, hushing the clangor of war, which for ten years had rung through Europe, into the busy murmur of peace. Now behold the same man, exiled from the country he had governed, proscribed by the people he had ruled, sheltered only by the enemy he had subdued !”—vol. i, pp. 303, 304.

For the articles of Bolingbroke’s impeachment we must refer to the work before us, and the history of the times. In so far as re-

regards his connection with the Pretender, our author argues, that while minister it is impossible to conclude, from any evidence which has come to light, that he had any treasonable design. When the Bill of Attainder was passed against him, however, he did accept the office of Secretary of State to the fictitious King of England, and although with no great heart for the business, the fact shows that his adherence and fidelity to the House of Hanover was neither consistent nor strong. His connection with the Pretender was not, however, of long endurance, and while it is but fair to presume, that prosecution in England in a great measure drove him to a rash adherence to a bad cause, he seems to have looked upon it afterwards as nothing better. But the picture it gives us of patriotism and honour is forbidding enough, and humiliating in the extreme.

“The circumstances of being secretary of state to two contending parties, and being attainted by both those parties within the short space of twelve months, is peculiar to the fortune of Bolingbroke. The first was a substantial misfortune; the second, so immediately following and so similar in form, appears upon the picture of his life as the shadow of the former. The first was the result of an honourable ambition, tarnished by some sacrifice of principle, and perhaps by too reckless a rivalry; but the second was the worthy reward of a slavish fidelity to a party which scrupled not to adopt the most indefensible means to acquire a selfish end: and even this motive was thwarted by the same spirit which, in the British secretary, was ambition, but which, in the adherent of the Pretender, deserves no higher title than jealousy.

“There can be no doubt but that the cause of the violent disgust Bolingbroke took for the party of the Pretender was a jealousy he soon began to entertain of the Duke of Ormond. To be second in the cabinet of England, his ambition could scarcely brook; to be second in the tawdry court of a mock prince, stung his proud spirit almost to madness. He had despised the supremacy, had it been undoubtedly his own: he could not endure to see his title disputed to what he thought hardly worthy of his notice. He never forgave himself for having joined the Pretender at all; and it was certainly a step unworthy of him. Upon his arrival in France, he had given his word to the Earl of Stair that he would enter into no such engagement. When he broke that promise, he committed a breach of faith which it is useless to palliate and impossible to justify. It was certainly made voluntarily, and without any hope of personal reward. It was also made for the purpose of serving his party, and failed of that effect. But neither of these considerations can invalidate an honourable engagement, or excuse the weakness of abandoning a wise resolution.

“And what were the men for whom he sacrificed not only all claim to real patriotism, but also his independence, his secret sympathies, and his hopes of present pardon? With the Tories, as a body, he had little community of sentiment: he was bound to them by no tie save that of party interest; he held in view with them no common object save the attainment and preservation of power. While the prize eluded their grasp, they were united in its pursuit; but past experience showed that, should it ever be obtained, they would quarrel over its division. The strongest outlines of the Tory scheme of government, were to Bolingbroke objects of ridicule and

derision. The doctrines of an absolute monarchy, which had so lately resounded through the land from the pulpits of the Tory clergy, he rejected with a smile of contempt. The very church which inculcated this doctrine, and which was the peculiar object of idolatry with the party, Bolingbroke considered only as a political contrivance;—not an edifice to stand venerable and intact amid the storms of party controversy; but an engine to be fashioned to the purposes of the statesman, and to be directed to advance the designs of the politician. There was no grand principle in politics upon which he and his party agreed. The desire of peace could not be so considered, since it was suggested by the emergency of immediate circumstances, and recommended by their immediate interest. The persecution of the dissenters could not be so considered, for it was adopted by him merely to advance a court intrigue; and he has since declared that no design against them ever existed in the cabinet\*. It was ambition therefore, not principle, which made him nominally a Tory. He followed the footsteps of that party as the lion follows the track of the jackals; and he seized upon the prey which their incessant clamour had brought within reach. Ambition had influenced him in choosing his station—a respect for consistency forbade him to abandon it:—the one rendered him daring and successful in his rise—the other preserved him dignified after his fall.”  
—vol. ii, pp. 1—4.

We discover in this representation, which is cautious and not overstrained, that sort of tortuous ambition which so often distinguishes public men, proving that talent and power are by no means the cherishers of human virtue. In turning from his public career to his private history, Bolingbroke appears not to the best advantage. His first lady and he had long been separated, and the French court was a dangerous atmosphere for him. As to her loyalty, it was toward the house of Hanover, and superior to her affections towards her husband. After her death, therefore, which took place in 1718, he was not long a widower.

“Bolingbroke had no love and little esteem for her during her life, and he did not long mourn her death. He had met with a lady who could better appreciate his virtues, and could look with more indulgence upon his vices. This was the widow of the Marquis de Villette, a lady who is described to have combined with the elegances of a highly polished mind the advantage of a lively and amiable temper: she loved the man whom her countrymen honoured and admired, and Bolingbroke found with her that domestic happiness which had been denied him in his first matrimonial connexion.

“Bolingbroke’s acquaintance with this lady commenced in the early part of this year. She had been ten years a widow; was possessed of some property, which she enjoyed, and was entitled to much more, which was contested. Their intimacy soon ripened into affection; but as his first wife was yet alive, the success of his suit was rather gratifying to his passion than honourable to its object. Whether any levity of conduct is attributable to the marquise, is indeed very doubtful; and the conduct of Bolingbroke was not that of a confident lover. The jealousy

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\* “Letters upon the Use and Study of History.”

which actuated his public conduct appears to have tinged his private character. Among the acquaintance of the marquise was a Scotchman named M'Donald, who held a high (nominal) office under the Pretender; this adventurer, since he was a handsome man and assiduous in his attentions, Bolingbroke chose to consider as his rival. Upon this point the violence of his passion sometimes hurried him into inconsistent acts with his dignity. While dining with the marquise at her own house, he was so enraged at some attention which M'Donald paid their hostess, that he hurried towards him to chastise his insolence; but in his hurry and fury he threw down the table at which the company were sitting, and appeared, to the great amusement of his laughter-loving mistress, prostrate among the broken dishes. The Marquis de Matignon, who was present, succeeded in accommodating the affair; but his interference was several times afterwards required by the same parties."—vol. ii, pp. 39, 40.

His second lady, for the recovery of certain property in England, visited that kingdom, and succeeded in obtaining a pardon for her lord, for which he panted. Let us now look to his character as a writer, and as a private man. He was a deist, believing in the existence of a God, but denying that he ever revealed his will to man; and we may safely follow our author when he says, that like others of his caste, his first object was to destroy the fabric which had been raised upon the basis of revelation; and his second to erect upon its ruins a system of his own. He is however not a close or methodical reasoner and impugner, but scatters objections profusely, sometimes ironically, sometimes abusively, and is more formidable from the suddenness and frequency of his attacks than their force. He was more able in defence than attack, and though there was little novelty in his objections to Christianity, there was wariness in the choice of his tenets, so as to trouble his opponents, as in the doctrine on the nature of the soul, maintaining its materiality and denying its immortality. Before passing on to the summary given by our author of his character in the various walks of life, we shall glance at the termination of his long and stirring career, which was cheerless yet splendid. Though in his day honoured as the first citizen in the republic of letters, and courted by the most illustrious men, upon a close observation he was seen to be anything but happy.

“Bolingbroke had ever been the victim of restless and disappointed ambition: the disappointment harassed him after the hope of retrieving it had fled. To this cause of mental inquietude another cause of annoyance was now superadded. We have noticed that his marriage with the Marchioness de Villette was private, and was not acknowledged until two years after it was solemnized. No sooner was this lady dead, than her heirs in France, denying that any marriage had ever taken place, commenced a suit in the French courts for the recovery of the property she had possessed as a widow. Bolingbroke was little inclined to litigate the question: his efforts to obtain legal proofs of the marriage were vain, and he respected the memory of his wife too much to wish to make so delicate a

point a subject of public conversation: he made large offers of accommodation, but every proposal was rejected, and his opponents determined to proceed to trial. The result was unfavourable; he lost his cause, and incurred the indignation of the memory of a wife whom he yet mourned branded with infamy. The Marquis de Maitignon, the friend who had calmed the violence of his jealousy against M. Donald, and who had ever since been connected with him by the ties of friendship, was still in France. To this nobleman Bolingbroke applied to assist him in vindicating the memory of his wife. The Marquis entered with ardour upon his commission; an appeal was made to the parliament of Paris, and the necessary proof was procured. The delays of the French courts, however, prolonged the proceedings beyond the life of Bolingbroke: it was not until after his death that the blot upon the fame of his lady was removed. Soon after that event the cause was determined. The sentence of the *Chambre des Enquetes* was totally annulled; and Montmorier, the original claimant, was condemned to return the money he had seized in consequence of it. — vol. II, pp. 242, 243.

But this triumph Bolingbroke was not, as we have just seen, permitted to enjoy. A cancer had attacked his face, and continued slowly to spread. There was, however, something more to be feared than though dark in the closing scene, as described in these pages.

“Against so dreadful an assailant, at Bolingbroke’s stage, surmounting was vain: he knew that he carried with him the seeds of a speedy dissolution, but he awaited its approach with calm and unshaken stoicism. The principles which he had adopted while death was yet distant did not in him, as they have done in many others, quail before the approach of the king of terrors. The crisis he had long expected at length arrived: the disease extended itself to the vital parts. In the agonies of death he was awfully consistent with himself: he rejected without hesitation the proffered offices of a clergyman, and died as he had always lived, still only latterly avowed himself a deist; affording in his last moments a manifest proof of his sincerity. Bolingbroke survived his lady but twenty months: he died on the 15th of December 1751, in his seventy-fourth year. His death was hastened by the violence of an empyria, to whose treatment he had submitted himself. His death was killed by a man of the same description with his son, mentions it as a singular coincidence, that these two men who had been rivals through life should meet their deaths in the same misplaced confidence in ignorant men.” — vol. II, pp. 244, 245.

We have seen that as a writer, the contemporaries of Bolingbroke have placed him at the very head, although posterity, owing in a great measure to the subjects of his works being interesting only to that era, has treated him with neglect, compared with Swift and Addison. He was always vivid and elegant. He neither possessed patience, nor applied the labour which Addison displayed, but he was ready and never common place, at least in an illustration, go.

Bolingbroke’s writings are characteristic of himself: the style of the author bears a close resemblance to the character of the man. Brilliant and brilliant, as a writer, he was a man of letters, and a man of letters.

MS. Letter from Mr. Lee to Mallet, in the British Museum.



and imaginative, manly and energetic, his power of illustration never renders him frigid or bombastic. His energy never degenerates into coarseness. There is an elegance in his antithesis peculiarly his own; and if it occurs sometimes too frequently, the nervous sentiment it breathes tempts us to overlook the traces of art. His words are selected carefully, and combined with skill; nor is it easy to convict him of a tedious or an ill-constructed sentence. But the peculiar charm in Bolingbroke's style is the exact and beautiful propriety of his illustrations. This is characteristic of all his works, but it is more striking in his earlier productions. Let us take one from the numbers which present themselves: it occurs in his Letter to Sir William Windham. 'The ocean which environs us is an emblem of our government: and the pilot and the minister are in similar circumstances. It seldom happens that either of them can steer a direct course, and they both arrive at their port by means which frequently seem to carry them from it. But as the work advances, the conduct of him who leads it on with real abilities clears up, the appearing inconsistencies are reconciled; and when it is once consummated, the whole shows itself so uniform, so plain, and so natural, that every dabbler in politics will be apt to think that he could have done the same.' Our language hardly contains an illustration more appropriate in itself, or more elegantly expressed."—vol. ii, pp. 263, 264.

He was splendid rather than solid, and secures our admiration rather than our love. Like the statesman of his age, he was too much guided by merely factious ends. The best interests of the country were unhesitatingly sacrificed to selfish ends. The contest was only for power, and party-honour occupied the place of principle. We are willing, as heretofore, to take our author's view of the character of his hero in another capacity.

"In regarding Bolingbroke as a philosopher, we must carefully separate his practical from his speculative opinions. In the former he is generally right, in the latter as generally wrong. There is a spirit of calmness and content breathing throughout his tracts upon practical philosophy, which declares how well he had studied and how deeply he felt the consultations he recommended. Occasionally, indeed, the gusts of his stormy ambition swept across his mind; but their influence was but transient: they passed away, and Philosophy resumed her seat—taught him again to enjoy the present, and to look with indifference upon the past. An enemy has declared, that all his philosophy was but feigned; that he himself was miserable in the retirement which he made delightful to all who were permitted to share it. The assertion is specious, but unjust. In a mind so constitutionally restless and ambitious, we wonder rather that the strongest self-discipline could have gained for philosophy any influence at all, than that resentment and regret should sometimes swell within him, and occasionally burst the fetters by which they had been confined. We have already alluded to the air of resignation which characterises his familiar correspondence: could these letters have been written by a man who was habitually harassed by the bitterness of disappointed ambition? The mask might *perhaps* have been preserved in his formal appearances in public; but would it have been retained in the unsuspecting interchange of private friendships? The philosophy of Bolingbroke was not feigned; in his character, as in that of all other

men, there were inconsistencies, but he habitually practised what he taught. The dictates of philosophy were the rule of his life; his usual conduct deviations from them the exception."—vol. iii, pp. 273, 274.

"His speculative philosophy has already been alluded to; and we are told, that in practice he frequently felt the weakness of his creed. In his letters he even regrets that his reason should deprive him of the pleasure of believing that there is a future state. The excuse, however, would not have been made, we doubt not, had he been a more zealous, regular, and honest inquirer after the truth. As a patron of literature he has been much praised, which proves the openness and nobility of his generosity. And his private life also offers much room for admiration as well as censure."

"Bolingbroke's private, like his public life, offers much subject both for praise and blame. His passions were as fiery as his genius, and in his youth he disdained to control the one, or to regulate the other. Although eminently gifted with those shining qualities which captivate and ensnare, he took little pains to improve the opportunities he possessed; and his intrigues were rather numerous than select. He was not very fastidious in choosing his companions of either sex; but no man was more careful in the selection of a friend. There were few men whom he ever admitted to this distinction, and of these none ever deserted or betrayed him. The ambition which would allow him to brook no equal in the administration of government, prompted him to domineer in private; his friendship was offered only to those whose kindred genius marked them as his equals, and even by these he could never believe that he was loved until he was implicitly obeyed. The estimation in which his friendship was held, appears from the readiness with which the superiority he assumed was conceded: even Pope and Swift owned, in him a master."

His friendship, when once gained, was warm and generous; and his correspondence with his two most peculiar friends contains the most genuine effusions of that sentiment. As a letter-writer, he stands unrivalled. The biographer of Swift already admits the superior excellence of the letters of Bolingbroke. He acknowledges that they are written with an elegance and politeness which distinguish them from those of his illustrious friends. "We see," exclaimed Lord Orrery, "they were not intended for the press; but how valuable are the most careless strokes of such a pen!"

"The brilliancy of his conversation was in his contemporaries a subject of universal admiration: he wanted no accomplishment which could enable him to shine. In the senate, he was the most eloquent orator; in the drawing-room, the most finished gentleman. To the ordinary accomplishments of his age he added the less usual knowledge of the European languages: he spoke Italian with ease and purity, and his perfect skill in French has already been noticed. Voltaire says of him, *Je n'ai jamais entendu parler notre langue avec plus d'énergie et de justesse.*"—vol. ii, pp. 279—281.

Thus, in a variety of aspects, Lord Bolingbroke's life furnishes a striking because a very contradictory subject of biography. It is one that offers the most useful lessons to posterity, whether we regard the bright or the dark side. An exhibition of errors should act as

powerfully in the shape of a warning, as that of virtue and merit attract imitation. Our author's work, upon these grounds, is an impressive and instructive addition to biographical literature; while his calm and charitable mode of estimating the character of an eminent man, is highly worthy of imitation.

*Part X. A Parallel of Shakspeare and Scott; being the Substance of Three Lectures on the Kindred Nature of their Genius, read before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Chichester, 1833 and 1834. London: Whittaker and Co. 1835.*

We need offer no apology for returning to notices of these illustrious names, where an apt opportunity occurs of having any of their characteristic and unrivalled powers described and defined; especially when guided by such a discerning judge as the author of these lectures. Our opinion is, that the works of the latter of the above named worthies, like those of the former, are to endure and be admired so long as our language is understood, or so long as human nature is to resemble what it now is; because both are masters in the art of depicting this nature in an infinitude of shapes and positions;—nay, because they both afford us a key by which we may extend and pursue the study on our own account. It is one of the true tests of men of high genius, that we never feel fatigued with hearing anew of them, and never feel satisfied that all that might be said of them has been said. And even when we think that fanciful theories are applied in the course of characterising the genius and works of the subject of our admiration; or when we discover little that has not been as well or more happily expressed before, we can easily forgive the repetitions or the eccentric views, provided these are of that pleasant description that sets us once more to a process of reflection for ourselves regarding the subject of our partiality.

The author of these lectures is neither free of repeating what has often been finely spoken and written years ago, nor of some far-fetched fancies. And yet we have read every sentence of his slender volume, before once closing it to undertake any other occupation, or commence a distinct course of reflection from that which he had awakened. We found that many of his criticisms and conceptions were nicely and happily detailed; and surely it can be nothing but praise, when we say, they were so just that every competent or tolerable judge of the points handled must have felt them to be in unison with his own views. Propriety, ardour, and elegance, mark the work; nor do we hesitate to affirm, that there are few readers that will not rise from the perusal of this parallel, without fuller and juster ideas of the powers and excellencies of Shakspeare, but especially of Scott, than when he sat down to it. In this view the author has done a tasteful service to the community, teaching those who could not so happily do it for themselves, either for want of time



ferred to the standard of Shakspeare, as to the standard of truth and nature—the only true source of all ideal excellence. Direct contrast or comparison of their several productions is, for the most part, avoided; but frequent allusions are made to their strong resemblance, and broad hints of the only fraternisation offered in the history of polite letters. Poets celebrate a new incarnation of the spirit of the bard of Avon—painters hasten to embody the creations of a fancy, not so fine, perhaps, but as original and pure, and the most prosaic of readers find in the endless variety of Scott a charm only to be equalled in the pages of the splendid original.”—pp. 4, 5.

The author proceeds to bring into view the general characteristics of Scott, as compared with those of Shakspeare, and remarks, that one of the chief attributes of the genius of the latter, and that which has always been allowed him, under some mode of expression or another, is his *universality*. He claims the same for Scott, meaning, thereby, the power of identifying himself with every kind and condition of existence. This felicitous power deals in fit, vivid, and distinct representations, that are not confined to vague generalities, but is equally ready with individual features and descriptive differences, in the moral as well as in the natural world. Our author mentions several illustrative examples in Scott's works, chiefly to be found in his novels and romances, to which his admirers generally resort, and adds

“But the best test of this power of delineating the thoughts, actions, and passions of human nature, in their various phases, is, as I have before hinted, to be found in the manner in which the same passions, the same virtues or vices are made to operate differently in different persons, according to their several constitutional castes of character, situation in life, or other ruling circumstances. Take, for instance, in Scott, his various modifications of religious enthusiasm. In Beaumanoir, the rigid adherence to prescribed forms, the devotion to the preservation of the privileges of his ‘order;’ a bigotry grounded in selfishness and constitutional coldness of heart. In the Abbot Eustace, the same objects operating with warm and kindly affections. The religious enthusiasm of David Deans again, is homely, steadfast, and patient in suffering. In Balfour, selfish, superstitious, and brutal. But we have in that chef-d’œuvre of Scott, the tale of ‘Old Mortality,’ in illustration of this test of universality, a whole tribe of fanatics, in which the same general features are preserved with an individuality of form and colouring, that makes each a distinct and perfect portrait; and the whole together one of the finest exemplifications of the crimes and follies of men, who mistake the vain workings of their own imaginations, and the impulse of their own selfish passions, for the dictates of the divine spirit. The maniac Mucklewrath, the savage Burley, the gentle but energetic Macbriar, after these come the shallow and wordy Kettledrumle, and the prudent and conforming Poundtext: not to mention the well-imagined dogged ignorance of Mause, and the easy faith of Cuddie Headrig, whose religion rests upon the means of a comfortable subsistence, and deals rather in the realities of life, than the abstract questions of doctrine and church-government. In all these we recognise a certain individuality which makes them species





"*Religion: the secret of man's whole life: the fountain of his glory: the Nazarene, 'is it, save an offering of sacrifice to a demon of vain glory, and a passing through the fire to Moloch?—What remains to you, as the price of all the blood you have spilled—of all the travail and pain you have endured—of all the tears which your deeds have caused, when death hath broken the strong man's spear and overtaken the speed of his war-horse?'*"

"*'Glory, maiden, glory! which gilds our sepulchre and embalms our name.'*"

"*'Glory, alas! is the rusted mail which hangs as a hatchment over the champion's dim and mouldering tomb—in the defaced sculpture of the inscription which the ignorant monk can hardly read to the inquiring pilgrim:—are these sufficient rewards for the sacrifice of every kindly affection, for a life spent miserably that ye may make others miserable? or is there such virtue in the rude rhymes of a wandering bard, that domestic love, kindly affection, peace, and happiness are so widely basted, to become the hero of these ballads, which vagabond minstrels sing to drunken churls over their evening ale?'*"

"*Of this fair dealing with opposing classes and bodies of men we have other abundant proof. His respect for royalty in the abstract, or for the baronial character and feudal form of government, did not bind him to the defects of the one or the vices of the other: Witness his Louis XI.—his James I.—his Robert of Scotland—and other princes and potentates: His Front de Boeuf also—his Brian de Bors-Guilbert—his black Douglaes—and a host of nobles—a mixture of turbulent pride and ambition—with other personifications of aristocratic insolence, down to the 'bloody Oliverhouse' and crafty Argyle of modern times... Nor does his predilection for the cause, of royalty and the Stuarts, and his admiration of the cavaliers, stand in the way of such delinquents as a Marston, a Bridgenorth, a Markham Everhard, and many other vices of popular rights and the parliamentary cause; the arguments by which those rights and that*

*These instances will be sufficient, I trust, to rescue the charge of being too aristocratic; and if anything is established his claim to fair dealing in this particular. to the history of Jennie Deane, in whom, as he is a fictitious personage is rendered interesting by her rectitude of principle, unadorned by unrepresentative without any of the beauty, grace, talent, accomplishments, and all the which a heroine of romance is supposed to have a prescriptive right' (pp. 19—23).*

"*Our author observes, that the same spirit of fair dealing is to be recognised in Shakspeare. Yet it has been objected to the dramatist, as compared with Scott, that he has no such character in all his plays as Jennie Deane, and that his people were either princes and dignified citizens, or clowns and specimens of the lowest orders of mankind. But we like the defence for Shakspeare set up by the lecturer, when he says, that in Shakspeare's stage there was no well-ordered vindication of popular rights, nor any class distinct from the aristocracy and wealthy on the one hand, and the mob on the other; and that if we allow for this want in society, we shall find*

find him a fair dealer—such as between Greek and Roman, German and Asiatic, French and English.

We like also the author's test of Shakspeare's and Scott's healthy genius, to be found in their treatment of the passion of love—this being without a shadow of impurity on the one hand, or of prudery and affectation on the other.

As in this his assimilation to Shakspeare more strongly than in some other points. Ignorance of the true force and meaning of Shakspeare's personifications of the tender passion alone can suppose that their poetry is sullied by the plain language and sometimes gross illusions with which they are accompanied. These belong to the manner of the time, and are distinctly separable from those exquisite pictures of love and romantic affection, and leave no taint upon their purity. As my business with Shakspeare is not to particularise his excellencies, but simply to advert to such as serve the purpose of illustration, I pass over the less equivocal—the highly impassioned, the warm, though chaste, Juliet—the no less devoted, but modest and retiring Viola—the deep, patient, and enduring Helena—the romantic and enterprising Rosalind—the pure and simple, almost childish, Perdita and Miranda—and the dignified and self-possessed Portia—and triumphantly appeal to the best proof of how little the meretricious and the impure can enter into association with high genius, in the boldness and dexterity with which he handles such doubtful cases as the voluptuous Cleopatra and the facile Cressida.

In Scott, in whose writings, as in Shakspeare's viewed collectively, love takes the subordinate, and yet important, part in the conduct of human affairs, that we see in common life (and in this they differ from almost all other writers of fiction), we observe the same delicacy and propriety with the corresponding freedom; which, whilst it gives it as much alloy as convinces us of its earthly origin, detracts nothing from the exalted and ethereal spirit which elevates it above all other passions—

which **Love is heaven, and heaven is love!** with full warranty for the indulgence that leaves no stain behind it. I am not the blind panegyrist of Scott, and I will not pretend to oppose to the bright galaxy before us such personages as Lucy Ashton, however intense the interest of her hapless story—or Amy Robsart, however lovely and confiding—or Minna, however romantic—or Rebecca, however self-denying and elevated: but who would not admire the address and the freedom from false delicacy and squeamishness that characterises these admirable portraits?—who does not sympathise with the pure feelings of the lovely Jewess, kneeling, in Torquilstone, by the side of the object of her affections, and ministering to his wants, conscious of his indifference? or not feel his heart ache for the sentiments which prompt her final visit to Rowena?—who would accuse the admirable Diana Vernon of indelicacy, when she bends from her horse, in the twilight, and kisses the uninviting cheek of the lover she expects never to meet again?—or who so nice as to take exception at the lowly handmaiden who leaves the postern door of her master's mansion ajar, that she may steal out unheard and unseen to meet the lad, who—**is low down, he's in the broom that's waiting for me!**—pp. 28, 29.

the great characteristics of Scott, being as much, to us, as to the  
 contrast with those of Shakspeare, in preference to any other  
 master of fiction in our language, a position which no one can dispute,  
 proceeds to discuss, in his second lecture, the influence  
 upon the romancer's dramatic power, and delineation of character,  
 upon his manner, which, for variety, delicacy, and originality, comes  
 nearest, the great dramatist, and upon his merits, in the highest  
 graces of the painter, and the poet, in the discussion of  
 three points, as, indeed, throughout the course, there is a fine and  
 affectionate understanding of the two magicians, especially his of  
 the north; and the reader's heart warms and is improved, as the  
 matter is opened up, so as to experience something of the same  
 sort of benefit and delight remembered of a first acquaintance with  
 the enchanter's powers.

The lecturer justly states, that it is the superiority of the imita-  
 tive over the descriptive art, that gives life and energy to dramatic  
 scenes; that inferior writers weary their readers by long details of the  
 actions and motives of their personages, describing all that they feel  
 and do, in the writer's own language, instead of bringing them upon  
 the stage to embody their thoughts in action. None ever equaled  
 Shakspeare in this art, and as to Scott, although he is necessarily  
 led by the conduct of his fable into the details of narrative, and  
 frequently into prolix descriptions, when he does so it is in accord-  
 ance with the business of the scene, though he more frequently makes  
 his characters speak and act for themselves, and, by a series of pic-  
 tures, unites his dramatic incidents with the elaborate details of a  
 finished narrative.

"Impersonation is his great aim—the exposition of the virtues, the  
 vices, the duties, the  
 to these, the illustrati-  
 therefore, when he d-  
 copious, and pregnan-  
 parent; and it is in  
 most frequently, surp-  
 constitute the great  
 that the conduct of h-  
 servient to the attain-  
 been more sensible t-  
 his mechanism. But  
 sonifications and the  
 these defects, it we  
 spears in this particu-  
 there is any necessar-  
 portraiture and the  
 taken separately, may  
 not appreciate the no-  
 drama is inartificially  
 wound up. The in

grapher has recorded, in contemplation of the excellence of their actors and the spirit-stirring incidents of their scenes. — pp. 24, 25. 12

In illustration of Scott's dramatic power, our author happily instances, in "The Heart of Mid Lothian," the out-breaking of the Porteous mob—the trial of Effie Deans—and Jennie's interview with the Queen and the Duke of Argyle.

Of these three specimens of dramatic excellence, although the interview at Hampton Court is, perhaps, more artful in its construction, more delicate in its handling, and a more highly-finished picture, the trial scene presents a greater variety, and may be selected as one of the finest combinations of invention, imagination, and judgment (the great requisites of such compositions), with all the necessary passion to give it tragic elevation our language affords; not excepting the pathetic reality of Lord William Russell, and of Charles I., or the noble ideal of the 'Merchant of Venice.' The dignity of the personages, the strong passion of revenge on one side, and the noble resignation on the other; the strong contrasting situations, and the intricacy and gradual development of the story;—with the stately moral of the antique phraseology, and blank verse of Shakspeare and his poetic imagery, incline us to give a preference to the trial-scene of the noble merchant. But to these we may oppose excellencies of a great, though somewhat different kind. The admirable preparation and solemn introduction of the action in the progress of David Deans and his daughter to the court-house—the one firm in his power of endurance, in the double character of a father and a sufferer for conscience sake, and the other in her purpose of adhering to the truth, confident in the sacred precept that a contingent guilt is no warranty for an act of positive sinfulness; and that if her sister's deliverance were within the range of possibility, the mercy of that heaven in which she placed her reliance would point out other means than those of deceit and falsehood.

As the story proceeds, higher excitements crowd upon us. We see the desperation of the culprit—the clinging to life and to the hope that her sister's testimony would free her from the charge of blood-guiltiness: the contrast in the character of the two females—the one gentle, flexible, and erring—the other affectionate but firm, strong in mind, still pure, without hardness of heart; the exquisite art of the advocate; the merciful tone, but inflexible integrity of the court. Then comes the crisis of the action, and the consummation of Jennie's fortitude and truth, and all ears are open to the effect of the simple question—'But what did she tell you of the cause of her illness?'—'Nothing.' Never was single word of more importance; it is the pivot on which all the interest of the fable turns, and the fate of all the principal actors in it; the tale was written for its pronouncement, and the circumstances under which it is uttered make it one of the finest efforts of moral energy the history of the female character presents. If to these objects of high interest, are added the burst of an intuitive parental affection in the poor girl reminded of her bereavement; of parental agony of the poor old man, doubly wounded by the ignominious fate of his child and the abasement of his pride of opinion in the defection of his high principles of religious and domestic government, and we have all the requisites of high and impassioned tragedy. — pp. 85—87.



and, consequently, the nobility of the character and language of the actors deny the scene the highest order of tragedy, it is nevertheless the highest order of nature. He then turns to speak of another great ingredient in Scott's genius—his mastery of the pathetic, and the impassioned eloquence with which he has clothed the sentiments of his actors, when the business of the scene is calculated to bring forth the manifestations of a vivid imagination. By pathos, our author understands all the degrees of impassioned feelings, and does not confine it to the pitiful or tender.

“When Rob Roy, in the heat of blood, engendered by his escape from the troops sent to apprehend him, and exulting also in his escape from the temporary degradation of an assumed character, is addressed by Osbaldistone in that character, as Mr. Campbell, who is not electrified with the exclamation—‘I am no minister, sir, my foot is on my native ground, my name’s Macgregor!’ and who does not read in these few words the history of a hero’s feelings—the pride of native dignity—the indignation of injured rights—the vindication of insulted honour?”

“Of the same kind is the well-known example in the spirit-stirring scene in the ‘Lady of the Lake,’ when, after the recital of his wrongs and his determination to avenge them, his followers start up at the signal of the bold Highlander, as he exclaims

“These are Clan Alpine’s warriors true—

And, Saxon—I am Roderick Dhu!”

“In Waverley again, in the tragic position and heroic devotion of Edward Maccombich, when he offers, at his trial at Carlisle, himself and six of his fellow claspemen to lay down their lives for the redemption of their chieftain, and the offer excites the risibility of some of the bystanders: ‘If the Saxon gentlemen are laughing,’ he said, ‘because a poor man, such as me, thinks my life, or the life of six of my degree, is worth that of Vich Jan Vohr, it’s like enough they may be very right; but if they laugh because they think I would not keep my word and come back to redeem him, I can tell them, they ken neither the heart of a Highlandman nor the honour of a gentleman.’”

Witness also the impassioned eloquence of Rebecca, of Constance Beverley, or Brian de Bois Guilbert (whose talents command our admiration, while his vices compel our censure); or the no less inspired oratory of Henry Warden or Macbride, rich in Scripture language, and in the imagery of that inexhaustible mine of poetic wealth, or of the fantastic Mucklewrath; or, in another and very different vein, of the artless and ever-honoured Isabella Buns—a part of whose address to the Queen I will repeat here, although it is familiar to us all, and although it properly belongs to the class of the pathetic, because it exhibits a characteristic truly Shakspearian; I mean a proof that the language of the highest passion is often of the most homely kind, and does nothing of its force by the means of the illustration, provided it be striking and appropriate. And when the hour of death comes—that comes to high and low—O, my body, then, it is not what we have done for ourselves, but what we have done for others, that we think on most pleasantly, and the thoughts that thus intervene to spare the pain of the thing’s life will be sweeter in that hour, some when it may, than if a word of your mouth could hang the hail Porteous mob at the tail of a tow.”—pp. 46—48.

It is truly said that Shakspeare is often thus homely and natural in his stateliest moods; and, as instances, take, in *Measure for Measure*, Isabella's pleading for her brother's life—  
 "He's not prepared for death! even for kitchens.  
 We kill the fowl of season; shall we serve heaven  
 With less respect than we do minister  
 To our gross selves!"

Or, that homely allusion in *Hamlet*:—  
 "Or ere those shoes were old  
 With which she followed my poor father's body."  
 The combination of the pathetic and the humorous, in the same character, the lecturer considers to belong almost exclusively to Scott. Jonathan Oldbuck is a memorable example of this kind, and such as is frequently to be met in real life. The antiquary's simple invention and peculiar use of the word "womankind," is quoted as being often as pathetic as it is ludicrous, "and," continues our author, "I do not know a more touching incident in the volumes in which he plays his part, than the production of the papers relating to the fate of his early love, on which there appears inscribed, after the title and subject, the simple ejaculation, "Eben, Evalina!"

The redundant and characteristic humour of the two mighty enchanters are next spoken of, who, amid the turmoil of bad passions and worse practice, saw a space still left for the exercise of every benevolent feeling, and for the indulgence of sentiments of cheerfulness and good humour, and even of vulgar merriment, when merriment is innocent and not selfish, nor regardless of mutual rights. Scott's humour "is cheerful, seldom sarcastic, delicate, forcible, general; it pervades all his works, and mainly contributes to their acknowledged fascination. Broader humour and more ludicrous situations are to be found elsewhere, but no where but in Shakspeare. In Shakspeare is humour so blended with other excellencies, so harmonious and so natural."

Scott's humour, in private and daily society, as well as in his works, was quiet, quaint, graceful, and benevolent; yet it was varied and happily adapted. For instance, it was—  
 "In Friar Tuck, bold, jocular, and full of animal appetite; in his boon companion Richard, of the same nature, dignified with a little more intellectuality; and this heightened into a romantic jollity in his intercourses with Wamba; in Wamba himself, warm-hearted, with a touch of chivalrous and romantic poetry; in Baillie Nicol Jarvie, shrewd and homely; in Baron Bradwardine and Monkbarney, benevolent and gentlemanly; indeed, we may always say of the humour of Scott, as of Shakspeare, that it never condescends to buffoonery. Shakspeare's clowns have a touch of gentility; and his rude mechanicals, in their silliest moods, have nothing of a revolting coarseness about them. So we may say of Scott, that dealing, as he has done, so much as the humble walks of life, we are never offended with obtrusive vulgarity; his most ludicrous situations

never shock our delicacy: and the language of his humorous, as well as serious rustics, displays—like their sentiments—an elevation and propriety seldom to be met with in similar walks of literature. Haulse Head-rigg's bitterest retorts upon the respectable Lady Margaret are in the best taste of rustic independence of mind; and the dry jokes of Edie Ochiltree might win favour amongst gentlemen.—pp. 49, 50.

While it is maintained, that except in some of the highest and most impassioned impersonations of human life, and of the realities of history and tradition, Scott is equal to Shakspeare, and in variety exceeds him, it is confessed, that as respects the picturesque and the poetical, there is a wonderful superiority on the side of the dramatic bard. For these attributes, however, he of the north must be allowed to challenge a high character. Our author thinks it cannot be denied that Scott, in imitation of an illustrious model, has contrived to give a great charm and much picturesque effect to his stories, by the introduction of various species of machinery; and that he has interwoven a great variety of popular and traditional superstition very successfully. But without pursuing the pages before us closely, we shall, in reference to the alleged imitation of Shakspeare, quote a passage in which the author limits the meaning of the *term* to a sense much in accordance to that which we have insisted on in our preliminary observations, although we must confess, the idea does not appear so plain to us as it has done to our author, when he says, no one can doubt that Scott had Othello and Iago in mind when he drew his Leicester and Varney. Particular instances of poetic beauty being named, the passage we refer to, and generally acquiesce in, runs thus—

No person can study these, and many others of the beauties of Scott, the construction of his fables, and the fine personifications, upon which we have dwelt so much, without perceiving that his mind was filled with the imagery, the invention, the execution, and just judgment of Shakspeare; and that he, perhaps unconsciously, made him his model; or rather, insensibly took his cast of mind and character from that divine original. It is difficult to appreciate the extent, but it is impossible not to perceive that the public mind, the national character, even our language, has taken an impulse from the writings of Shakspeare, and the full impress of that influence is not yet perhaps, fully received. It was scarcely possible, therefore, that a mind like Scott's should not share largely in the general feeling, and not wonderful that it should betray itself in the shape of imitation, or, at least, in evident signs, of an inclination to tread in the same steps. No one can doubt that he had Othello and Iago in mind when he drew his Leicester and Varney, and it is only surprising that in this, as in similar cases, he should escape so well from the snare of servile imitation.

It is true that, as Mrs. Jameson says, his Lady Ashton is a domestic Lady Macbeth. Lady Ashton and her victims are amongst the most powerful of Scott's conceptions; and there is one point in her history on which I must stop to advert, as a great excellence of human nature which represents her as living to a good old age, hardened in error and

and even, and insensible to the miseries inflicted by her great sufferings. It is curiously imagined, and as true as nature as the account of Lady Macbeth, and, perhaps, not less instructive."—pp. 57, 58.

In the third lecture, the writer goes on with his parallel, and is not always innocent of far-fetched and over-strained resemblances. We cannot, for example, figure to ourselves almost any circumstances that can be called similar or parallel in the early history of these men—their education and mental discipline. Not to dwell on the difference of country, or era, or status in reference to them, we know very well, that even with twin-brothers who are educated together, any attempt to preserve or induce a general uniformity or sameness of talent and temperament between them, generally proves abortive. The apparently slightest or altogether undetected trifles lead to biasses that are far more influential than any conventional or external agreements, and put to shame all general rules on the subject, drawn from position in society and education. We think our author, therefore, might have completed his work as satisfactorily, had he avoided the consideration of such problematical parallels. The following remarks on Miss Martineau's Psychological Essays, which appeared in Tait's Magazine, on the formation of Scott's character and genius, indicates a soundness of judgment, that might have kept him from trusting to similar events, resulting from some few similar coincidences, where he says—

"I cannot admit the authoress's hypothetical supposition—of the necessity of such natural bodily suffering for the formation of such a character as Scott's; and we have proof to the contrary in what we know of Shakspeare's life and character: either I am altogether wrong, and have the world with me, in maintaining the strong affinity in the character as well as the genius of these men, or the lady is right upon false premises. We never heard that Shakspeare was of infirm health, morose, and in heaviness of disposition and amenity of manners, in conversational powers—as well as vigour of intellect—no one will be so hardy as to maintain that he was inferior to any man of genius who ever enjoyed the advantage (if it be not a contradiction to say so) of the slightest childhood. The theory which would derive the benevolence and cheerfulness of Scott, and the misanthropy, or rather the turning at his own nature because it was imperfect and less than Alimable, of Byron, from the same natural defect, is too violent to be just. All that we can justly conclude of the private character and social history of these remarkable men—and in this we may safely compare them—is, that both lived much in the world from their earliest days, and drew much of their materials for thought from actual observation, unshackled by opinion. Both were social in their dispositions and habits, and both were beloved, and their society courted by their contemporaries. It is a delightful and edifying consideration that the humanities they laboured to inculcate, the kindly affections they loved to depict, and the noble thoughts they embodied in their writings, reacted upon their own hearts and minds, and made them as much beloved in their lives as they are admired in the productions that survive them."—pp. 55, 56.

There is some ambiguity towards the close of the above quotation:

When saying, "all that we can justly conclude of the poetical and literary history of these remarkable men," the conclusion would lead us to understand that Byron was meant as one of them; whereas the spirit of the reasoning refers properly to Shakespeare. There would be as much error in the one view, as there is truth in the other.

To conclude, we must agree with our author, that there is more of that real and practical poetry in the writings of Scott—more of that which is natural and congenial to man in his every-day condition of existence; less that is visionary, and, in a word, more that is Shakespearian, than in the intense and harrowing efforts, of which we have had such exquisite specimens in Lord Byron and others of his school. We need not therefore apologize for taking advantage of the work before us, to impress a conviction of this truth upon our readers, and to teach them how to appreciate the works of the two mighty minstrels that have been compared throughout by the author; for their works never can become old, nor can we ever be unwilling to hear good of them.

"I have spoken of the mighty, though inappreciable effect of the dramas of Shakspeare upon the spirit of the age, and the genius of his descendants—still flowing and ever to flow on—his benevolence; his humanity; and the grandeur and comprehensive nature of his morality. To those who ask for proofs of the direct or indirect utility of the writings of Scott beyond the idle amusement of the passing hour, I answer in the words of the ingenious female eulogist before spoken of:

"If the office of casting new lights into philosophy and adding new exemplifications and sanctions to morals be not the business of literary genius, we know not what is. It is the business, the first business of every mind to deduce these very lessons from actual life; and we can conceive no more important occupation than his, who does the same thing for many, while doing it for himself; presenting the necessary materials and their issues, unravelled from the complications and separated from the admixtures which may impair their effect in real life, but no less palpably real than if they had passed under actual observation." —pp. 79, 80.

*ART. XI.—A History and Description of the late Houses of Parliament, and Ancient Palatial Edifices of Westminster.* By EDWARD WOOD LANE BRAYLEY, and JOHN BRITTON. London: Weale. 1835.

WE have now received the first six numbers of the history of these houses, and other ancient palatial edifices of Westminster, and find them filled with so much curious and interesting matter, that we shall do a little more to recommend them to the favour of the public, than we could when we shortly noticed the work at its commencement. The authors, from their extraordinary opportunities and particular habits, have been enabled to collect an immense variety and amount of accurate information regarding these edifices from their earliest erection; and this information they have so arranged, condensed, and explained, as to give the work a popular value,



independent of the great attractions it presents to antiquarian and architectural students. They have not merely had recourse to all those books previously written and published, that throw light upon the subjects of their inquiries, but they have obtained, from manuscripts and sources hitherto unknown, not a little that is as curious and valuable as any of the facts and particulars discovered by former researches. We may generally allude to those documents that minutely detail the materials, the operations, the prices, and wages—also, sometimes, even the names of the artists, which the building, repairing, and embellishing of the edifices in question have occasioned to be recorded, in proof of the useful and new information which our authors have made so pleasantly accessible to the public.

Every one knows that the royal palace at Westminster, as well as the religious edifice, are very ancient, although the latter was first established. The authors, however, show satisfactorily, that as far back as the reign of Edward the Confessor, Westminster was a royal residence; and it is offered as a reasonable surmise, that he himself erected the palace there, from a desire to forward, by his own presence, the progress of his reconstruction of the adjoining church and monastery. There is also a notice of the holding a *law-court* in the same place, in the year 1069. William Rufus, who, according to Holinshed, was proclaimed and crowned at Westminster, seems to have built the new or great hall. During the reigns of the succeeding kings, mention is made of the same place as the scene of royal state. When we come down to the time of King John, the documentary memoranda respecting this palatial residence become more precise and accessible, chiefly in consequence of the recent publication of “The Close Rolls,” the originals of which are preserved in the Tower—the most ancient of which now extant is that of the sixth of John; and they frequently speak of the “King’s Houses” (*Domus Regis*), as they were then denominated, at Westminster.

“The following entries on the Close Rolls give us some information as to the state of the palatial buildings in the time of King John.

“On the 19th of October, 1205 (7th John) ‘the sum of £10. was directed to be paid to the king’s treasurer, Robert de Leveland, for the repair of the *king’s houses* at Westminster, by the view and testimony of lawful men;’ and on the 12th of July, 1207 (9th John), ‘100 shillings, if need be, were ordered to be paid to the said person to cover (or roof) the said houses.’ In the autumn of the latter year also, ‘the barons of the Exchequer were ordered to account with Robert de Leveland for what he had expended for the laying *fine sand* in the king’s houses at Westminster, when the king slept there on the Friday, Saturday, and Sunday next before the feast of All Saints.’ Again, on the 2d of October, 1214, ‘the sheriff of London was commanded to allow the keeper of the king’s houses at Westminster to have carpenters for the repair thereof.’ On the 3d of January, in the same year, ‘the treasurer and chamberlains of the Exchequer were commanded by writ to deliver to

the abbot and convent of the Holy Cross at Waltham the inventory of the king's houses at Westminster, which was constructed in the king's house at Westminster in the time of his father, and was afterwards removed.

Many particulars are recorded of the buildings at Westminster, during the reign of Henry III., who greatly favoured their progress and enlargement, although they cannot now be distinctly specified. The numerous entries, however, that are extant, abundantly show that the works were not only continually urged and encouraged, but that the royal apartments were then fitted up, in a style of greater splendour than ever they before had been, or than we are apt to believe could be accomplished in an age which has been called barbarous. Henry was doubtless a despotic and oppressive ruler, but he was a great patron of the arts, such as those of the goldsmith, the painter, and the architect.

On the 4th of November 1217, the sheriff and sheriffs of London were commanded to pay 800*l.* out of the farms of that city for the repair of the king's houses at Westminster, for which allowance was to be made at the exchequer. In the same year, on the 2d of December, the barons of the exchequer were commanded to make the same daily allowance to Margery, the widow of Robert de Cleve, for the custody of the king's houses at Westminster, as her husband had formerly received. This entry is very fully corroborated by the Testa de Nevill, which states, that Margery de Keverland (as there speak, from an evident mistake in the initial letter) kept the king's palace at Westminster by her dower, and received daily out of the king's purse.

On the 2d of April 1218, the warden and wharfmen were directed to pay 20*l.* to the goldsmith and keeper of the king's houses at Westminster, for materials, repairs, and for work other than the same.

In February, 1219, the king's goldsmith was paid for the same purpose to repair the king's armour, and in April 1221.

(5th Hen. III.) Odo, the goldsmith the king's hall and houses at Westminster were paid further sums of five marks, and paid 10*l.* for the repair of the king's houses. The king's goldsmith was paid 10*l.* for the repair of the king's houses at Westminster, and for the repair of the king's houses at Westminster, and for the repair of the king's houses at Westminster. Small sums of money were to be paid for the same. On the 10th of October, 1218, and on the 10th of October, 1218, thirty pounds were ordered to be paid for the king's coronation on the 10th of October, 1218. Other sums amounting to 24*l.* 10*s.* were ordered to be paid for the like purpose.

Mr. Hardy, in his introduction to the first volume of the Close Rolls, computes the prices of that period at the rate of a fifteenth of the present standard. We learn many particulars from these pages, not merely regarding Henry's taste for artificial improvement and splendour, but for festivity, credulity, and oppressive exactions. We pass over the accounts of the pageants and feastings, that are minutely described, that took place at his marriage, and the coronation of his queen. On the 3rd of October, 1247, a different, though a gorgeous scene, was exhibited at Westminster, on occasion of his presenting to the Abbey Church a precious vessel, which had been sent to him from the Holy Land, and was attested to inclose some of the *genuine blood* of our Saviour, which had trickled from his wounds at the crucifixion.

"Several weeks before the ceremony, the king summoned his chief subjects to meet him at Westminster, 'that they might hear,' says Matthew Paris, 'the most joyful news of a holy benefaction recently bestowed upon the English from heaven. On the day appointed, the great men assembled, and were informed, in reply to their inquiries, that the king had received from the Masters of the Knights Templars and Hospitalers, a beautiful crystalline vase, containing a portion of the blood of our Saviour, which he had *shed on the Cross* for the salvation of mankind; the genuineness of the relic being testified under the seals of the Patriarch [Robert] of Jerusalem, and the archbishop, bishops, abbots, and other prelates of the Holy Land!

"The king then commanded that all the priests of London, habited in costly dresses, and bearing standards, crosses, and lighted tapers, should early in the morning on St. Edward's day, reverently meet at St. Paul's. Thither the king himself came, and with the utmost veneration receiving the vase, with the treasure [of Christ's blood] already mentioned, he bore it openly before him (preceded by the richly dressed priests), walking slowly, in a humble garb, and without stopping, to the church of Westminster. He held the vase with both hands, keeping his eyes fixed on the vessel, or looking up to heaven, whilst proceeding along the dirty and uneven road. But a pall was held over him on four spears, and two persons supported his arms, lest the fatigue should be too great for him.

"Near the gate of the Bishop of Durham's hall [in the Strand], he was met by the members of the convent of Westminster, with bishops, abbots, and monks (singing and rejoicing with tears, in the Holy Spirit), who accompanied the procession to the church, which could scarcely contain the assembled multitude. The king, untired, carried the vase round the palace and the monastery, and then delivered it, as an invaluable present, to the church of St. Peter, and the brethren administering therein to the honour of God.'

"On the same day, and within the church, the king conferred the honour of knighthood on his half-brother William de Valence, and several other youthful persons."—pp. 54, 55.

Henry entertained great animosity at different times against the citizens of London, and as a means of reducing their affluence, he established an annual fair to be held at Westminster, in the month of October, and forbade all other fairs to be held in that season, or

that any wares should be shewn within London, during the fifteen days that it continued. At Christmas he also kept the festival in the city, obliging the inhabitants to present him with rich new-year's gifts; according to Stow, taking victuals and wine where any could be found, without paying for them. These and many other unjust proceedings on his part, so exasperated the people, that he at length became alarmed, and the following specimen of his apparent contrition took place, as related by Mathew Paris.

“ ‘By command of the king, the citizens of London assembled together before him at Westminster, with all their families, even to the boys of twelve years old, on the Sunday before the feasts of Sts. Perpetua and Felicitas (March 7th, 1250), in the greater palace, which is called the Great Hall; and there was such a crowd of people that the whole court was filled with them. Being met together, the king, humbly, as if about to shed tears, entreated each one of the citizens, with heart and voice to disavow all kind of anger, malevolence, and rancour towards him; for he publicly confessed that frequently he himself, but more frequently his servants, had in many ways injured them, taking away their goods and retaining them, and in various respects encroaching on their rights and liberties, wherefore he besought them to pardon him. The citizens, understanding that nothing further was required of them, consented to all that the king requested; although no restitution was made of what had been taken from them.’ ”—p. 58.

His promises of amendment were not long or well kept, and he appears to have assumed the cross under the hope of making religion subservient to his views. He was made again, however, to acknowledge his irregularities, and promised to observe faithfully the charters of King John, prevailing thereby on the clergy to grant him a tenth of their revenues for three years, and on the barons, three marks for every knight's fee held immediately of the crown. On this occasion he offered to submit to excommunication if he should fail in his engagements, and convened in the great hall of Westminster an august assembly, in order to have the sentence of anathematization solemnly pronounced.

“ ‘There was something appalling in the nature of this ceremony: and the understanding revolts equally against the craft that engendered it, and the debasing superstition by which it was maintained. In the present instance, all the prelates (if not the barons likewise), bore lighted tapers in their hands, but the king excused himself from holding any, saying that ‘he was no priest;’ yet to prove the sincerity of his concurrence, he ‘would keep his hand upon his breast during the proceedings.’ The anathema was pronounced by the Archbishop of Canterbury; and the curse of heaven was invoked against those persons who, in future, should in any respect violate the two charters, (namely Magna Charta and the Charta de Foresta,) which were now confirmed by the king. The tapers were then extinguished, and thrown stinking and smoking upon the ground, and the dire malediction uttered, that the souls of every one who infringed the charters ‘might thus be extinguished, and stink, and smoke in hell.’ At the conclusion of the ceremony, the king voluntarily added, ‘So may God help me, I will inviolably observe all these

things, as I am a man and a Christian, a knight, and a crowned and anointed king;”—Henry was probably sincere at the moment, yet this solemn protestation had but little influence over his subsequent conduct.”  
—pp. 62, 63.

Notices of parliaments being held, and many other public or remarkable events that took place at Westminster palace and hall, continue to be recorded during the reign of Henry III.; yet, although his reign was long, the buildings and repairs were not completed in that time, but were carried on for several years during Edward's reign. From certain translated extracts from the wardrobe accounts, we select the following:—

“ ‘ For timber, whereof to make the King's Mews, and carriage of the same from Kingston to the said Mews, as well by land as by water, divers keys for the same, and for repairing the keys of the gerfalcons' bath, for iron rings for the curtain of the Mews, before the said falcons, and for turfs bought for the herbary of the said falcons, £ 25 0 2

“ ‘ For deal boards bought for the doors and windows of the aforesaid houses, and for certain offices there, and for tables, stands, and other things in the Queen's butlery and kitchen, and for the making thereof, £ 14 13 4

“ ‘ For sockets (*'forceriis'*) to hold waxen torches, for two other sockets, for coffers to contain the rolls and tallies of the Exchequer, for iron bought for the use of the King and Queen, and carriage thereof, and for divers keys for the aforesaid houses, and other iron-work for the offices there, £ 16 5 6

“ ‘ For lead, bought to cover the Queen's *Oriel*, and to amend the gutters, tin bought to mix with the said lead to cover the said *Oriel*, and for the amendment of other places there, with firewood to melt the same, and for plaster of Paris, £ 32 2 0

“ ‘ For four ship-loads of hard stone of ‘Bon’ (*Bononia*, or Boulogne?) seven hundreds and one quarter of Reygate freestone, and for freight and unloading thereof, and for burnt lime, and for plaster of Paris purchased for the aforesaid works, £ 25 18 9½

“ ‘ For tiles to cover the said houses, and to repair other the King's houses there, with the carriage of the same, £ 6 8 0”

—pp. 81—83.

The abovementioned works were in progress at the palace in the early part of Edward's reign, and during 1277, and succeeding year. It appears that in 1292 and the two following years, many artificers were employed in different works, but particularly in painting, at the “King's Chapel in his palace at Westminster.” And the rolls from which this information is derived seem chiefly valuable now, as showing the rate of wages of tradesmen at the close of the thirteenth century. Each of these rolls, generally speaking, contains the accounts of a single week. The highest weekly expenses varied from about 5*l.* to 13*l.* Ninety-four masons were at work in one week, and forty-two in another, together with fifty-five stone-cutters, six carpenters, &c.; whilst



the painters (to whom most of the rolls relate) were on an average, in number about twelve or thirteen.

“ We learn that the superior masons, who were engaged in the years 1291 and 1292, had 6*d.* a day, and that the wages of the others varied from 4*d.* to 4½*d.* and 5*d.* a day; the weekly wages of the apparitor, or foreman, were 3*s.* 6*d.*; the squarers of stone, and their assistants, were paid from 4*d.* to 5*d.* a day. Wages of the principal smith 6*d.* a day; of carpenters from 4½*d.* to 5*d.* a day; of plumbers 4½*d.* to 6*d.* a day; of tilers 5*d.* a day.

“ The wages of the painters in those years, were as follow. Master Walter, the principal painter, was paid 14*d.* a day, the others smaller sums, in general from 7*d.* to 8*d.* a day. Two individuals, Andrew (Andrea) and Giletto, probably Italians, had conjointly 6*s.* 8*d.* for six days, and 8*s.* in another week for the same time.

“ Among the articles charged in these accounts, are several which clearly demonstrate that *painting in oil-colours* formed a part of the decorations that were then in progress. Oil and cole and varnish, with white and red lead, vermilion and azure, and sinople, are repeatedly mentioned; together with gold and silver (*leaf*), of which considerable quantities were used. These articles, as Mr. Hawkins has remarked, ‘ could not have been wanted for mere *house painting*;’ and hence, as well as from the length of time which the artists were employed, he judiciously infers, ‘ that the paintings were not even heraldical bearings (exclusively), but human figures; either portraits or ideal representations, and historical subjects, such as were afterwards painted on the walls when the chapel was rebuilt by Edward the Third.’

“ From the prices mentioned in these rolls, it appears that ‘ a pottle of oil’ cost 5*d.* or 6*d.*; a pound of red lead, 2*d.*; a pound of white lead, 1½*d.* or 1¾*d.*; a pound of tin 3½*d.*; a quartern of azure 1*s.*; a pound of red varnish 3½*d.* and 4*d.*; a quartern of sinople 1*s.*; a pound of green 5½*d.*; one hundred (probably books) of gold leaf 3*s.* 4*d.*; one hundred of silver leaf 6*d.*; and a quartern of vermilion (probably of a hundred weight), 6*s.* 5*d.*”—pp. 89, 90.

The late destruction of the houses of Parliament by fire, seems not to have been the only calamity of the kind that has visited that spot and immediate neighbourhood. On the 29th of March, 1298, according to Stow, there was “ a vehement fire ” in the palace, which fired the monasterie. In consequence of this event the king was obliged to remove to the palace of the Archbishop of York, at Whitehall, where he continued occasionally to reside till his death. In the year 1303, the King’s treasury, which was then within the precincts of the abbey, was robbed of jewellery to a very large amount; but part of the stolen valuables were afterwards recovered. And as still more immediately connected with the law courts of Westminster, a singular case is detailed, as found among the national archives in the chapter house there, and which, from a circumstance incidentally mentioned, reminds one strikingly of an occurrence in the life of Henry V., when Prince of Wales, as represented by the great dramatist. Roger de Heexham, the justice appointed to try a dispute wherein one William de Brewes

was defendant, complained to the King, that when the matter was decided against the latter, he approached the bar, and grossly insulted the judge.

“ William de Brewes, when arraigned before the king and his council for this offence, acknowledged his guilt; ‘and because,’ says the record, ‘such contempt and disrespect, as well towards the king’s ministers as towards the king himself, or his court, are *very odious* to the king—as of late *expressly appeared*, when his majesty *expelled* from his household, for nearly *half a year*, his dearly-beloved son Edward, Prince of Wales, on account of certain *improper words* which he had addressed to one of his ministers, and suffered him not to enter his presence until he had rendered satisfaction to the said officer for his offence, it was decreed by the king and council that the aforesaid William should proceed, unattired, bare-headed, and holding a torch in his hand from the King’s Bench in Westminster-hall, during full court, to the Exchequer, and there ask pardon from the aforesaid Roger and make an apology for his trespass.’ He was afterwards, for his contempt towards the king and his court, committed to the Tower, there to remain during the king’s pleasure.”—p. 96.

On coming down to the reign of Edward II., there is a highly interesting account of his coronation, as found in an ancient Latin manuscript in the British Museum, from which a variety of curious details are furnished by the author of the work before us. There is another roll belonging to the King’s Remembrancer’s Office, which has been lately discovered, and which includes many facts connected with the coronation of this monarch, and the principal works executed within the palace of Westminster, in the early part of his reign, that have never before been communicated to the public. The following details relating to the preparations for the coronation are entered on the back of the roll last mentioned.

“ ‘ One long hall was erected of the entire length of the upper wall of the palace, reaching along the Thames, for the judgments and solemnities of the treasurer and barons [of the exchequer], and the great men and councillors. This hall was appropriated for the royal seat on the day of coronation, and it was therefore ordered, that it should be covered with boards “*de sago*,” and strongly supported at the back along its entire length, on account of the pressure of the people.’

“ ‘ Fourteen other halls were afterwards made, extending in length from that just mentioned, towards the great door of the palace, approaching as nearly as possible to the door without impeding the entrance and exit of the people and the men at arms. In these halls divers partitions were made for pantries, butleries, dresses, &c., with lattices before the partitions.—Three *conduits* were ordained to be running continually with red and white wine, and with piment\*—‘*pymento*’—in the centre of these halls, that every one might come and drink at pleasure.

“ ‘ Of the providing and storing forms, tressels, and tables against the coronation.—Mem. That all the houses and all the halls in the Palace, and

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\* Piment was wine mixed with spice and sweetened with honey. Chaucer, in his *Miller’s Tales*, says, “He sent her piment, methe, and spiced ale.”

many houses within the precincts of the Abbey, were prepared, and, as it were, filled with tables.

“ ‘ Barriers, palisades, lattices, and other defences, were constructed before the door of the great monastery in which the king was crowned, and in the same manner before each of the palace, and also before various places within and without the palace, which were assigned for pantries, butleries, cooking-rooms, sculleries, larders, and poulteries, and for divers other offices.

“ ‘ Forty furnaces were fixed in the palace against the conclusion of the coronation; and divers ovens were made within it against the coronation, namely, in the bakehouse and saltsary.

“ ‘ Divers breaches were made (and afterwards repaired) in the walls of the palace, for entrances and exits to various offices, namely, pantries, butleries, larders, and rooms for poultry, and divers other necessities provided, which had been lodged and deposited within the cemetery (and near the cemetery) of the monastery, by the palace. Divers lattices were also constructed before the said entrances, and closed and interclosed between and about those arrangements.’ ”—pp. 117, 118.

Among the precepts in the “ *Fœdera*” issued by Edward II., in contemplation of his coronation, there is one addressed to the sheriff of Wiltshire, ordering him to provide 24 live oxen, 24 live porkers, four live boars, and 30 fat bacon hogs. If the same rate of contribution was to be observed by the other counties, we need not longer be at a loss to guess what was the scale on which the festive boards of those days were loaded. But the precepts were not confined to viands alone, for the king addressed a mandate to the seneschal of Gascony and the constable of Bourdeaux directing them to procure and send to London, for his coronation, 1000 *pipes of good wine*.

This king was a weak man, and much controlled by worthless favourites, which brought him and his barons into frequent collision, while the people suffered grievously from their dissensions. A singular occurrence bearing upon the question of some of these dissensions is recorded to have taken place at Westminster Hall at Whitsuntide in 1317.

“ This year the king celebrated the feast of Pentecost in the *Great Hall* at Westminster, where as he sat in the royal seat at table, in the presence of the great men of his kingdom, there entered a woman adorned with a theatrical dress, sitting on a fine horse with corresponding trappings, who, after the manner of players, made a circuit round the tables, and at length ascended the steps to the table of the king, and laid before him a certain letter; then reining back her steed, and saluting the guests, she retired as she came. The king had the letter opened that he might know its contents, which were as follow:—‘ His lordship the king shows little courtly consideration for his knights, who, in his father’s time and in his own, have exposed themselves to various dangers, and have spent or diminished their substance in their service; while others who have not borne the weight of business, [*alios qui pondus negotii nondum portaverant*] have been abundantly enriched!’ When these things were heard, the guests looking one upon another, wondered at the boldness of the woman, and the porters and

door-keepers were blamed for having suffered her to enter; but they excused themselves, answering that it was not the custom at the royal palace [*domus regiæ*] in any way to prohibit the entrance of players, [*histriones*] especially at solemn festivals. Persons were then sent after the woman, who was easily found, taken and committed to prison; and being required to tell why she had acted in such a manner, she truly replied that she had been induced to do it by a certain knight, for a proper reward [*mercede condigna*]. The knight being sent for, and brought before the king, in reply to inquiries, nothing fearing, boldly confessed himself the author of the letter, and avowed that he had consulted the king's honour in what he had done. Therefore the knight by his constancy rendered himself deserving of the king's favour, with abundant gifts; and the woman was released from prison."—pp. 136, 137.

From what we have extracted, the general reader will at once perceive that there is abundance of amusing and otherwise highly interesting matter in these pages for his choice. The subsequent reigns to that of Edward III. (which the sixth and last of the numbers before us reaches), must furnish still fuller and more valuable matter than the period we have gone over, in the history of the edifices in question. We all know that many of the greatest events and names belonging to the nation for many centuries are in no small degree identified with the subject of this work. The late destructive event at Westminster adds much to the interest of the subject, as regards the present generation. Nor can we overlook the obvious truth, that unless such a work as this be immediately proceeded with, the opportunity will be for ever lost of doing it equal justice, to that which our authors can command. Were we ignorant of their capacity and almost unrivalled acquaintance with the matter undertaken, we should, from the specimens before us, pronounce the work to be equal to what its importance demands; nor while we would thus strongly recommend the publication for its historical and literary features, can we leave unnoticed the numerous and accurate engravings introduced, which, whether as embellishments, or presenting specimens of architectural art, are an important feature in the work. J

**ART. XII.—*Character of Lord Bacon: his Life and Works.* By THOMAS MARTIN, Barrister at Law. London: Maxwell. 1835.**

WE look upon this as a work not only of singular value, because it deals with the character, life, and writings of the Father of experimental philosophy, but because the conception and the course pursued by the author is somewhat novel, and the execution extremely good. The life of so great a man as Bacon, as was to be expected, has been often written, and by eminent persons; nor have we to go far back for such a contribution to literature and science. Yet the present author, it will be found by all, whether they have been previously acquainted or not with a history of the

character and writings of Bacon, has no mean claims upon the public attention and taste in this production. There is this novelty in it, that it interweaves into the narrative many of the valuable letters of his lordship, which are strongly illustrative of his character, thereby giving it something of the nature and interest of autobiography; thus following Bacon's own observation, which we copy:—  
“Such letters as are written from wise men, are of all the words of man, in my judgment, the best; for they are more natural than orations and public speeches, and more advised than conferences or present speeches. They are the best instructions for history, and, to a diligent reader, the best histories in themselves.”

We only quote the author's own words when we state, that “another object I steadily had in view, has been to give a popular, yet brief account of Lord Bacon's principal works, not a mere naked abstract, for that would present little or no attraction to the general reader; but an account illustrated, when necessary, with examples drawn from those splendid discoveries in sciences, which have been made since the introduction of the Baconian system.” It is because these specific ends have been constantly kept in view by Mr. Martin, who seems a ripe scholar, as well as a warm admirer as regards the subjects he handles, that we recommend his volume to universal favour. Nothing is more common than for people to talk of great men and their works, without having a single precise idea of the grounds upon which they have become celebrated. In reference to Bacon, the very first genius of modern times as the minister and interpreter of nature, this sort of vague admiration is abundant. The matter, language, and style of many of his works are not such as to attract ordinary readers, and the editors of them have seldom done much to give them a more popular character. This service, the present little and excellently written book performs; and anxious as we are that its views may become the more extensively known, thereby exciting a general desire, as its circulation must do, to drink at the very fountain head, and at the richest stream of knowledge, we now shall adopt in our pages some notices of a most interesting nature respecting the Father of modern philosophy and his writings.

Francis Bacon, who was born near the middle of the 16th century, was the youngest son of Nicholas Bacon, of whom it was said by Queen Elizabeth, “My Lord Keeper's soul is well lodged.” His mother, a daughter of Sir Anthony Cook, tutor to Edward VI., was a virtuous and learned woman; one of her literary works was an elegant translation in English, of Bishop Jewel's celebrated Apology; and which was published by the special order of Archbishop Parker, for common use. Bacon proved from his childhood worthy of such a stock. His wit and readiness were at all periods of his existence the most remarkable. The queen delighted to prove him with questions in his tender years. Upon asking at one time, how old he was, he answered, “two years younger than your Majesty's



happy reign." He was, however, in constitution, so delicate or rather sensitive, that a change of atmospheric influence would sometimes cast him into a fit of fainting. To the same acute and delicate temperament may be attributed his delight in after life, whilst meditating, to have music in the next room to where he sat ; and according to the season of the year, he had his table strewed with sweet herbs and flowers, which he said refreshed his spirits and memory. In spring time, when it rained, he would ride out in his open coach, to receive the benefit of irrigation, which he was wont to say was very wholesome, because of the nitre in the air, and before going to bed he would often drink a good draught of strong March-beer, to lay his working fancy asleep, which otherwise would keep him awake the greater part of the night.

On leaving the university of Cambridge, he travelled in foreign parts, during which time he invented a new system of cyphers, which was afterwards incorporated into the first part of his *Instauration*. At this time too, he appears to have been actively employed in examining the phenomena of nature, particularly that of sound. He was the first to suggest, says our author, the ear-trumpet, which he believes has never been noticed ; and he quotes for his authority, the following words of Bacon :—" Let it be tried, for the help of the hearing, and I conceive it likely to succeed, to make an instrument like a tunnel, the narrow part whereof may be the bigness of the hole of the ear, and the broader end much larger, like a bell at the skirts, and the length half a foot or more, and let the narrow end of it be set close to the ear, and mark whether any sound, abroad in the open air, will not be heard distinctly from a farther distance, than without that instrument, being, as it were, an ear-spectacle." His discoveries have been of infinitely greater magnitude and value than the principle of the ear-spectacle, as Bacon calls what is now denominated the ear-trumpet ; but even the above quotation shews what were his habits and ingenuity in his youth.

We are not by any means, however, attempting to keep by Mr. Martin's book so as nicely to notice the various turns in Bacon's history, or all the proofs of his industry and genius. Here and there we shall alight upon some things that are sufficient for our purpose ; nor need we be fastidious in seeking for striking illustrations, for one cannot look upon any performance or period connected with Bacon's name, wherein extraordinary things may not be discovered. The sudden death of his father compelled him to return from the continent, and commence the study of the law, much against his taste. He soon got into Parliament ; and, says Ben Jonson, " There happened in my time, one noble speaker, who was full of gravity in his speaking ; his language, where he could spare or pass by a jest, was nobly censorious. No man ever spake more neatly, more pressly, more mightily, or suffered less emptiness ; no member of his speech but consisted of its own graces. His hearers

could not cough or look aside from him without loss; he commanded when he spoke, and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power; the fear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end." But though he was distinguished in many ways, and though the queen had promised repeatedly to call him to her service, this she continued to decline doing. While Sir Edward Coke was Attorney General, his enmity against Bacon no doubt helped to exclude him from any promotion. The rivalry between these eminent men would sometimes speak out, even in court; an illustration of this warfare is appended in a note as taken from Bacon's works, and which as a specimen of furious abuse on the one hand, and biting wit on the other, we shall extract.

"'A true remembrance,' says Bacon, 'of the abuse I received of Mr. Attorney-general [sir Edward Coke], publicly in the Exchequer the first day of term; for the truth whereof I refer myself to all that were present.

"'I moved to have a reseizure of the lands of George More, a relapsed recusant, a fugitive, and a practising traitor; and showed better matter for the Queen against the discharge by plea, which is ever with a 'salvo jure.' And this I did in as gentle and reasonable terms as might be.

"'Mr. Attorney kindled at it, and said, 'Mr. Bacon, if you have any tooth against me, pluck it out; for it will do you more hurt than all the teeth in your head will do you good.' I answered coldly in these very words; 'Mr. Attorney, I respect you; I fear you not; and the less you speak of your own greatness, the more I will think of it.'

"'He replied, 'I think scorn to stand upon terms of greatness towards you, who are less than little; less than the least;' and other such strange light terms he gave me, with that insulting, which cannot be expressed.

"'Herewith stirred, yet I said no more but this: 'Mr. Attorney, do not depress me so far; for I have been your better, and may be again, when it please the Queen.'

"'With this he spake, neither I nor himself could tell what; as if he had been born attorney-general; and in the end bade me not to meddle with the Queen's business, but with mine own; and that I was unsworn, etc. I told him, sworn or unsworn was all one to an honest man; and that I ever set my service first, and myself second; and wished to God, that he would do the like.

"'Then he said, it were good to clap a 'cap. utlegatum' on my back! to which I only said he could not, and that he was at fault; for he hunted upon an old scent.

"'He gave me a number of disgraceful words besides; which I answered with silence, and showing, that I was not moved with them.'"—pp. 323, 324.

But to come to the most extensively read portion of Bacon's works, which are considered "but as the recreations of his other studies"—of course we mean his *Essays*—let us hear what is said of them by himself, and by some others.

"In 1597 he published a volume of his '*Essays*,' in order, as it appears, to prevent the printing of a surreptitious copy which had got abroad, likening himself to one who has an orchard ill-neighbour'd, that gathers

his fruit before it is ripe, to prevent stealing. 'I disliked,' he says, in a letter to his brother, 'now to put them out, because they will be like the late newe halfe-pence, which though the silver were good, yet the pieces were small. But since they would not stay with their master, but would needs travel abroad, I have preferred them to you, that are next myself, dedicating them; such as they are, to our love, in the depth whereof, I assure you; I sometimes wish your infirmities translated upon myself, that her majesty might have the service of so active and able a mind, and I might be, with excuse, confined to these contemplations and studies, for which I am fittest.

"These writings he considered but as the recreations of his other studies, and accordingly continued them, publishing in subsequent editions several additional Essays; and it is an interesting fact, that the one on Friendship was written at the request of his earliest and latest friend, Mr. Matthew. Of all Lord Bacon's works, this has ever been the most popular.

"His observations are those of one who well knew the world, and they come home to men's business and bosoms. As Dugald Stewart justly remarks, 'the novelty and depth of his reflections often receive a strong relief from the triteness of his subject.' There always was such definiteness in the author's conceptions, that his ideas are often worded with all the point and brevity of a proverb. He was so great a master of language, that Dr. Johnson declared, that from his works alone an English Dictionary might be compiled. His style is axiomatic. His sentences were not composed, but *cast*—and cast in gold."—pp. 30—33.

Bacon was nearly always in embarrassed worldly circumstances. "My good old mistress" (the queen), he says in one of his letters, "was wont to call me her watch-candle, because it pleased her to say I did continually burn; and yet she suffered me to waste almost to nothing." His patrimony was small; "for my father," said he, "though I think I had greatest part in his love to all his children, yet in his wisdom served me in as a last comer." About five years before the death of the queen, he was in so destitute a condition, that a goldsmith, living in Lombard street, arrested him whilst returning from the Tower, where he had been on the queen's business, for a debt of three hundred pounds; and he narrowly escaped being carried to prison immediately, through the kind offices of some friends. After the queen's death, he thus writes to Lord Cecil.

"I shall be able, with selling the skirts of my living in Hertfordshire, to preserve the body, and to leave myself, being clearly out of debt, and having some money in my pocket, three hundred pounds land per annum, with a fair house, and the ground well timbered.' 'For my purpose or course,' he adds, 'I desire to meddle as little in the king's causes, his majesty now abounding in council; and to follow my private thrift and practice, and to marry with some convenient advancement. For as for any ambition, I do assure your honour mine is quenched. In the Queen's, my excellent mistress's time, the *quorum* was small: her service was a kind of freehold, and it was a more solemn time. All those points agreed with my nature and judgment. My ambition now I shall only put upon my pen, whereby I shall be able to maintain memory and merit of the times suc-

ceeding.' But this was not his only ambition. In Bacon's breast there were two antagonist principles struggling for a mastery. He was bred a public man; and as his nearest connections had been and were the principal ministers of the crown, it was natural for him to expect that public employment to which he had been dedicated, and to hope for some of its honours and rewards. He was conscious, however, that nature had fitted him rather for the pursuit of knowledge than of power. He worshipped the one in secret, and delivered his public devotions to the other. Would that he had listened to the solemn charge of his great, but then almost unknown, contemporary! —

‘Fling away ambition;  
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,  
The image of his Maker, hope to win by’t?’

He was soon attached to the court of James. With his merits that monarch was already well acquainted, and Bacon had not been backward in offering his services, ‘No man’s fire,’ said he, in a letter to the king, ‘shall be more pure and fervent than mine; but how far forth it shall blaze out, that resteth in your majesty’s employment.’ ”—pp. 42—44.

Ere long Bacon was made Solicitor General to the king, and next Attorney General.

“While Attorney-General, he endeavoured to put an end to private duels, which were then very common; and the charge which he delivered in the Star-Chamber, upon informations exhibited against William Priest and Richard Wright, as principal and second, was so highly approved of by the lords of the council, that they directed it to be printed and published, ‘as very meet and worthy to be remembered and made known unto the world.’ He begins by considering the nature and greatness of the mischief of Duelling: ‘it troubleth peace, it disfurnisheth war, it bringeth calamity upon private men, peril upon the state, and contempt upon the law.’ ‘Touching the causes of it,’ he observes, ‘the first motive, no doubt, is a false and erroneous imagination of honour and credit. But then the seed of this mischief being such, it is nourished by vain discourses, and green and unripe conceits. Hereunto may be added, that men have almost lost the true notion and understanding of fortitude and valour. For fortitude distinguisheth of the grounds of quarrels whether they be just; and not only so, but whether they be worthy, and setteth a better price upon men’s lives, than to bestow them idly; nay, it is weakness and disesteem of a man’s self to put a man’s life upon such lieder performances: a man’s life is not to be trifled with; it is to be offered up and sacrificed to honourable services, public merits, good causes, and noble adventures. It is in expense of blood as it is in expense of money; it is no liberality to make a profusion of money upon every vain occasion, nor no more it is fortitude to make effusion of blood, except the cause be of worth.’

“With the view of repressing this depraved custom of duelling—this fond, false disguise or puppetry of honour, as Bacon called it—he suggests that there should be declared a constant and settled resolution in the state to abolish it; that care should be taken that this evil be no more cockered, nor the humour of it fed; that all persons found guilty of this offence, should be punished by the Star-Chamber, and those of eminent quality, likewise, banished for some time from court.”—pp. 56—58.

It seems as if he never uttered a feeble thought or an unpolished

sentence. His very suggestions, offered more than two hundred years ago, the present age is but following out, even in the improvement of our laws. Bacon, as our author well says, unaided and alone, at once gained that high vantage ground, towards which we have been ever since creeping. After enumerating other eminent services performed by him, it is added :—

“ The same fruitful and powerful mind which discoursed so eloquently and profoundly on the advancement and proficiency of learning, which expounded most luminously many of the subtlest doctrines of our law of real property, which projected the wisest plan for ameliorating the unhappy condition of Ireland, and grasped at once all the complexities of juridical reform, appears equally pre-eminent in the delicate and difficult task of detecting the causes of the controversies and abuses in the church, and of pointing out the best mode of ensuring its pacification and reform. The sectarian spirit which distracted the English Church during the respective reigns of Elizabeth and James, was of a character which could not be overlooked by any one who had the good of his country at heart. Nor ought the experience of the past to be neglected in such days as these of sects and schisms. Let us not idly reckon history as an old almanac, but rather listen to it as the voice of an ancient prophet, speaking of the age in which we live.

“ ‘ It is very true,’ said Bacon, ‘ that these ecclesiastical matters are things not appertaining to my profession ; which I was not so inconsiderate but to object to myself ; but finding that it is many times seen that a man that standeth off, and somewhat removed from a plot of ground, doth better survey it and discover it than those which are upon it, I thought it not impossible, but that I, as a looker on, might cast mine eyes upon some things which the actors themselves, especially some being interested, some led and addicted, some declared and engaged, did not or would not see.’ ”—pp. 67, 68.

A few sentiments such as these, thrown out with inimitable ease, and possessing a point and truth no less extraordinary, so as to make the reader feel his mind grow in strength the moment he peruses them, should convince all that the study of Bacon’s voluminous works, is enough to make a man wise and good. His views, for instance, regarding the controversies about the Church of England, that were abundant enough in his days, should be thoroughly studied at present by both friends and foes of the Establishment—by all who wish to come to a judicious conclusion in a temperate manner, or to avoid that confusion of thought, so often shewn in conversation and in writing, when questions relating to property are discussed.

In 1618, Bacon was made Lord Chancellor, created Baron of Verulam, and soon afterwards Viscount St. Alban’s. But we shall chiefly confine our remaining extracts to Mr. Martin’s brief, popular, but able account of one of his lordship’s principal works, we mean his *Novum Organum*, which propounds a better method for discovering truth than the ancient philosophers ever knew, and the observance of which has led to all the great advancements in modern science.



“ The grand and fruitful principle propounded by Bacon—and which is as universally applicable as the Aristotelian dictum *De omni et nullo*, and without which that dictum would be a barren and useless abstraction—is the principle of INDUCTION. To unfold this principle—to teach mankind that the *only* method of inquiry which can conduct to any useful result is that which, taking facts and not opinions—experience, not hypothesis, for its basis, proceeds, by means of rejections and conclusions, (*i. e.*, in the way of analysis), to decompose the phenomena of nature; so as to elicit those axioms or general laws, (*i. e.*, generalized facts), from which we may synthetically infer, not only the particulars already inducted or brought in for examination, but others of which we had no previous knowledge—to propound this procedure, with rules for conducting it aright, was the object designed and realized in the *Novum Organum*; and by which Bacon acquired, and so justly merited, the title of founder or *Father of Experimental Philosophy*.

“ In giving to this new method the name of ‘Induction,’—an old scholastic term, well known to Plato and his pupil, Aristotle,—Bacon was influenced, perhaps, by the consideration that it would induce a more ready reception of his plan; that if the badges of the ancient philosophy were retained, its errors would be sooner abandoned, and *that* the more readily because there would be no *nominal* change. To avoid any ambiguity which might arise from the use of an old term in a new sense, Bacon, in various parts of his writings, cautiously distinguishes *his* induction from that of Aristotle’s; and yet some ardent admirers of the Stagirite, misled, perhaps, by the name, and eager to ascribe to their idol every kind of merit, have confidently asserted, that Bacon’s induction is identical with the induction of Aristotle. A more erroneous opinion could not have been hazarded. ‘It is like confounding,’ says Dugald Stewart, ‘the Christian Graces with the Graces of Heathen Mythology.’

“ ‘The induction,’ observes Bacon, ‘of which the logicians speak of, and which seemeth familiar with Plato, (whereby the principles of sciences may be pretended to be invented, and so the middle propositions by the derivation from the principles;) their form of induction, I say, is utterly vicious and incompetent: wherein their error is the fouler, because it is the duty of art to perfect and exalt nature; but they contrariwise have wronged, abused, and traduced nature. For *to conclude upon an enumeration of particulars without instance contradictory, is no conclusion, but a conjecture*; for who can assure, in many subjects, upon those particulars which appear of a side, and that there are not others on the contrary side which appear not? As if Samuel should have rested upon those sons of Jesse which were brought before him, and failed of David, which was in field. And this form, to say truth, is so gross, as it had not been possible for wits so subtile as have managed these things to have offered it to the world, but that they hasted to their theories and dogmaticals, and were imperious and scornful towards particulars; which their manner was to use but as ‘*lictors et viatores*,’ for sarjeants and whiffers, ‘*ad summovendam turbam*,’ to make way and make room for their opinions, rather than in their true use and service. Certainly it is a thing,’ he adds ‘may touch a man with a religious wonder, to see how the footsteps of seducement are the very same in divine and human truth: for as in divine truth man cannot endure to become as a child, so in human, they reputed the attending the inductions whereof we speak, as if it were a second infancy or childhood.’”—pp. 146—150.

Such is a general view of the induction propounded in the *Novum Organum*. There is a remark of much truth on this subject, and to the high honour of the inventor of this new method of reasoning, which has been made by Dr. Reid, that should not be forgotten. "Most arts," says he, "have been reduced to rules *after* they had been brought to a considerable degree of perfection, by the natural sagacity of artists, and the rules have been drawn from the best examples of the art that had been before exhibited: but the art of philosophical induction was delineated by lord Bacon in a very ample manner *before* the world had seen any tolerable example of it. This, although it adds greatly to the merit of the author, must have produced some obscurity in the work, and a defect of proper examples for illustration."

Our author proceeds with much perspicuity and felicity to give the scope and object of the immortal work we now are speaking of; his illustrations, selected from the best of modern discoveries made under the guidance of the Baconian method, are delightfully introduced. And it is to be remembered, that the prevalence of scholastic jargon in vogue, till the new art came into general use, necessarily coloured, even in this work, the inventor's phraseology, which at first indeed was conducive to rendering his reasonings current. Forexample, he gives to the prejudices that obscure or prevent a fair and correct interpretation of the phenomena of nature, the significant name of *Idols of the Understanding*. Till these are got rid of, even though it be admitted that experience (which is the result either of observation or experiment) is the only source of our knowledge of nature, we shall have before us a false and uneven mirror, which is apt to distort the truth. These prejudices he divides into four classes, Idols of the Tribe—of the Den—of the Forum—and of the Theatre. We shall quote Mr. Martin's accurate and lucid account of each.

"1. The *Idols of the Tribe* are those prejudices which are inherent in human nature. Among these may be reckoned that disposition among men to assume the existence of a greater degree of order and uniformity in nature than experience is, in fact, found to justify; and thus when any thing inconsistent with this notion presents itself, it is either tortured, as it were, into reconciliation, or explained away. Thus, for example, as soon as the French geologists (MM. Cuvier and Brongniart) had accurately examined and described the tertiary strata of the Paris basin, an attempt was made to trace the different subdivisions of this interesting group throughout Europe; and no sooner was a new tertiary formation discovered, as that of Italy, for instance, than geologists endeavoured to identify it with the Parisian type: every fancied feature of correspondence was dwelt upon and exaggerated into a likeness, whilst the wide difference in mineral character and organic contents was slurred over as trifling and unimportant. 'By the influence of this illusion,' says Mr. Lyell, 'the succession and chronological relations of different tertiary groups were kept out of sight;' and thus the progress of geology was greatly retarded.

"This illustration, drawn from a deservedly popular science (and others from this and widely different branches of philosophy might easily be adduced), shows that Bacon was justly warranted in expecting (as he did) that although the idols of the mind might be thrown down, still, when philosophy had been re-edified, they would be again set up and worshipped.

"2. The *Idols of the Den* are those that originate from the peculiar character of the man. 'Although our persons,' says Bacon, 'live in the view of heaven, yet our spirits are included in the *caves* of our complexions and customs, which minister unto us infinite errors and vain opinions, if they be not recalled to examination.'

"Among the prejudices of this class none deserve to be more strictly guarded against than those which spring from the particular studies to which one may be addicted. Habituated to a certain range of reading and reflection, a man's thoughts are apt to become, as it were, *localised*; and, as fabled of theameleon, take their colour from surrounding objects. Aristotle, devoted to the study of metaphysics, carried his favourite pursuit, with all its verbal magic, into his physics; and thus corrupted that science, rendering it an almost everlasting source of controversy.

"Dr. Gilbert, of Colchester—an inquirer to whose patient observations the modern science of electricity is much indebted—is another example. Having assiduously studied the subject of magnetism, with considerable success, he forthwith began to construct a system of philosophy, founded on his favourite pursuit.

"Prejudices, or idols of this kind, are not, however, confined to what may be reckoned the pagan-age of philosophy. Not many years ago, an attempt was made to account for the phenomenon of gravitation, and the laws of vegetable and animal life, by means of galvanism and electricity. Truly it is a wise precept which Bacon delivers, that he who studies nature should distrust those things which he is accustomed to contemplate with delight.

"The *Idols of the Forum* or market-place are considered, by Bacon, the most troublesome of all, being those prejudices which are imposed upon us by words. 'In human life, or conversation,' says South, in one of his admirable discourses on this subject, 'Words stand for things; the common business of the world not being capable of being managed otherwise. For by these, men come to know one another's minds. By these, they covenant and confederate, they deal and traffick.' If, therefore, words do not accurately express the things of which they are the signs, and men cannot be brought to agree about their meanings, all controversies will end where they ought to have begun—in questions and differences about words. If divines and moralists had first detected and exposed the ambiguity of such words as 'certain,' 'election,' 'experience,' 'impossibility,' 'necessary,' 'person,' 'regeneration,' and the like, before they engaged in those discussions in which these terms are so often used, we should never have heard of so much wrangling and disputation—of so many sects and schisms.

"As a remedy against this abuse of words, Bacon recommends that in all disputes, we should imitate the wisdom of mathematicians in defining our terms; so that others may know how we understand them, and whether they concur with us or no. 'Nevertheless,' he says, 'these definitions cannot cure the evil; for definitions themselves consist of words,

and words breed words; so that we must still have recourse to particular instances.'

"Besides, it might be added, that the very circumstance of having, in the first place, defined our terms, is of itself calculated to engender an unimagined error. Thus, when a writer, in entering upon any discussion on the subject of political economy, for instance, begins by laying down an exact definition of such terms as 'value,' 'wealth,' 'labour,' and the like—this is likely to beget a false security in his mind, that as he rightly defined his terms in the outset, so they will be properly used by him throughout; whereas, if his definitions do not correspond with the writer's ordinary use of the terms defined, but are rather the result of recent reflection, he will be continually liable, as he becomes interested in the discussion, to forget his definitions, and to recur to his former usage: just as a person when conversing in a foreign language with which he is not very familiar, will, when his passions are roused, unconsciously express himself in his vernacular tongue.

"4. The *Idols of the Theatre* are the fourth and last class enumerated by Bacon; and are those deceptions and fallacies of the mind which have arisen from the dogmas or theories of different schools of philosophy. He gives to them this somewhat fanciful name, because, in his opinion, such theories are so many stage-plays, exhibiting only theatrical or imaginary views of nature. Convinced, as Bacon firmly was, that '*Man, as the minister and interpreter of nature, is limited in act and understanding by his observation of the order of nature; and that neither his knowledge nor his power extends farther*'—he at once rejects all systems whose foundations are not bottomed in experience; for though they may show much such subtilty of speculation, yet, in practice, such fabrics of philosophy are of no substance or profit. These symptoms, says Bacon, are either *sophistical*, when experience having been but partially and carelessly consulted, they are principally built up with the untempered mortar of the mind;—*empirical*, when founded upon a hasty examination of a few particulars:—and *superstitious*, when philosophy is unwisely blended with theology."—pp. 153—156.

Lord Bacon proceeds in his *Novum Organum* to speak of the false systems of philosophy, and the causes which had so long retarded the progress of true knowledge. The second book next develops the inductive method more fully. The first step is to collect such facts and phenomena as in any way relate to the subject of inquiry, whose form, that is, whose cause or law, is sought after; we must begin with considering what things are to be excluded from the number of possible forms, thus contracting the range of research. To render the affirmative, negative, and comparative facts more available, he suggested a tabular arrangement of them. Some few principles, common to every case, must be elicited, and having verified these, by trying if they will account for the phenomena which they represent, we must endeavour to reduce the principles obtained to some or one more general; and when we can advance no higher, the ultimate axiom must be assumed as the cause, and then verified in the same way as the subordinate princi-

ples. This method applies to the laws of mind, just as truly as to physics.

“As a further help to inductions, Lord Bacon proposes that, among the mass of facts brought in for examination, those which strike us as peculiarly fitted for our purpose, should hold a higher rank in the table of instances. These characteristic phenomena he accordingly terms *Prerogative Instantiarum* enumerating twenty-seven different species; and reducing them into three classes, viz.: those which address themselves to the *understanding*; those which serve to correct or to inform the *senses*; and those which conduce to *practice*, i. e. to the invention of arts. To each of these twenty-seven species he assigns a characteristic, but somewhat fanciful name. To give the reader an idea of this part of the *Novum Organum*, we shall select a few of the principal Prerogative Instances, subjoining either Bacon's own examples, or such illustrations, disclosed by modern science, as will best shew the author's design.”—pp. 186, 187.

Take the following, as given by Mr. Martin.

“*Instantiæ Potestatis*, or instances of power, are those which are reckoned the masterpieces of art. Lord Bacon suggests that these should be thoroughly examined; because they render the way to new discoveries and inventions more easy and feasible. ‘For if any one, he says, ‘after an attentive contemplation of such works as are extant, be willing to push forward in his design with alacrity and vigour, he will either advance them or apply them to some other purpose.’ In illustration of this class, Bacon adduces paper as a singular and beautiful production of art. If he had lived in this day, with what delight he would have described the almost miraculous machine invented by the eminent mechanist, Mr. Dickinson, of Hertfordshire, by means of which a continuous stream of fluid pulp is not only made into paper, but actually dried, polished, and every separate sheet cut round the edges, and rendered completely ready for use, within the brief space of three minutes!

“Modern science affords numerous examples of this class of instances of power. The Davy, or safety-lamp, consisting only of a small oil light covered by a cylinder of wire-gauze, has disarmed an explosive atmosphere, perilous to human life, of all its power:—the Steam Engine, whose prodigious effects are so well known and appreciated in this country, is civilizing the world; and the Calculating Engine, contrived by Mr. Babbage, has been taught arithmetic by its celebrated inventor; these, and others which might be mentioned, are indeed wonderful masterpieces of art.

“In surveying such splendid instances as these of skill and intellect, we are not to damp the ardour of our pursuits in science by entertaining the opinion that man can advance no further—that he has already reached the highest pinnacle of human power; we ought rather, from the experience of the past, to replenish our lamp of hope, and to keep it burning. ‘I know not,’ said Sir Isaac Newton, a little while before he died—‘I know not what I may seem to the world; but, as to myself, I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.’”—pp. 197, 198.

We cannot follow the author's analysis farther; but enough of it and this volume has been quoted, to shew not merely that Lord



Bacon's works are a mine of the richest materials that mankind can find on earth, but that the present talented volume is a delightful and safe guide to these treasures. Philosophy and literature are not the only subjects of interest in our author's pages : the life and character of Bacon as a man are treated with singular tact and kindness. We shall not say a single word on the question of his innocence or guilt, referred to in these oft repeated lines :—

“ If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,  
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind ;”

we refer only to the work before us for a manly, fair, and tender consideration of the facts and procedure on the heavy charge of his having polluted justice by taking bribes. The author takes a mediate view between the extreme opinions that he was the meanest, or the most innocent of mankind ; but at the same time satisfactorily shows that his lordship was made a victim to screen Buckingham and the king. His letter, written to the Lords at the request of his Majesty, containing his submission, should be read, as says Mr. Martin, by all who would make themselves acquainted with the stores of eloquence contained in our language.”

“ ‘ To the Right Honourable the Lords of Parliament, in the Upper House assembled.

“ ‘ The humble Submission and Supplication of the Lord Chancellor.

“ ‘ It may please your lordships, I shall humbly crave at your lordships' hands a benign interpretation of that which I shall now write ; for words that come from wasted spirits, and an oppressed mind, are more safe in being deposited in a noble construction, than in being circled with any reserved caution.

“ ‘ This being moved, and, as I hope, obtained, in the nature of a protection to all that I shall say, I shall now make into the rest of that where-with I shall at this time trouble your lordships a very strange entrance. For, in the midst of a state of as great affliction as I think a mortal man can endure (honour being above life), I shall begin with the professing of gladness in some things.

“ ‘ The first is, that hereafter the greatness of a judge or a magistrate shall be no sanctuary or protection of guiltiness, which (in few words) is the beginning of a golden world. The next, that, after this example, it is like that judges will fly from any thing that is in the likeness of corruption (though it were at a great distance), as from a serpent ; which tendeth to the purging of the courts of justice, and the reducing them to their true honour and splendour. And in these two points, God is my witness, that though it be my fortune to be the anvil upon which these good effects are beaten and wrought, I take no small comfort.

“ ‘ But, to pass from the motions of my heart, whereof God only is judge, to the merits of my cause, whereof your lordships are judges, under God and his lieutenant, I do understand there hath been heretofore expected from me some justification ; and therefore I have chosen only one justification instead of all other, out of the justifications of Job. For, after the clear submission and confession which I shall now make unto your lordships, I hope I may say and justify with Job, in these words : I have not

hid my sin as did Adam, nor concealed my faults in my bosom. This is the only justification which I will use.

“ ‘It resteth therefore, that without fig-leaves, I do ingenuously confess and acknowledge that, having understood the particulars of the charge, not formally from the house, but enough to inform my conscience and memory, I find matter sufficient and full, both to move me to desert the defence, and to move your lordships to condemn and censure me. Neither will I trouble your lordships by singling those particulars, which I think may fall off,

‘ Quid te exempta juvat spinis de pluribus una ?’

Neither will I prompt your lordships to observe upon the proofs, where they come not home, or the scruples touching the credits of the witnesses; neither will I represent unto your lordships how far a defence might, in divers things, extenuate the offence in respect of the time or manner of the gift, or the like circumstances; but only leave these things to spring out of your own noble thoughts and observations of the evidence and examinations themselves, and charitably to wind about the particulars of the charge here and there, as God shall put into your minds, and so submit myself wholly to your piety and grace.

“ ‘And now that I have spoken to your lordships as judges, I shall say a few words unto you as peers and prelates, humbly commending my cause to your noble minds and magnanimous affections.

“ ‘Your lordships are not simple judges, but parliamentary judges; you have a further extent of your arbitrary power than other courts; and, if your lordships be not tied by the ordinary course of courts or precedents, in points of strictness and severity, much more in points of mercy and mitigation.

“ ‘And yet, if anything which I shall move might be contrary to your honourable and worthy ends to introduce a reformation, I should not seek it. But herein I beseech your lordships to give me leave to tell you a story. Titus Manlius took his son’s life for giving battle against the prohibition of his general; not many years after, the like severity was pursued by Papirius Cursor, the dictator, against Quintus Maximus, who being upon the point to be sentenced, by the intercession of some principal persons of the senate, was spared; whereupon Livy maketh this grave and gracious observation: ‘*Neque minus firmata est disciplina militaris periculo Quinti Maximi, quam miserabili supplicio Titi Manlii.*’ The discipline of war was no less established by the questioning of Quintus Maximus, than by the punishment of Titus Manlius: and the same reason is of the reformation of justice; for the questioning of men of eminent place hath the same terror, though not the same rigour, with the punishment.

“ ‘But my case standeth not there; for my humble desire is, that his Majesty would take the Seal into his hands, which is a great downfall; and may serve, I hope, in itself for an expiation of my faults. Therefore, if mercy and mitigation be in your power, and do no ways cross your ends, why should I not hope of your lordships’ favour and commiseration?

“ ‘Your lordships will be pleased to behold your chief pattern, the King our sovereign—a king of incomparable clemency, and whose heart is inscrutable for wisdom and goodness. Your lordships will remember that there sat not these three hundred years before a Prince in your House (and never such a prince) whose presence deserveth to be made memo-



What is it then to hāue or haue no wife,  
But single thraldome, or a double strife?  
Our owne affections still at home to please,

is a disease,  
To crosse the sea to any foreine soyle,  
perills and toyle.

Warres with their noyse affright vs: when they cease,  
W' are worse in peace.

What then remains? but that we still should cry,  
Not to be borne, or being borne to dye.'"—pp. 297, 298.

We counsel all who delight in charming biography and enlightened criticism, to purchase this little and elegant volume; the very head of the immortal Father of Experimental Philosophy, in the title page, from a beautiful medal by Mr. Wyon, of the Mint, excites in the mind at first, on opening the book, the finest and most exalted sentiments of love and veneration.

## ART. XIII.

1. *A Poet's Portfolio; or Minor Poems.* In Three Books. By JAMES MONTGOMERY. 12mo. London: Longman and Co. 1835.
2. *Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems.* By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. 12mo. pp 349. London: Longman and Co. 1835.

It is seldom of late that we have troubled ourselves with poems or poets. The public taste has taken a different direction, and there is also a great dearth of talent and productions in this department. Of those sons of song, who, towards the beginning of the last twenty-five years, were crowning the reign of George III. with the greenest and most luxuriant laurels, death, and diversion of pursuits have interposed their matter-of-fact tyranny, and allowed an interval for originality to recruit itself, and bring in a new dynasty in the empire of imagination. Byron, Scott, and Coleridge, are no more; and the two last had even retired from the field of their early passion, before their powers were unstrung. But even their surviving brethren have nearly altogether abandoned their first love. Campbell, Southey, Moore, Wilson, Montgomery, and Wordsworth, seem to be so engaged with the stern realities of life, as to have neither time nor partiality for the muse's wooing. It would not be an incurious inquiry or discovery, were the separate causes of this change of pursuit, the present occupations, and the opinions entertained by the poets themselves of their former doings, to become the subject of speculation on the part of some observant student of life and nature, in regard to each and all. One thing at least holds true of these eminent poets-- age with each of them is well advanced; and whether drying up the verdure of their souls or stirring them to the practice and cultivation of a higher art, viz., that of communing with futurity through the plain and every-day duties and occupations of common life, it seems that few and far between are hereafter to be their songs in this mortal state.

But how can we think of uttering such a sweeping sentiment of hopelessness, at the very moment that we have before us the strains of two of the most imaginative and refined of the splendid array named above, and strains too as exquisite and rich as any they ever poured forth to the ear of an admiring and grateful world? Yet even these seem to belong to an earlier date than the present. They seem to be the gatherings, or to belong to the recollections of by-gone emotions. Mr. Montgomery states that his volume consists of "miscellaneous and fugitive pieces, which, with many others, had been collecting on his hands during a period when no recollection of past success could embolden him to greater attempts." This modest confession seems to corroborate the view of the matter which we have been taking; nor are we to suppose that either the nerve or fancy of men beyond the middle age will be equal to their former exploits, however ripe and rich the residue of their strains may be.

We do not mean to insinuate that these volumes are unworthy of their famed authors: quite the reverse; they are full of their former selves, and contribute to a celebrity that is already immortal. The Poet's Portfolio, is nothing less than a collection of Minor Poems, by James Montgomery, possessing all the exquisitely lovely features of his larger and much earlier works. His province is never more clearly shown than in his shorter pieces, where he finds some, it may be, very simple and common-place idea or fact, upon which he hangs the perfected reflections of his accomplished, devotional, and earnest mind, with all the ease and mastery imaginable in the use of poetic language. He in truth is decidedly lyrical and unaffected; the absence of all affectation in the pieces, for instance, before us now, being one of the rarest charms of poetry. But what need is there to exert our ingenuity in seeking for a nicely accurate description of his genius and his works, when the world has long ago felt and understood them better than can be expressed; and when we have such touching, beautiful, and instructive specimens as the Minor Poems in his Portfolio? We shall now give some examples, without offering many observations of our own, where all our readers will desire to see Mr. Montgomery alone. We shall not be particular as to the order in which we find his poems, in quoting from them. That which we first look into, is called "The Field of the World," and it is as poetical in sentiment as it is familiar in its imagery.

" Sow in the morn thy seed,  
     At eve hold not thine hand;  
 To doubt and fear give thou no heed,  
     Broad-cast it o'er the land.  
 Beside all waters sow  
     The highway furrows stook,  
 Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,  
     Scatter it on the rock.



The good the fruitful ground,  
Expect not here nor there;  
O'er hill and dale, by plots, 'tis found;  
Go forth, then, every where.  
Thou know'st not which may thrive,  
The late or early sown;  
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,  
When and wherever strewn.  
And duly shall appear,  
In verdure, beauty, strength,  
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
And the full corn at length.  
Thou canst not toil in vain;  
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,  
Shall foster and mature the grain,  
For garnerers in the sky.  
Thence, when the glorious end,  
The day of God is come,  
The angel-reapers shall descend,  
And heaven cry—' Harvest-home.' "

A higher spirit will be felt to breathe in the following piece. Humility is the very sort of theme that seems to characterize the author's religion and devotion, and it is that which he describes with as much truth, and so to speak, orthodoxy as poetry. One cannot for a moment doubt his earnestness at the period when he composed the poem, and we feel perfectly assured, that his uniform experience and study are only expressed in the stanzas. Without such a conviction much of the excellence of the piece would be apt to escape us; but when we find a man, who never in his slightest efforts forgets that he is responsible even for the disportings of his muse, and besides being harmless, finds a duty and a pleasure in doing positive good, surely the thoughts, the words, the songs of that man are worthy, and shall receive the grateful homage of our admiration, even for his shortest and smallest work.

#### HUMILITY.

" The bird that soars on highest wing,  
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;  
And she that doth most sweetly sing,  
Sings in the shade when all things rest:  
—In lark and nightingale we see  
What honour hath humility.  
When Mary chose ' the better part,'  
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet;  
And Lydia's gently opened heart  
Was made for God's own temple meet;  
—Fairest and best adorn'd is she,  
Whose clothing is humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,  
 In deepest adoration bends ;  
 The weight of glory bows him down,  
 Then most when most his soul ascends ;  
 —Nearest the throne itself must be  
 The footstool of humility."

Mr. Montgomery's sketches are separate and complete pieces, given with great minuteness, and often dealing with what is as familiar as daily life ; but yet his truth, earnestness, and simplicity, still charm. What would any other man do, be he poet or who he may, with such a topic as the following, when he was to bring it within the compass of a few verses ?

**SPEED THE PROW.**

" Not the ship that swiftest saileth,  
 But which longest holds her way  
 Onward, onward, never faileth,  
 Storm and calm, to win the day :  
 Earliest she the haven gains,  
 Which the hardest stress sustains.  
 O'er life's ocean, wide and pathless,  
 Thus would I with patience steer ;  
 No vain hope of journeying scathless,  
 No proud boast to face down fear ;  
 Dark or bright his Providence,  
 Trust in God be my defence.  
 Time there was—'tis so no longer—  
 When I crowded every sail,  
 Battled with the waves, and stronger  
 Grew, as stronger grew the gale ;  
 But my strength sunk with the wind,  
 And the sea lay dead behind.  
 There my bark had founder'd surely,  
 But a power invisible  
 Breathed upon me ;—then securely,  
 Borne along the gradual swell,  
 Helm, and shrouds, and heart renew'd,  
 I my humbler course pursued.  
 Now, though evening shadows blacken,  
 And no star comes through the gloom,  
 On I move, nor will I slacken  
 Sail, though verging tow'ards the tomb :  
 Bright beyond—on heaven's high strand,  
 Lo, the lighthouse !—land, land, land !  
 Cloud and sunshine, wind and weather,  
 Sense and sight are fleeing fast ;  
 Time and tide must fail together,  
 Life and death will soon be past ;  
 But where day's last spark declines,  
 Glory everlasting shines."

As a fine evidence of how seriously his imagination can employ the poet's art, even when using what sentimentalists and romancers have sickened us with a thousand times, we quote the Recluse.

"A fountain issuing into light  
Before a marble palace, threw  
To heaven its columns, pure and bright  
Returning thence in showers of dew;  
But soon a humbler course it took,  
And glides away a nameless brook.  
Flowers on its grassy margin spring,  
Flies o'er its eddying surface play'd,  
Birds midst the alder branches sang,  
Flocks through the verdant meadows stray'd;  
The weary there lay down to rest,  
And there the halcyon built her nest.  
'Twas beautiful, to stand and watch  
The fountain's crystal turn to gems,  
And from the sky such colours catch,  
As if 'twere raining diadems;  
Yet all was cold and curious art,  
That charm'd the eye, but miss'd the heart.  
Dearer to me the little stream,  
Whose unimprison'd waters run,  
Wild as the changes of a dream,  
By rock and glen, through shade and sun;  
Its lovely links had power to bind  
In welcome chains my wandering mind.  
So thought I, when I saw the face,  
By happy portraiture reveal'd,  
Of one, adorn'd with every grace,  
— Her name and date from me conceal'd,  
But not her story;—she had been  
The pride of many a splendid scene.  
She cast her glory round a court,  
And frolick'd in the gayest ring,  
Where fashion's high-born minions sport,  
Like sparkling fire-flies on the wing;  
But thence, when love had touch'd her soul,  
To nature and to truth she stole.  
From din, and pageantry, and strife,  
Midst woods and mountains, vales and plains,  
She treads the paths of lowly life,  
Yet in a bosom circle reigns,  
No fountain scattering diamond showers,  
But the sweet streamlet watering flowers."

Of the longer pieces, Lord Falkland's Dream, supposed to have been on the night before he fell at Newbury; might afford us many fine lines and images. We have not room, however, to introduce

portions of all of these more elaborate poems, and shall chiefly confine ourselves to one entitled "A story without a Name." There is another. "The Voyage of the Blind," that will at once intimate to our readers a solemn and noble theme for our author's impressive wisdom and sanctified genius. It was suggested by an awful occurrence, as recorded of the ship *Rodeur*, which in 1819, as it sailed from Africa with a slave cargo, which was visited by ophthalmia, which blinded every one on board, both crew and captives, excepting a single seamen. The poem opens thus :

"O'er Africa the morning broke,  
And many a negro land revealed,  
From Europe's eye and Europe's yoke  
In nature's inmost heart concealed ;  
Here rolled the Nile his glittering train  
From Ethiopia to the main,  
And Niger there uncoiled his length,  
'That hides his fountain and his strength  
Among the realms of noon ;  
Casting away their robes of night,  
Forth stood in nakedness of light  
The mountains of the moon."

"A Story without a Name," is that of a fratricide, and the criminal is ever after haunted by the hideousness of his guilt, which neither change nor place can banish from his memory.

"In vain he strove to fly the scene,  
And breathe beyond that time ;  
'Tormented memory glared between ;  
Immortal seem'd his crime :  
His thoughts, his words, his actions all  
Turned on his fallen brother ;  
That hour he never could recal,  
Nor ever live another.

To him the very clouds stood still,  
The ground appeared unchanged ;  
One light was ever on the hill,  
—That hill where'er he ranged :  
He heard the brook, the birds, the wind,  
Sound in the glen below ;  
The self-same tree he cower'd behind,  
He struck the self-same blow."

There is one whose love nothing can sever, but who finds in his unmitigated remorse, the closer ties of affection.

"He had no friend on earth but thee,  
No hope in heaven above,  
By day and night, o'er land and sea,  
No refuge but thy love ;  
Nor time nor place, nor crime nor shame,  
Could change thy spousal truth ;  
In desolate old age the same  
As in the joy of youth.

\* \* \* \* \*

He wandered here, he wandered there,  
And she his angel guide;—  
The silent spectre of Despair,  
With Mercy at his side.  
Whose love and loveliness alone  
Shed comfort round his gloom,  
Pale as the monumental stone  
That watches o'er a tomb."

The fratricide seeks death in many ways, and in foreign lands; but in vain. Something paralyses his efforts to commit suicide. Fate guides him as if without an aim to his native country; remorse and love being still his clinging companions. It is on the scaffold, after all, that they are to be parted.

"They land—they take the wonted road,  
By twice ten years estranged:  
The trees, the fields, their old abode,  
Objects and men had changed:  
Familiar faces, forms endeared,  
Each well-remember'd name,  
From earth itself had disappear'd,  
Or seem'd no more the same.

The old were dead, the young were old;  
Children to men had sprung;  
And every eye to them was cold,  
And silent every tongue:  
Friendless, companionless, they roam,  
Amidst their native scene,  
In drearier banishment at home,  
Than savage climes had been."

His wife is not allowed to visit him in his dungeon. But the trial is in open court.

"On him, while every eye was fix'd,  
And every lip repress'd,  
Without a voice, the rage unmix'd,  
That boil'd in every breast;  
It seem'd, as though that deed abhorr'd,  
In years far distant done,  
Had cut asunder every cord  
Of fellowship but one—

That one indissolubly bound  
A feeble woman's heart:  
—Faithful in every trial-found,  
Long had she borne her part:  
Now at his helpless side alone,  
Girt with infuriate crowds,  
Like the new moon her meekness shone,  
Pale through a gulph of clouds."

The night before his execution comes—



" That night by special grace she wakes , ,  
 In the lone convict's cell,  
 With him for whom the morrow breaks,  
 To light to heaven or hell;  
 Dread sounds of preparation rend  
 The dungeon's ponderous roof;  
 The hammer's doubling strokes descend,  
 The scaffold creaks aloof.  
 She watch'd his features through the shade,  
 Which glimmering embers broke ;  
 Both from their inmost spirit pray'd ;  
 They pray'd, but seldom spoke :  
 Moments meanwhile were years to him ;  
 Her grief forgot their flight,  
 Till on the hearth the fire grew dim ;  
 She turn'd, and lo ! the light :—  
 The light less welcome to her eyes,  
 The loveliest light of morn,  
 Than the dark glare of felons's eyes,  
 Through grated cells forlorn :  
 The cool fresh breeze from heaven that blew,  
 The free lark's mountain strains,  
 She felt in drops of icy dew,  
 She heard, like groans and chains.  
 Farewell !—'twas but a word, yet more  
 Was utter'd in that sound,  
 Than love had ever told before,  
 Or sorrow yet had found :  
 They kiss like meeting flames—they part,  
 Like flames asunder driven ;  
 Lip cleaves to lip, heart beats on heart  
 Till soul from soul is riven."

Such is James Montgomery, a true, a finished, and original poet ; and yet a greater is at hand ; one that surpasses him and all other living poets, for solemn, profound, and simple grandeur. There is no falling off here : Wordsworth is as mighty, as noble, as affectionate and minute as ever. We may add, that he in certain attributes surpasses all he has ever before done. How then, while entertaining such sentiments, can we talk as we have already done, of discovering the man of advanced years in his poetry ? And yet we see him to be such in the more than ever hallowed tone of his stanzas. He seems neither to write for fame, nor to please, nor for the sake of his own immediate delight ; but rather as one approaching the confines of that existence and state, when a fuller note and loftier themes will be his ceaseless joy. We cannot expect, or conceive even of Wordsworth, with all his mastery over human language, and marvellous insight as regards the whole creation, or the affinities which nature in all its forms wears to man's condition and prospects, setting himself now to the earthly occupation of writing

poetry. It seems to us that it is rather when having glimpses of imperishable things, that his heart utters the sudden melody of the higher spheres, and in the language of his earlier years, because he has as yet no purer or more sublimated medium wherewith to communicate his thoughts : for with all his conscious power over language, and surcharged as it is with an unction that appears awful, as sublime revelations embody, it yet is too gross for his majestic knowledge, wisdom, and heaven-born benevolence. But in our admiration, we are likely to lose ourselves, when attempting to describe what he is and what he has done. Our design, however, has been to express a strong conviction that even the author of "Yarrow Revisited," and other poems, will seldom find his song, though he should borrow from himself, or retain all his rarest poetic attributes, as exhibited in his most vigorous days, equal to the sort of anticipated fruition that strives for utterance as in the pieces before us ; and that therefore his exalted and exuberant thoughts will seek scope generally in some shape that it is not effable. Nor, to a being, such as Wordsworth, in whose views and conceptions the whole of nature teems with sentiment and intelligence, can it be difficult to find a suitable intercourse, though not in language known among men. And yet when he does in his ripened and august simplicity condescend to speak to us of what he feels and has enjoyed, his pictures and teachings are as plain and perfect as the most exact stickler for truthful representation can desire, imprinting upon the mind of the scholar ineffaceable images and lessons. But who can have patience to listen to any one else than our poet, when verses such as the following are seen ? We shall, however, only give snatches as they strike our own eye, impatient and excited as it is among such a paradise of beauty and perfection. The first lines we read are from what he calls May-day Poems.

" Time was, blest Power ! when youths and maids  
At peep of dawn would rise,  
And wander forth in forest glades,  
Thy birth to solemnize.  
Though mute the song, to grace the rite,  
Untouched the hawthorn bough,  
Thy spirit triumphs o'er the slight,  
Man changes, but not Thou !"

Who ever found any thing more complete than—

A JEWISH FAMILY.

(In a small valley opposite St. Goar, upon the Rhine.)

<p>" Genius of Raphael ! if thy wings Might bear the to this glen With faithful memory left of things To pencil dear and pen, Thou wouldst forego the neighbour- ing Rhine, And all his majesty, A studious forehead to incline O'er this poor family,</p>	<p>The mother—here thou must have seen, In spirit, ere she came To dwell these rifted rocks between, Or found on earth a name ; An image, too, of that sweet Boy, Thy inspirations give Of playfulness, and love, and joy, Predestined here to live.</p>
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Downcast, or shooting glances far,  
 How beautiful his eyes,  
 That blend the nature of the star  
 With that of summer skies!  
 I speak as if of sense beguiled;  
 Uncounted months are gone,  
 Yet am I with the Jewish Child,  
 That exquisite St. John.

I see the dark brown curls, the brow,  
 The smooth transparent skin;  
 Refined, as with intent to show  
 The holiness within;

The grace of parting infancy,  
 By blushes yet untamed;  
 Age faithful to the mother's knee,  
 Nor of her arms ashamed.

The most finished rhythm never found purer poetry nor more  
 easy and elegant narrative than the stanzas called an—

“ INCIDENT AT BRUGES.

“ In Bruges town is many a street  
 Whence busy life hath fled;  
 Where, without hurry, noiseless feet  
 The grass-grown pavement tread.  
 There heard we, halting in the shade  
 Flung from a convent tower,  
 A harp that tuneful prelude made  
 To a voice of thrilling power.  
 The measure, simple truth to tell,  
 Was fit for some gay throng;  
 Though from the same grim turret  
 fell  
 The shadow and the song.  
 When silent were both voice and  
 chords,  
 The strain seemed doubly dear,  
 Yet sad as sweet, for *English* words  
 Had fallen upon the ear.  
 It was a breezy hour of eve;  
 And pinnacle and spire  
 Quivered and seemed almost to  
 heave,  
 Clothed with innocuous fire;

It surely can be nothing but excellence of a very high order, that  
 charms us the longer we look into it; and that baffles us, when we  
 attempt to describe what we feel is its due. We know of no canon  
 of criticism by which the next few lines can be suitably tried; but  
 they seem to us spotless.

Two lovely Sisters, still and sweet,  
 As flowers stand side by side;  
 Their soul-subduing looks might  
 cheat  
 The Christian of his pride:  
 Such beauty hath the Eternal poured  
 Upon them not forlorn,  
 Though of a lineage once abhorred,  
 Nor yet redeemed from scorn.  
 Mysterious safeguard, that, in spite  
 Of poverty and wrong,  
 Doth here preserve a living light,  
 From Hebrew fountains sprung;  
 That gives this ragged group to cast  
 Around the dell a gleam  
 Of Palestine, of glory past,  
 And proud Jerusalem!”

But where we stood, the setting  
 sun,  
 Showed little of his state;  
 And, if the glory reached the Nun,  
 'Twas through an iron grate.  
 Not always is the heart unwise;  
 Nor pity idly born,  
 If even a passing stranger sighs  
 For them who do not mourn.  
 Sad is thy doom, self-solaced dove,  
 Captive, whoe'er thou be!  
 Oh! what is beauty, what is love,  
 And opening life to thee?  
 Such feeling pressed upon my soul,  
 A feeling sanctified  
 By one soft trickling tear that  
 stole  
 From the Maiden at my side;  
 Less tribute could she pay than  
 this,  
 Borne gaily o'er the sea,  
 Fresh from the beauty and the bliss  
 Of English liberty?”

" If this great world of joy and pain  
Revolve in one sure track;  
If freedom set, will rise again,  
And virtue flown, come back;  
Woe to the purblind crew who fill  
The heart with each day's care;  
Nor gain, from past or future, skill  
To bear and to forbear!"

" The Romance of the Water Lily" affords a variety in the style and feeling of Wordsworth; but it has a beauty of its own, which cannot fail to be appreciated by the lovers and judges of poetry. We give only an extract.

" Next came Sir Galahad;

He paused, and stood entranced by that still face  
Whose features he had seen in noontide vision.

For late as near a murmuring stream  
He rested 'mid an arbour green and shady,  
Nina, the good enchantress, shed  
A light around his mossy bed;  
And, at her call, a waking dream

Prefigured to his sense the Egyptian lady.

Now while his bright-haired front he bowed,  
And stood, far-kenned by mantle furred with ermine;  
As o'er the insensate body hung  
The enrapt, the beautiful, the young,  
Belief sank deep into the crowd

That he the solemn issue would determine.

Nor deem it strange; the youth had worn  
That very mantle on a day of glory,  
The day when he achieved that matchless feat,  
The marvel of the PERILOUS SEAT,

Which whosoe'er approached of strength was shorn,  
Though king or knight the most renowned in story.

He touched with hesitating hand,  
And lo! those birds, far-famed through love's dominions,  
The swans, in triumph clap their wings;  
And their necks play, involved in rings,  
Like sinless snakes in Eden's happy land;—

' Mine is she,' cried the knight;—again they clapped their pinions.

Mine was she—mine she is, though dead,  
And to her name my soul shall cleave in sorrow;  
Whereat, a tender twilight streak

Of colour dawned upon the damsel's cheek;

And her lips, quickening with uncertain red,

Seemed from each other a faint warmth to borrow.

Deep was the awe, the rapture high,

Of love emboldened, hope with dread entwining,

When, to the mouth, relenting death

Allowed a soft and flower-like breath,

Precursor to a timid sigh,

To lifted eyelids, and a doubtful shining."

There are other features in this collection of poems, which deserve praise, beyond its exquisite verse, if thereby we mean only the skill of an artist's hand in weaving a web of such soft yet potent spell as masters our heart and carries us captive whither it will. His lofty and calm patriotism, the pervading and sustaining piety of the poet, solemn, yet not cheerless, is calculated to entice the reader to kindred trains and habits of meditation and contemplation, in which the author is such a proficient. Had Wordsworth never written any thing but these poems, he would have become, what he long ago has been, the companion, the instructor of many a lofty and ingenuous mind. When ages have fled after we are gone, we have no doubt these same poems will guide the reflections, elevate the imaginations, and rejoice the spirit of thousands of good men. From "Stanzas on the Power of Sound," a poem in which there is noble specimens of reflective thought, we take our last extracts.

"The headlong streams and fountains  
Serve Thee, Invisible Spirit, with untired powers;  
Cheering the wakeful tent on Syrian mountains,  
They lull, perchance, ten thousand thousand flowers.  
*That* roar, the prowling lion's *here I am*,  
How fearful to the desert wide!  
That bleat, how tender! of the dam  
Calling a straggler to her side.  
Shout, cuckoo! let the vernal soul  
Go with thee to the frozen zone;  
Toll from the loftiest perch, lone bell-bird toll!  
At the still hour to mercy dear,  
Mercy from her twilight throne  
Listening to Nun's faint sob of holy fear,  
To sailor's prayer, breathed from a darkening sea,  
Or widow's cottage lullaby."

"Blest be the song that brightens  
The blind man's gloom, exalts the veteran's mirth;  
Unscorned the peasant's whistling breath, that lightens  
His duteous toil of furrowing the green earth.  
For the tired slave, song lifts the languid oar,  
And bids it aptly fall, with chime  
That beautifies the fairest shore,  
And mitigates the harshest clime.  
Yon pilgrims see—in lagging file  
They move; but soon the appointed way  
A choral *Ave Maria*, shall beguile,  
And to their hope the distant shrine  
Glisten with a livelier ray;  
Nor friendless He, the prisoner of the mine,  
Who from the well-spring of his own clear breast  
Can draw, and sing his griefs to rest."

"Vast is the compass, and the swell of notes;  
From the babe's first cry, to voice of regal city,



Rolling a solemn sea-like bass, that floats  
Far as the woodlands—with the trill to blend  
Of that shy songstress, whose love-tale  
Might tempt an angel to descend,  
While hovering o'er the moonlight vale.  
O for some soul-affecting scheme  
Of *moral* music, to unite  
Wanderers, whose portion is the faintest dream  
Of memory!—O that they might stoop to bear  
Chains, such precious chains of sight  
As laboured minstrelsies through ages wear!  
O for a balance fit the truth to tell  
Of the unsubstantial, pondered well!"

"Break forth into thanksgiving  
Ye banded instruments of wind and chords;  
Unite, to magnify the ever-living,  
Your inarticulate notes with the voice of words,  
Nor hushed be service from the lowing mead,  
Nor mute the forest hum of noon;  
Thou too be heard, lone eagle! freed  
From snowy peak and cloud, attune  
Thy hungry barkings to the hymn  
Of joy, that from her utmost walls  
The six-days' work, by flaming seraphim,  
Transmits to Heaven! As deep to deep  
Shouting through one valley calls,  
All worlds, all natures, mood and measure keep  
For praise and ceaseless gratulation, poured  
Into the ear of God, their Lord!

A voice to Light gave being;  
To time, and Man his earth-born chronicler;  
A voice shall finish, doubt and dim foreseeing,  
And sweep away life's visionary stir;  
The trumpet (we, intoxicate with pride,  
Arm at its blast for deadly wars)  
To archangelic lips applied,  
The grave shall open, quench the stars.  
O Silence! are Man's noisy years  
No more than moments of thy life?  
Is Harmony, blest queen of smiles and tears,  
With her smooth tones and discords, just,  
Tempered rapturous strife,  
Thy destined bond-slave? No! though earth be dust,  
And vanish, though the Heavens dissolve, her stay  
Is in the *Word*, that shall not pass away."

## NOTICES.

**ART. XIV.**—*A complete Geographical Chart, containing a View of the World up to 1834*; compiled by A. DYER, for L. P. POLLOCK. London: F. Shaw.

HERE is *multum in parvo* with a witness. On one large sheet, and at one view, you have spread out before you the world, in so far as is concerned an account of its Inhabitants, Religion, Products, Soil, Minerals, Imports and Exports, Trade, Islands, Seas, Rivers, Mountains, Cascades, Waterfalls, Lakes, Modern Discoveries, Cathedrals, Churches, National Debts, Monuments, Climates, Bridges, Chief Buildings, &c. &c. One cannot but wonder how the compiler could possibly crowd all this upon six times the space here open to him. But he has done, all this upon one sheet, without crowding; and whether we consider the arrangement, or the type, the whole is lucid and intelligible; so that a few minutes' glance at it will enable any one ever after to know where, in an instant, to find the important matter desired. For every thing is important in this chart to every person who reads but the newspapers. In public offices and counting houses of all descriptions, some such chart is an indispensable wall-companion. But the one now before us is, we think, the fullest and plainest of any we have ever seen.

**ART. XV.**—*Walter; or, a Second Peep into the World we call "Ours."* By the Author of "Moments of Idleness." London: F. and W. Boone. 1835.

IN this as in the author's former volume, much talent and goodness of heart are exhibited. The mind of the writer, one must suppose, allows no waking interval to elapse whilst he is left to himself, without employing it in the pursuit and establishment of some useful truth, and reducing it to that simple and sententious form in which it here appears; fitting it for being easily impressed upon himself, and remembered or adopted by any person who has once weighed its worth. Such a habit of reflecting, and clothing his reflections, must not only be the means of wonderfully enlarging his stock of ideas, and amending the utterance of truths and opinions, but it must be a delightful exercise, to which the readiest access is obtained. If a man's age is to be measured, not by the number of years he has vegetated on earth, but by the amount of his doings, the author cannot be young. We shall present a specimen of the opinions and aphorisms that fill the volume before us, from which the shrewdness, the fancy, and benevolence of the author may be judged of.

"Few there are who think for themselves, and fewer still who think for others."

"The King of Spain boasts that in his dominions the sun never sets—so may the owner of a coal-pit."

"Had all of us the means of subsistence without working for it, the world would relapse into a state little short of barbarism; there would be no one to learn, because there would be no one to teach, and we should be obliged to be our own tailors as well as our own cooks."

**ART. XVI.**—*Mary and Florence; or, Grave and Gay.* By A. F. T. London: Hatchard. 1835.

THIS is, according to our views, one of the objectionable attempts that are very frequently made to instruct children. As a tale, it is frivolous

and unnatural. But just think of the purpose which the author has in view by such a tale. It is thus explained in the preface :—" It has often been remarked, with regret, by the author of the following pages, that in books written for the purpose of conveying religious instruction to children, the scheme of redemption, and the doctrine of the atonement, subjects of all others the most important and deeply interesting, have been generally explained in language too vague and obscure to meet the comprehension of a child." And the attempt here made is "to simplify to the youthful reader what has been so much more ably done by others, in works addressed to those of maturer years." Now the simple announcement of this purpose was startling enough to us, but when the attempt was looked into, we were utterly offended. We open at random. "Mamma," said Florence, "when we came in, who were you speaking to? There was no one to listen." "Yes, Florence," said Mrs. Percy, "there was *God*." "Oh, mamma!" exclaimed both the little girls at once, "do tell us now who is *God*." By and by, we have "The Apple Pie; or, some Passages in the lives of Charles and Emily:" but we have, aged as we are, neither found an answer that to us is simple and proper to the above question, nor in explanation of the solemn doctrine intended to be taught, as stated in the preface.

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ART. XVII.—*What is a Comet, Papa? or, a Familiar Description of Comets; more particularly of Halley's Comet, &c.* By R. M. LORNLIN. London: Ridgway. 1835.

A PLAIN and impressive dialogue on comets, and the other heavenly bodies, for the benefit of children, whose curiosity is always great on these subjects, and whose aptitude in taking up the simple truths of astronomy is proportionably remarkable. In anticipation of the appearance of Halley's comet, ere many weeks elapse, this little work is well-timed. There is an edition on common paper, which may be got by the dozen for a trifle, and one of which should be in every family within the nation, where ignorance or children may be found. We cannot conceive of any means by which the majesty and power of the Almighty is to be so easily and forcibly impressed upon the uninformed mind, as by putting this little tract into the hands of such. That must be a heartless and wicked parent, who will not enjoy the earnestness and ingenuity of the thousand interrogatories that will thereafter be innocently proposed by the simple inquirer. We shall only remark farther, in reference to this most slender and unassuming work, that it proves how much valuable knowledge may be taught by small, when well-directed means.

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ART. XVIII.—*The Life and Works of William Cowper. Vol. VI. With an Essay on his Genius and Poetry.* London: Saunders and Otley. 1835.

WE find no cause, when noticing the present volume of this elegant and valuable work, to alter one single expression of praise which we bestowed on the first and second volumes. Indeed, the preliminary essay, which is from the pen of the Rev. J. W. Cunningham, Vicar of Harrow, increases the worth of the poetical portion of this edition, beyond what we had anticipated. That essay is not only a correct, but a complete and graceful guide to a proper appreciation of the genius and poetry of the great Christian poet who is the subject of it. Not that it is to be expected any thing very new can be offered by any critic, especially on such a po-

gular and well understood author as Cowper. But it collects all that is most valuable from former criticisms, presenting it to the eye at once, and is done with such an affection and candour, as to convince any person that a congenial spirit, as well as independent and accomplished thinker, has performed the duty.

This volume contains Table Talk—The Progress of Error—Truth—Expostulation—Hope—Charity—Conversation—Retirement—and the two first books of The Task. The embellishments are a highly finished engraving of the poet, and a no less charming view of Cowper's Summer House. Doubtless, this work has a great sale.

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ART. XIX.—*Sentiment, not Principle; or, an Old Man's Legacy* .2 vols. London: Whitaker. 1835.

THE introductory notice to this work states, that the writer of it visited, not many years ago, the Mediterranean, Italy, France, and some other parts of Europe; that the tale embodies part of that tour; and that it attempts, "by arraying facts in a garb of fancy, to convey instruction in the way least likely to offend, and to afford information and amusement, without doing violence to the feelings of any." We must say, however, that it has been a tiresome piece of business for us to get through it. The supposed origin of the work is clumsily conceived, and feebly described; the plan is bad; and the tale is poor. Some public questions, and the foreign parts visited, are introduced, without a single new thing being said of them; and then the most prosy common-place dissertations in the shape of religious homilies, are appended, by way of improvement, to each notice and occurrence, requiring the patience of a saint, or the sentimentality of a pining old maid. The extremely high religious doctrine and views insisted on, at every turn, are any thing but fittingly thrust into the tale or the tour. Toryism, and what is generally understood by the term orthodoxy, are obtrusively brought forward in this feeble form and in so far as regards Catholic countries and places visited, the doctrines of the Church of Rome, and the practices of her sons are criticised and abused in a way that would please Rae Wilson himself, were it not that all this is done even much more tiresomely than he would do it. Indeed, we very soon perceived that pretty nearly the same foreign towns, cities, and scenes are alluded to in these volumes, as those that find a place in his work, reviewed in another part of our present number, and that pretty nearly the same sentiments appear in both, the questions; therefore immediately occurred, has he a methodistical and blue-stocking sister or wife, and did she accompany him in his late tour to certain Catholic countries?

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ART. XX.—*Memoir of the late Rev. Joseph Hughes, A.M.; one of the Secretaries of the British and Foreign Bible Society.* By JOHN LEITCH. London: Ward. 1835.

Our literature is rich in religious biography; although, from the subjects chiefly handled in such works, their merits are only known by a portion of the community. The present volume is a valuable contribution to this class of literature; and to all who take delight in contemplating a learned, an accomplished, an eminently pious, and an influential man, there is here abundance of matter for the exercise of their partiality; especially to all who take a deep and instructive interest in watching a very full development of the workings of the human mind, as detailed

and depicted by one who was a strict observer, and doubtless a faithful chronicler of his interior self; for the subject of this memoir left rich materials, written with his own hand, for the work. Independent of Mr. Hughes' eminent acquirements, talents, and character, and also of his status in the religious world, this volume presents no mean recommendations of itself, as regards the author's part in it. It is well and modestly written, and possessed of the higher qualifications of being affectionately, earnestly, and devoutly conceived and sustained throughout.

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ART. XXI.—*The Biblical Cabinet, Vol. IX.; containing Philosophical and Exegetical Tracts on several important and difficult Subjects of the Old and New Testaments.* Edinburgh: Clarke. 1835.

THIS Library, which consists of translations of the most valuable and interesting works of German and other continental divines, in so far as they are connected with biblical literature, has already proved to be one of the most vigorously conducted and richest Cabinets of the present day. We must say that the publisher of this work is conferring a signal service upon the cause of sacred truth, and deserves the especial thanks of clerical readers. Independent of the high value of the different treatises that have already appeared in these consecutive volumes, the otherwise great difficulty of obtaining access to their contents, particularly in an able English translation, recommends to no ordinary favour their appearance in this shape. In the present volume there are four Tracts, the three first by Professor Gottlob Christian Storr, the last by Professor Hengstenberg, of Berlin. The very first of these Tracts, a dissertation of the meaning of "the Kingdom of Heaven," exhibits the critical and the profound erudition of the writer in a conspicuous light; nor so far as we have been able to judge for ourselves, have we met with anything short of sound and elaborate thought throughout the volume. It seems to us to be nothing more than the truth, when it is asserted in the preface, that of all those who apply their learning to the Scriptures, not only the largest number, but the most successful in collecting knowledge, are to be found among the German writers. Nor can we doubt that the prejudice which has hitherto existed among many in this country, against German divinity and philology, will be in no small degree swept away by the Biblical Cabinet, without any danger being necessarily incurred, from the neological school, to which not a few German authors, on sacred subjects belong.

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ART. XXII.—*The Library of Romance.* Edited by LEITCH RITCHIE. Vol. XIV. *The Enthusiast, altered from the German of Spindler.* London: Smith, Elder and Co. 1835.

WITH all its alterations (and to what extent these go, we have not the means of knowing), the Enthusiast is not a favourite of ours. It has some of the worst features of German romances. The plot is tortuous and confused; the characters and scenes extravagant; and although, as already said, we have no means of judging precisely what may have been the editor's alterations, we cannot doubt that but for these, the work would have seemed much more objectionable to us. It must be admitted at the same time, that the scene of action, and for description, being much within the courtly circles, offers no ordinary scope for the exercise of observation and fancy, and that some of the characters deeply interest the reader, though as a body they are uniform and indistinct.



ART. XXIII.—*The Tragedies of Harold and Camoens.* By H. St. G. TUCKER, Esq. London: Parbury, Allen, and Co. 1835.

"THE tragedy of Harold is intended," says the author, in his introductory remarks, where he thinks it proper to tell us what he considers the proper object of the drama, "to inculcate the virtue of patriotism; and it was written when the armies of France threatened our shores." "Camoens has been composed in a different style, and the language, the incidents, and characters, approach nearer to the standard of real life." We learn besides, that these plays, written many years ago, have had a circulation within the narrow circle of the author's family and friends, since which time they have been revised, in the hope of rendering them worthy of public favour. We have no hesitation in saying, that they are worthy of being read, and re-read, by all who delight in chastened sentiments, and pleasant dramatic scenes; still, we think the author would not have been much minus in fame, had he never allowed them to have gone farther than the circle in which they originally moved. It will really be a dramatic production of no common-place order, that is permanently or even for a time, arrest the favour of the present race; and we cannot but think that people act unadvisedly and somewhat cruelly, when they, without some extraordinary grounds, counsel any friend thus to face the public.

ART. XXIV.—*The Rural Muse.* Poems by JOHN CLARE. London: Whittaker and Co. 1835.

JOHN CLARE is as simple, natural, and fresh as ever, but more polished and learned; therefore, these pieces are more exquisite than ever. Among them there are some we have before seen. There is a pensive beauty in the following, that is eminently soothing and gentle; nor is it less chaste than poetical. It is called "The Evening Star."

"How blest I've felt on summer eves,  
When resting on a stile,  
Half hid in hazel's moist'ning leaves,  
So weary after toil!

And gazing on the summer star,  
That shed its ruddy light  
Like joys, which something came to mar,  
Retreating out of sight.

O'er the wood-corner's sombre brown,  
The lamp of dewy eve,  
No sooner up than sloping down,  
Seemed always taking leave.

Yet 'tis a lovely sight to see,  
And beautiful the time  
It shines in heaven's canopy  
At evening's gentle prime.

Akin to images and things  
That glad the quiet mind,  
A calmness o'er the heart it flings,  
That poets love to find.

It shines o'er sheep within the fold,  
On shepherds whistling home ;  
The plough lies in the fallow mould,  
The horse is free to roam.

'Tis welcome to the weary breast,  
It sweetens life's employ,  
It sees the labourer to his rest,  
The lover to his joy.

The wanderer seeks his easy chair,  
The light is in his cot,  
His Evening Star is shining there,  
And troubles are forgot.

It looks on many a happy place,  
Where lovers steal to meet ;  
It gilds the milk-maid's ruddy face,  
While on her rustic seat.

Upon the old tree in the glen,  
That by the hovel lay,  
The shepherd there had set his pen,  
And whistled on his way.

It shines o'er many a whisper'd pledge,  
By fondness told again ;

In cowsheds by the woodland hedge,  
'Neath hawthorns by the lane.

It brings the balm to summer nights,  
Like incense from afar,  
And every musing mind delights  
To hail the Evening Star."

This, and other sweet lays in the volume, entitle it truly to the name of "The Rural Muse ;" for they are such as not only none but he who is a poet in reality could sing, but they are in such perfect keeping with the experience of rural life, as none but he who has rapturously tasted it, could describe. The bliss he speaks of, in the first stanza, "when resting on a stile," on summer eves, suggests a perfect picture.

We must extract his affectionate address to Bloomfield, a congenial peasant poet, for its beauty and propriety :—

"Sweet unassuming minstrel ! not to thee  
The dazzling fashions of the day belong :  
Nature's wild pictures, field, and cloud, and tree,  
And quiet brooks, far distant from the throng,  
In murmurs tender as the toiling bee,  
Make the sweet music of thy gentle song.  
Well ! Nature owns thee ; let the crowd pass by ;  
The tide of fashion is a stream too strong  
For pastoral brooks, that gently flow and sing :  
But nature is their source, and earth and sky  
Their annual offering to her current bring.  
Thy gentle muse and memory held no sigh ;  
For thine shall murmur on to many a spring,  
When prouder streams are summer-burnt and dry."

ART. XXV.—*Frithiof's Saga; or, the Legend of Frithiof.* By ESAIAS

TEGNER. Translated from the Swedish. London: Baily and Co. 1835.

THE author of this work is one of the most celebrated poets of Sweden. It is about ten years since the poem first appeared at Stockholm; and its popularity has been so great, that already it has gone through five editions. It has also had the honour of being translated most carefully into the German language. It must surely, therefore, have a claim upon English readers, put as it now is into an elegant English dress. Were it for nothing else than the curious mythology it contains, whence many of our own superstitions have been borrowed, the work would deserve our favourable notice.

We are told that "the Legend on which the poem is founded, and to which the author has adhered pretty closely, is of great antiquity. Frithiof the Viking must have flourished in the eighth or ninth century, a considerable time before the introduction of Christianity into Scandinavia. The author has taken this occasion to interweave various interesting allusions to the Gothic Mythology, and to introduce many striking examples of its operation and influence. Of supernatural agency he has, with great good taste, been sparing. The twenty-fourth canto contains a short but clear analysis of the Edda doctrine; there is also a touching allusion to the future appearance of the Christian religion in Scandinavia, in a prophetic strain, and in a style worthy of Virgil. The monotony incident to most poems has been ingeniously avoided, by each canto being written in a different metre, the result of which is an uninterrupted freshness, variety, and spirit."

As a specimen of its description, we quote part of the first canto, which opens with the young loves of the hero and heroine. The verses have a natural sweetness about them of no ordinary character.

<p>"But hours of childhood quickly fly: A blooming youth, with flashing eye, Now gazes on the maiden bright, Whose charms full blossom to the sight.</p> <p>He seeks no longer childish sports; Unarmed the hardy youth resorts To the dark forest, where the bear Lies growling in his gloomy lair;</p> <p>And breast opposed to breast they fight, And Frithiof conquers: with delight To Ingeborg he bears the spoil; Forgotten are his wounds and toil.</p> <p>For woman loveth danger's task: As plumes hang fondly o'er the casque,</p>	<p>When no "light" zephyrs roase their pride, Thus beauty clings to valour's side. When during the long winter's night, In the vast hall, while flames shine bright,</p> <p>He sings a lay, or reads a story Of Asas' and Valhalla's glory,— 'Of gold,' he says, 'is Freya's hair, It waves like wheat-sheaf in the air; But I know locks of brighter gold That a more polish'd brow enfold.</p> <p>Iduna's breast is soft and fair, It pants beneath a tissue rare: I know a verdant silken vest That covers a more whiter breast."</p>
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Had this month's number of our journal been less richly and variously distinguished by its poetical articles, we might have pleased our readers with a copious account of this poem; but enough has been shown to prove it eminently worthy of public favour; especially when the Northern Society has been so successfully exciting our attention to the Sagas of our Scandinavian ancestors.

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